THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill... ...kly
Foun... ...nklin

SEPT. 1, '17 — 5c. the Copy

BOLDERO — By Henry Milner Rideout

Buick

EVERYBODY KNOWS
VALVE-IN-HEAD
MEANS BUICK

Confidence

EVERY Buick owner trusts his car; he relies on its thoroughbred behavior under all conditions.

He has confidence that the woman at the wheel will find only safety and comfort in its easy handling, its positive action and immediate delivery of power.

Confidence that, whether passers-by note the car or whether experts examine it, the appearance will be admired, the mechanical superiority unquestioned.

This confidence has come because Buick builders have produced a car which is generally accepted as a high form of public service. Buick sense of responsibility accepts this public service as a public trust.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars
Branches in all principal cities. Dealers everywhere.
Main Office and Factory, Flint, Michigan
Car shown in illustration is exact reproduction of E-six-45 five passenger

Society Brand Clothes

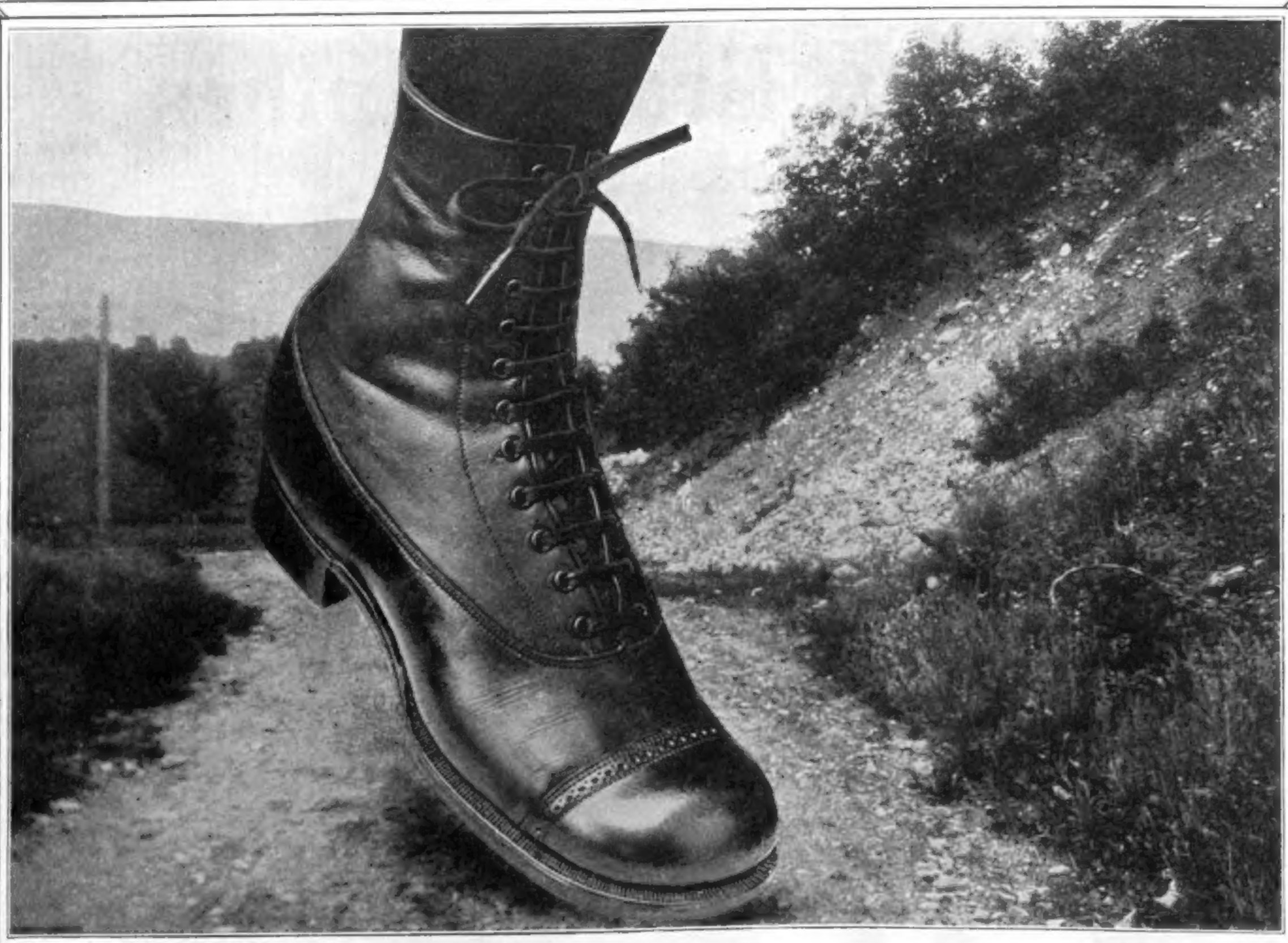
FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

Men today are boys at forty—young men at sixty. And in the cities —in the heart of things—men of seventy dress young men's parts.

OUR policy of quality always demands that Society Brand Clothes must retain those elements of style, tailoring and high value in all-wool fabrics that have made them standard.

No garment is a genuine Society Brand model unless the inside pocket bears the label. Go to Style Headquarters— the store that sells Society Brand Clothes.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers, Chicago
For Canada: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, Limited; Montreal



New Scientific Principles in Shoemaking

Buster Brown Shoes train the child's feet in the way they *should* grow—to avoid all foot troubles—to be perfectly formed and beautifully shaped—to carry the body easily and gracefully.

Buster Brown Shoes embody new scientific principles in shoemaking—the result of years of effort and countless tests.

Buster Brown Shoes are the only shoes made over the famous Brown Shaping Lasts, which gradually change with succeeding sizes, in width of toe, lift of heel, curve of shank, shape of counter—to conform to the perfect foot.

Buster Brown Shoes are made by expert shoemakers, from first quality leather and with oak-tanned soles—outwear ordinary shoes—can be resoled again and again—yet are sold everywhere at $2.50, $3, $3.50, and up.

The name "Buster Brown" stamped in on each sole is your guarantee of quality—your child's protection against foot ailments.

Write for the free illustrated book, "Training the Growing Foot." It tells how to select shoes that will give your children good shoe style, insure perfect comfort, keep their feet shapely and free from foot troubles, now and in the future.

Manufactured by the Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

For Boys—for Girls

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Secretary and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1917, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1917 Number 9

BOLDERO

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

The Enemy Pitched Into the Sand, Tumbled From Side to Side for a Moment, Then Lay Collapsed—a Bundle of Old Clothes

ON A SUMMER afternoon a young man drove his delivery wagon down a street of modern homes in the greatest of all Western cities. What city, research would fail to discover, for the epithet seems common in a land of clashing superlatives; all we shall ever know, therefore, is that the street was a broad gray blaze of asphalt; the most argumentative climate in the world, a heat smelling of tarweed; and the wagon a green-painted vehicle drawn by a skinny horse and blazoned with the name of O. Gumbinger, Grocer and Liquor. The youth who drove the skinny horse was Indian brown, had large blue eyes, and sat erect under a teamster's gaudy parasol. He wore an O. D. army sweater, bought at secondhand, faded trousers, no hat, and somebody's cast-off tennis shoes. Yet he was not dingy. To look up at him while he rumbled lazily down the wide and vacant street, any foot passenger would have marked him as a cheerful, rather audacious young man, whose clothes called attention to his body—a lithe, loose, capable body, good for boxing or football.

He took care of his horse; for at a street-watering pipe he drew up, and sluiced the poor animal with water from a dangling cylinder of canvas.

"It's hot, Ribso," he grumbled. "Don't want you to catch the staggers. 'Tain't my fault you got no pith in your bones. That's the old man. He fills your manger with shingle shavin's, claps green spectacles on you, and says 'Dear hossy, eat the fragrant new-mown hay!' Devil with him, Ribso. Fat sop! He don't even pay his men regular. Come on, *mon beau!*"

They went on down a broad street called El Dorado, or Argonaut, or Camino Golden Sunshine—the real name of which was Dull. The houses lining it all struggled to be unlike one another without success. Each was what the Western world miscalls a bungalow, and, in spite of architectural agony, could not shake off the fact.

The wagon driver pulled up before a stucco and cross-timbered marvel, two stories high. As he leaned backward to reach a basket under the seat, he found a plump little gray-haired man watching him from the pavement.

"What?" said this gray-haired man in a very good and humorous voice. "You're a Grocer and Liquor, are you?"

The youngster regarded him coldly, a serious open mind looking through great blue eyes.

"I can understand your groceing," said the passer-by, "but what do you liq?"

He was a mere shrimp of an old gentleman, very refined and whimsical, who carried a library book under his arm.

"Don't know," replied the driver mildly. "I can lick anything in this street."

As they two were the only visible men alive, the little plump one laughed.

"True," said he. "I shan't dispute it. What's your name, my boy?"

"Boldero," replied the driver.

"Eh? No! Say it again."

"Jack Boldero is my name; America is my nation."

The old gentleman stared.

"No!" said he. "Certainly not. Is it, really?" And he dropped into verse:

"'*To make your candles last for aye,*
Ye maids and wives give ear-oh,
To put them out's the only way,'
Quoth honest John Boldero."

The youth listened politely.

"I do love my Mother Goose," he commented. "Always made me quit crying. Haven't got a rattle or a sugar teat in your pocket, have you? My name's far from Gumbinger, anyhow."

The other chuckled, and for a moment stood lost in contemplation; then, waving his book toward poor Ribso the Beau:

"Are you," he inquired, "a veterinary dietitian?"

"No," came the prompt reply. "It's a case of malnutriment. All his calories just go to fodder up his osteoblasts; so it ain't no use feeding that horse. He's an osteoblastopath."

"Heavens!" cried the little old gentleman in delight. "Where do you find such words?"

"Public library is free to all," declared Ribso's driver, "unless you're on your way to close her against us now."

"So young; yet so saucy!" murmured his examiner, feigning grief. "My boy, I fear you're the kind that rises too early in the morning."

Boldero had found his basket and was busy telling its contents.

"Oh, I'm not the milkman," he grunted, "nor yet the milkman's son. Artichokes and a dozen of eggs. Pardon me, Senator, but I have an appointment, and the audience is at an end."

So saying he hooked the basket over his arm, stepped on the wheel, leaped down, and made off, whistling. The old man, hugging the library book, watched him as he mounted a flight of concrete stairs and followed the tradesmen's path to the rear of the stucco-and-timber house.

"This new generation is extraordinary," sighed the little gentleman; then shook his head doubtfully at the osteoblastic horse and passed on.

Boldero, skirting a parched lawn impaled with palms like feather dusters, had already forgotten their conversation. He was thinking how hot the day was and how dull his present life, in which nothing ever happened. He had spoken one truth, however, among the late nonsense: The Mother Goose name was honestly his own; for he descended from those strangely named pioneers—Sharpnecks, Leatherheads, Lovelocks and Muchmores—who have wandered the Western continent so far and so obscurely, leaving less written history than Henry Pimpernell or Peter Turph or old John Naps of Greece, or "twenty more such names and men as these, Which never were, nor no man ever saw." He, too, was a wanderer, and though young, had taken more than his share in active matters. This running with parcels to back doors—an interlude necessary for the sake of money—began to pall on him. Nothing ever happened in such a trade.

"About time to get fired," he thought as he climbed the back stairway. "Artichokes and a dozen of eggs. That don't give bottom to the soul. A man needs more thrillin' events, kind of."

He rapped at the kitchen door, and something like an event began to take place; not immediately. His knuckles beat a loud tattoo that echoed as through an empty interior and failed to summon anyone. Boldero poised his basket and waited. The back stairs, a brown-painted Jacob's Ladder much more humble and rickety than anything in front, went zigzagging upward to the second story. No one appeared, above or below; but somewhere within doors a light scuffle of footsteps crossed a floor and ceased.

Jack rapped again, louder, and gave his professional whistle, a piercing version of the cockney slogan "'Arf a pint of mild and bitter!"

It roused only echoes once more. He was about to empty his basket and leave, when a voice, floating like a ventriloquist's from no point especially, called out:

"Bring it upstairs here. Walk right in."

Somewhere Within Doors a Light Scuffle of Footsteps Crossed a Floor and Ceased

He could have sworn that neither voice nor footsteps came from overhead; but the words being clear enough, he went up, carrying his basket. It was an untidy staircase, marked with grease; the dark side of the moon as compared with that effulgent face looking upon the street. A sack of coal lay slumped in a corner, petroleum tins waited on the next turn, and the nasty gray head of a mop leaned out to sun itself from the upper landing.

"Double house after all," said Boldero, "and kept awful sluttish."

He pulled open the door at the upper landing, obeyed orders, walked in and left his artichokes with the carton of eggs upon a kitchen table. The smudged copy of his master's bill he laid beside them. As he did so another door opened, and a plump young wench in splendid garments burst upon his view. She had the face of a late Roman empress, and wore tall sky-blue boots.

"Well!" complained this lady. "Wha' d'you want, walking into people's houses?"

"Delivery, ma'am. You told me to come right in."

"Me? I never seen you before!" said the empress. "You can leave it. But you'd ought to have more manners."

She disappeared—with a bang and an odor of perfume, as spirits are said to do—while Boldero was replying: "Yes'm."

More manners were what everybody ought to have, he considered as he went down to the tradesmen's path. Women didn't have them all, either. No—sure! Why, she was nothing but clothes to attract the eye of man, all sort of gaudy and rude, if you came to that. Yet she was right. He ought to have more. Just now he had answered a good deal too smart and flip, and maybe offhand, when that little fellow with the public-library book stood asking him questions that, anyhow, were pretty civil.

"There's something in being a lady," thought Boldero. "And a man don't need to show off all he can think of to say, neither."

He drove down the empty street, consulting his list, and meditating humbly enough how much there was about this world to be learned just in the way of behavior.

"An awful lot!" he sighed.

It occurred to him that the voice which had bidden him go upstairs was not the empress' rather brazen music, but an easy, quiet voice—a man's. He did not puzzle over it; the thing seemed immaterial. As afternoon wore on, and he talked with other strange women in other strange and soiled back doorways, he found many such queer fragments of life occupying his mind.

After sunset, having tossed his final basket into the wagon, Boldero reined the lean horse homeward. They went ambling along the shadowy border of a small park in which more feather-duster palms, driven home to the head, with a few exceedingly young maples and peppers, cluttered a lawn where the grass was dying. Here, of a sudden, two men dodged out, spread their arms abroad and caught Ribso by his bridle.

"Brown sweater and white shoes!" said one of these highwaymen.

"You'll do," growled the other.

And, before Boldero recovered from his amazement, both men hopped over the wheels, landed upon the seat of the wagon and pinned him there tightly. They were both heavy, red-featured men, both sweating as to body, but preternaturally cool as to manner and speech.

"What ——" began Jack.

"Oh, drive along!" replied the first gayly. "Next turn to your left. The station's round the corner."

Boldero stared at them. They grinned like old friends. Their clothes were nondescript, but by a certain hardness and lack of speculation in their eyes he knew them for police. They did not lay hands on him; there was no need; they merely sat close and wedged the captive in.

"Look here," cried Boldero indignantly; "I haven't done a thing!"

The gruff one of the two hauled out a plug of tobacco and bit it cornerwise.

"Pleasure along with business," he mumbled. "That's all you was doing. Artichokes above, and down on the ground floor a little odd silver and clothes and jew'lry, and so forth."

One disadvantage that honest John Boldero inherited from his rude forefathers was too clear a perception of the truth, combined with inability to keep the truth concealed. A great light pervaded his mind. The man's voice hailing him so gently in the house of the empress had been the voice of a man not wishing to be disturbed, and for good reason. Somebody ransacking the lower story of that house had calmly told him to go upstairs.

"My golly!" he exclaimed. "But that was clever! Boys, I never could have thought to do it ——"

His florid and sweaty companions nodded from right and left like a pair of cynical twins.

"Drive along!" they said. "You'll get plenty of chance to explain. The lady seen you."

Another failing must be imputed to John's family. He had, when disbelieved, a very hot temper. Now he called aloud upon some of the deities of mankind.

"You don't jug me for that!"

The seat of the wagon was a plain board with no rail behind. Therefore, when he rose up with a shout, and swept both arms in a backhanded blow, nothing prevented the two cynics from falling among empty baskets and bottle cases. They went over like men on hinges. As for Boldero, he leaped out upon the horse's hollow rump, thence to the pavement, thence under the curving palm-tree spines and across the lawn of the park. One gift his unhistoric tribe had begotten in his limbs—the gift of running faster and farther than Harold Harefoot, or a Zulu, or Tom Longboat at his best. Under the young trees he flew from patch to withered patch of Bermuda grass, round a muddy pond from the surface of which, as he passed, two white lines of froth sprang upward and spattered fanwise. A double report, the crack of firearms, mingled with this phenomenon.

"Shootin' at me!" thought Boldero. "They're a nice pair!"

He ran all the better, and was able now to collect his wits as he ran. No sooner had he reached the dangling palms at the far side of the park and ducked beneath their branches than he became another person—cool, dignified, without a trace of hurry in his deportment. Along this new street men and women were going decently home, while children flew back and forth on roller skates, rattling over the asphalt. Here and there a man stood at gaze, hearkening doubtfully after the sound of pistol fire behind the trees. But no man, woman or child so much as glanced at Boldero, who, with a loose-jointed gait, like the tired workman he was, deliberately crossed the street and turned a corner. There, finding the coast clear, he flew again; then lounged into another street and walked soberly among the people he met till he came to a shop bearing the sign "Victor le Retit, French Bakery." Boldero opened the door and entered. It was his home. He slept in the basement there, with all his worldly goods. The little shop exhaled a heavenly smell of good fresh bread, for M. le Retit was just placing a trayful of loaves upon the counter.

"Ah, Jack," said he. "You are airly to-night."

He was a round short man, with flaming cheeks and very sensible black eyes. "Yes, Vic," replied the fugitive. "I'm early. Police after me."

The baker looked, and saw it was spoken in earnest.

"Police? After you? Then they will not catch you. In this town they have no abi-litty."

So saying, he waddled from behind the counter, locked the door, and carefully hauled down the window curtains.

"We are closed," announced Victor le Retit. "Come now; tell me. I am sorry."

Boldero's blue eyes were very friendly.

"I knew you'd take it that way. You're a brick!" he said. "But the trouble is, I never did it."

He told in few words exactly what had just happened to him.

"Oh, but," exclaimed the baker, "if you are the wrong man then the police are sairtain to catch you."

This opinion, placidly delivered, was quite serious. Boldero nodded.

"I lost 'em by the wayside; but, then, they've still got the horse and wagon," he resumed. "My boss will tell them I live with you. 'Tain't far. They'll be here soon."

Le Retit thrust back his white cap till it formed a halo round his flaming countenance.

"I will bail you," offered this cheerful saint.

His lodger grinned at him.

"No. The case looks too bad. That's enough. It's all they want, and they'll never catch the real man. He's too clever. I saw the whole thing before startin' to run. Thank you all the same, Vic."

For a moment they stared reflectively at each other. As they remained thus, footsteps approached without; somebody tried the latch and shook the baker's door. They stood rigid, motionless, listening in the darkened shop. Behind the glass and the curtains a voice grumbled; then the footsteps went scuffing away.

"I'm off," said Boldero promptly. "Can't have you losing customers like that. Half a jif, until I get my duffle ready."

He dove behind the counter, through the hot baking room behind, and down a steep little flight of dungeon stairs to the basement. His friend Victor followed closely, whispering to him to stay, to wait, not to be rash. So they reached Boldero's bedroom, a cell below the street, all dark but for two square portholes glimmering overhead at the level of the back yard.

Boldero lighted a candle on the floor and fell at once to work with brown paper and twine, making a bundle of his only good clothes. His long-legged shadow, Victor's broad and dumpy one, fluttered back and forth on the bare white walls and ceiling. A cot bed neatly made, a battered alarm clock on a chair and a very old set of bagpipes leaning in a corner were all the furnishings of the room, and all Jack's earthly possessions.

"There's the lot," said he, tying his bundle of clothes. "Oh, look! An old lady paid me her bill this afternoon." He emptied from his pocket, upon the bed, a handful of silver coins. "Will you send it to my lovely Gumbinger? He owes me more than that, but I'm no thief; it appears I'm only a burglar."

The baker looked very doubtful.

"What will you do, Jack, for money, yourself?"

The fugitive grinned.

"Who, me? I'm rich."

He slapped his other pocket, in which something jingled.

"It will not last you long," sighed his friend. "To begin the world with ——"

"I began the world with less," replied Jack, "along about the age of one day old."

From overhead suddenly resounded a series of thundering knocks at the street door.

"Eh? *Voild!*" whispered Le Retit.

"Time's up!"

Boldero carried the chair swiftly toward the wall, set it under one of the basement windows, tossed his bundle upward and outward into the night; then, with a catlike spring and wriggle, he was gone. No sooner had his feet disappeared, however, than his brown face shone in the window.

"I forgot." He looked down, very serious. "How's my little Jeanne to-day?"

The baker's upturned eyes, black and sparkling, grew softer, younger.

"Doing well, poor child!" he whispered. "But she will stay in the hospital many days yet. It is lonely for her that I am a widower, me, and have to work——"

The Fist Opened, and a Shower of Coins Spilled and Ran Wheeling About the Floor

Boldero's face vanished. His feet and legs remained visible for a moment in the candlelight. Then his clenched fist came reaching down into the room. All this time the knocking at the shop door grew more and more violent. "Here, shake!" said Boldero's voice. "Good-by, old one!"

As the baker reached up to seize the fist it opened, and a shower of coins, falling over him, spilled and ran wheeling about the floor.

"Buy her some toys and flowers, with *frère* Jean's love."

"My boy! My boy!" cried Victor, amazed and protesting. "It's your all—your whole—your last sou. And you have left even your cornemuse. What shall you get on with? How to proceed?"

Boldero's blue eyes laughed down at him in a flash of good humor.

"Proceed? I know a magic charm for that. Here she goes: *Ek dum. Kubberdar.* One, two, three! 'Feet, carry me away from here!'"

The charm worked; with a twinkle of canvas pumps, the feet obeyed as though shod in seven-league boots. Victor, hopping on the chair, saw in the outer darkness over the black wall of a high board fence a flying shadow vault against the early starlight and drop silently into the void.

II

SOME months later a young man lay resting beside what minor poets call the great highway, the open road, the long trail, or God's green caravansary, in the Kingdom of Vagabondia. Put thus, the fact has a pretty and romantic air; but in plain language, the young man, very wretched and cold and hungry, was lying in a patch of sand and dead weeds under a levee or dike. His belly was empty, his clothing wet, his mind as dark as the landscape before him. A broken grove of young marsh poplars, gray-green and sickly, straggled along the levee bank to right and left. A pale river, like coffee mixed with too much cream, swirled angrily past this grove, and in a froth of twigs and bubbles and floating grass blades lapped round the lower sapling trunks. Beyond the river stretched another level dike overtopped by low cottonwoods; a wet landscape, cold, gloomy. Above the musty cottonwood foliage a strip of pale sunset glowered far away.

"This is what they call being your own master," thought the young man lying in the weeds. "Can't say much for it."

He shivered, and looked with disgust at his clothes, which hung on him wet and wrinkled.

"No; not much fun." And he hugged himself in a vain effort to be warm. "This is the way you catch fever and things."

Boldero's luck had failed him all winter. Tramping many miles through town and country, he had found little work and no fortune. It was a bad winter, and now the spring promised poorly. Behind this levee, which gave him a moment's shelter from the wind, lay a town full of men as able-bodied as he, dozens of the needy, scores of the lazy, hundreds of the worthless who only serve to keep their betters from working.

"I don't seem to have any luck nowadays," he reflected. "And my shoes have gone to pot too."

The soles of his boots, in fact, were parting from the uppers. The broken stitches were beaded with mud. He was bending over to examine them helplessly when he heard voices talking near by.

"I don't want to play checkers with my nose no more," growled one.

"No chanst; no chanst," said the other softly. It was a hateful, false, persuasive voice. "Go git a poke in the ear, if you can't hear what I'm telling you. It's only old Doornail Jimmy. Who cares whether he's here or there, alive or—missin'?"

Boldero quietly rolled over in the tall weeds, craned his neck and peered in the direction of the voices.

Behind a poplar screen two men lay side by side on the bank of the levee. An evil, white-faced pair, they eyed each other with the distrust of men who believe nobody and nothing. The watery sunset lighted them as they argued there by the river.

"No gunfirin'," declared he who had spoken first. "Le's git down behind and lay him one acrost the peak. No gun, Fingers! I ain't goin' to play checkers with my nose for him."

The softer voice poured out a stream of meaningless filth.

"Look-a-here, Pill-Hop!" it said. "You no need to carry jail inside your head like that. All you do is sit up on this levee and watch both ways. I'll act it out; me, I'm the boy! If you see anyone comin', you whistle. There's the old fool started his fire burnin' right down among them saplings." The speaker pointed toward Boldero, who had barely time to dodge and lie flat under his weeds. "He's a totterin' old man, weaker'n a cat, likely drunk by now and deaf as a post. That's why they call him the Doornail. He carries it round with him all the time. What better do you want, brother?"

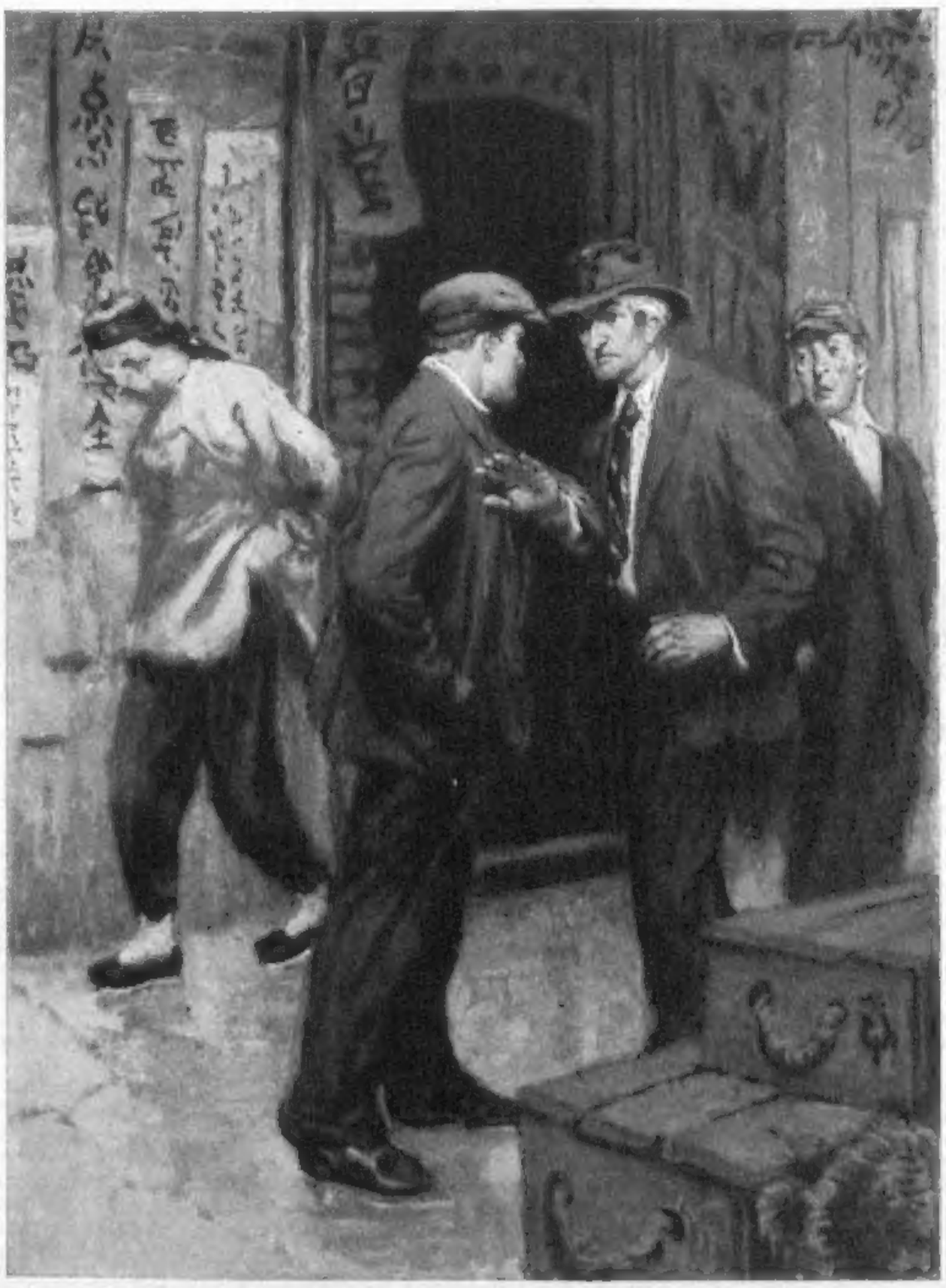
The "brother" made reply in which nothing was audible except:

"I want a smoke, first."

"All right; roll one," replied the persuasive voice. "Go ahead. Roll two while you're about it, so's I'll drag at a cigarette with you, brother. But soon as we quit smokin' down I go and git the Doornail. I git him, un'stand? Dead as a Doornail, hey? Un'stand? That's a lucky sayin' too. Roll 'em. Your hand shakes like an old maid knittin'. Here, gimme your bag and papers, Pill-Hop."

Boldero looked cautiously through his weeds, a mass of cockleburs and greasewood, withered brown. Beyond their trembling tops he saw again the two ruffians, lolling on the bank. The more resolute, who had last spoken, sat up and rolled cigarettes very knowingly. He was a long, lean fellow, with a great chucklenose.

"Can't afford to lose time," thought Boldero. "Do a duck out of here. I don't want to mix round in any murders."



"One of Us," Said the Big-Nosed Man Gravely, "is Meant to be Unlucky for the Other"

He began sliding backward, feet first, down through the weeds that covered the levee slope. He went as quietly as a cat hunting birds. But, when he had reached a thicket of young poplars and could stand erect behind them, Boldero felt a sudden compunction. He was alone, weaponless, half giddy with hunger; so tired and damp and cold that his courage had run low. A fiend tempted him—the fiend that dances in an empty belly. His safest course was to steal away. Roundabout, overhead, the dark evening clouds hung funereal, and seemed to warn him that he was alone in a land of murder.

Nevertheless, he paused. Something else, not a fiend, warned him that if he tried to evade this moment he should be an unlucky man forever.

"What can I do barehanded against a gun?" he pleaded with himself.

The answer came promptly:

"You can't let 'em kill an old man."

This must have been his duty, it wore an aspect so glum and hard.

"Oh, damn it!" he sighed, and looked rapidly about him.

A few yards below, in a small clearing, a handful of fire burned on the wet sand at the river's edge. Beside this fire sat the dejected shadow of a man, with his back turned, warming his hands. The man, the curl of smoke, the intervening saplings—all stood out clear and black against the gloomy sunset.

Boldero raced down the levee slope and halted, facing the man.

The fire, though humble, cast a warm red glow on him who watched it. He looked up—a hawk-nosed, beardless, brown-faced little old man, with skeptical eyes.

"Can't hear a word you're saying," declared this figure in a toneless voice. "You'll have to speak louder. I'm deaf as a doornail."

Uttering the words like an old and tiresome formula, he continued to warm his hands.

Boldero laid finger on lips. He was forced to think very quickly; no one could help him. A sheet of wrapping paper, stained with mud, lay near the fire. This he took and with a half-burned twig printed upon it in charcoal letters:

"A COUPLE OF CRUMBS WANT TO KILL YOU. SIT QUIET. I WON'T LET THEM. SIT STILL."

The skeptical eyes, rimmed with heavy lids, stared at this legend for what seemed an age. They had plenty of intelligence, after their kind. The sitter nodded.

"Threatened men live long," he said in his strange, flat voice; then, grasping his chin with both hands, he contemplated the fire.

Boldero glanced hither and yon for a weapon. Not even a good stick offered; nothing but sand, a fagot of twigs, one large embedded rock too heavy to be of use, a few rusty cans, two or three bottles, and half an old shirt. The outlook seemed desperate. But then, so was Jack.

There being no time for niceties, he fell back upon an ancient and dishonorable method. Seizing the largest of the black bottles, he knocked the "kick" off it upon the rock, then passed the shirt rag through it and took a half hitch of filthy cloth round his wrist. This done, his mind became clear and ready. He tossed the charcoal warning on the fire, stole back into his thicket and crouched there, waiting. All this time the deaf man remained still as Saturn's image, looking down into the flames.

Hardly had the paper caught, blazed and died in fluttering ashes, than a footstep came down the levee. Boldero saw passing within touch of his bush the pale face of the big-nosed man. A cruel coward's face, it was wrinkled in a conceited smile. The fellow hummed a tune as he went, and twirled on his forefinger a bright nickel-plated revolver. It was his left hand he meant to use: his right seemed lacking or mutilated.

Boldero slid out from the poplar leaves. Underfoot the sand made all still. Four paces brought him within reach of the murderer's slouching back. He saw it straighten and grow rigid. He saw the deadly toy cease twirling and fly to position, ready. Even then he could not bring himself to strike, for he had never hit a man from behind.

"Look out!" he shrilled, his voice dry in his throat.

The enemy bounded and wheeled in his tracks. His left hand flew upward, emitting a flash and a roar. He was lightning quick. Boldero, not at all slow, with a good conscience and a free, loose-bodied swing, gave him the bottle over his ear.

He pitched into the sand, tumbled from side to side for a moment, then lay collapsed—a bundle of old clothes, a scarecrow with a red mask for a face.

Boldero tossed away flinders of broken glass, untied the rag from his wrist, stepped over his adversary, picked up the fallen pistol and, aiming toward his recent refuge, fired twice. Immediately a dark figure bounded from the weeds and went flying over the levee, performing antics of terror, like a clown. Brother Pill-Hop did not wait.

Boldero turned. The old man by the fire had not risen, but sat there on a charred stump of railway tie and regarded the outcome wearily over his shoulder.

"You're a bloodthirsty young wildcat!" was all he murmured. "Is that carcass dead?"

With his toneless voice, he seemed to put the question to empty air. Boldero looked down. The carcass lay breathing.

(Continued on Page 69)

Germany's Victorious Peace?

By A. Curtis Roth, Former United States Vice Consul, Plauen, Saxony

GERMAN leaders feel that the war will reach its crisis in the fall of 1918. They have an elaborate mass of data upon which to base this conclusion. To-day the German naval, military and diplomatic machineries are straining themselves to the last fraction of their nervous energy to make the turning point favorable, to get a clincher in now for German victory. These leaders believe that they are gathering together the forces of an irresistible tide that will flood on to triumph, sweeping the present Kaiser-house into such glories of empire as those achieved by Macedon; by Rome; by Charlemagne, first imperial-minded German. Germany is to come into her own—into a heritage greater than that of the Holy Roman Empire!

The war situation to-day is a hydra of many and various heads. There are innumerable appreciations of the present situation, and all are fundamentally different. In summary they make an appalling confusion. As sympathies, as fears, as hopes incline, and as nativity and national and racial prides determine, these surveys of the war vary. I feel considerable diffidence in adding to the already clewless maze. My only excuse is that I enjoyed unusual opportunity to become thoroughly conversant with the German hydra head, that I have heard the German expert estimate of the present situation propounded at great detail, again and again, in all its bearings and phases.

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

Bringing Up Russian Troops on the Eastern Front

It is in the hope, therefore, that it will be of service to present the German view in these critical days, that I shall endeavor to divest myself for the moment of all prejudices and to lay aside my own nontechnical beliefs, and tell of the present situation as it is viewed by the great gamblers at Berlin.

Russia is the logical starting point for my review, because Russia is, so to speak, the pivot of German calculations. Germany has considered the power of Russia as definitely broken since the spring of 1916. Upon this assumption the Germans have altered their whole conception of the war. Russia is now regarded as a *pièce de résistance* for the German diplomatic powers, while France has become the *pièce de résistance* for the masticatory abilities of the German General Staff.

When Hindenburg Clashed With Wilhelmstrasse

THIS differs radically from the initial conception of the war—when the Slav peril overshadowed all else. The Slav peril has changed into the Anglo-Saxon peril in the German mind, and the French are regarded as the weapon of the Anglo-Saxons. It devolves, therefore, upon the German military to destroy France root and branch, wearing down her armies, devastating her territories, deporting her conquered civilian population, and in all ways possible ruthlessly sapping the strength of the Sunny Republic.

"We destroyed the entire first-line army of Russia during the first year of the war," wrote General Ludendorff in a review in the fall of 1916. "We have killed, disabled or taken prisoner practically Russia's entire supply of officers trained in the profession of arms. We have absorbed, captured or destroyed practically the whole of Russia's reserve of munitions. We have developed numerous strongly fortified lines for defense far within the enemy's territory. We have built up large reserve stores at points for easy distribution along these lines. We have developed a splendid system of communication with all elements of our forces on this Front. We are now faced by tactically inferior troops, officered by unprepared and incompetent men. The attacking morale of our enemy has been utterly destroyed for the duration of the war; their organization has been demoralized beyond hope of repair, and the quality of their strategy has been reduced to that of self-defense. Conditions upon the Eastern Front are, in short, excellent. The struggle here can be ended in our favor any time that it seems advisable to make the effort."

In Germany General Ludendorff is the idol of the younger men, who go so far as to copy minutely his reported mannerisms. To them Ludendorff is the Napoleon of the twentieth century world war. Von Hindenburg, however, is the idol of the people, who have burned almost unlimited quantities of incense before the shrine of the Hero of the Masurian Lakes.

Von Hindenburg, before assuming the duties of Chief of the great General Staff, repeatedly urged making a finish of Russia—*Russland den Garaus machen*. He has hotly defended the theory, again and again, that the complete crushing of Russia must bring about the final decision for which the German people yearn. In the view that Germany must win a decision in the East and not in the West, Von Hindenburg has stood alone. The determining powers have cast their influence for a decision in France, and they have moved more and more to make Russia a problem for their Foreign Office. To understand the military situation in Russia one must understand the proportions of diplomacy and war that govern here. The so-called Hindenburg policy is of interest as indorsing the Ludendorff views to the effect that Russia lies at the mercy of Central Europe.

Win Russia by political penetration while holding off her armies at the Front is the master key that opens to the understanding Germany's operations in the East. In some quarters in the army, notably in those circles supporting Hindenburg, it has been considered scandalous that Wilhelmstrasse should have been permitted to interfere to such an extent with military operations as it has interfered in Russia. Hindenburg was halted at the Riga-Dvinsk line, it is said, not by the force of Russian arms, but by command of the German diplomats. They represented to the Kaiser that Russia must be won as an ally and not crushed. They insisted that the Russian economical and political future must be saved for Germany's interests, and not thrown lightly over to the opponents of Central Europe. They declared that Hindenburg's campaigns had definitely dispelled the Slav peril and had prepared a basis upon which to work for peace. By pushing the successes of German arms too far, they wound up, the chances for achieving this peace and for winning back Russian friendship would be destroyed.

Thus, Hindenburg was held along the line from Riga to Dvinsk to the Pripet, through the tip of Volhynia, to Austrian territory. Trace this line on a war map and you will notice that the Germans did not seize a foot of Old Russia. Courland and Poland are conquered territories. White Russia is likewise more or less a stepchild in the Great Empire. The Germans reasoned that there need be no insurmountable popular humiliation caused by German occupation of these territories, but that such an unforgiving humiliation would be roused in the breasts of the people should the German armies pursue their advantage into territories which, from time immemorial, had nurtured the Russian race. Over this question Hindenburg and the diplomats clashed, and the diplomats bore off the victory. Their victory was partly due to jealousy of Hindenburg in various quarters, a jealousy, it was openly charged, which was shared by His Imperial Majesty.

The story went the rounds in the spring of 1915 that Hindenburg was being given insufficient and inferior men to hold his far-stretched line on account of the jealousy his growing fame excited in General Staff quarters and in the mind of the Kaiser. Von Falkenhayn, it was said, never lost a chance to disparage the Old Man of the Swamps or to hamper him. It was further said that the Hindenburg fame and popularity was the deciding element that resulted in the transformation of the Slav peril into a diplomatic problem. The rough old general's fame was great. It dwarfed the Kaiser and all the other German leaders—with the possible exception of Mackensen, the American hater *par excellence*. There were Hindenburg babies galore. There were Hindenburg socks, Hindenburg avenues, Hindenburg sayings, and even goulash *à la* Hindenburg. There was likely more truth than imagination in the stories of jealousy.

From Germany to Russia by Underground

WHATEVER the truth of these stories, however, it is certain that the Germans have employed a minimum of troops against Russia since the spring of 1916. The line has been very thinly held. I have heard this time and again from friends of mine commanding on the Russian Front. They have told me that, with passable leadership and with anything like adequate stores of men and munitions, the Russians must have broken through the scantily guarded German line. The line, with great gaps occurring in it, held by few and older troops, supported by small reserves, has faced the hordes of Russia nonchalantly, depending for its security upon Russian weakness and German liquid fire.

"We have a host of stanch friends in Russia," Doctor Dehne, member of the Saxon Food Ministry and former mayor of the largest city in my consular district, told me. "They realize that Russia's true interests are more closely allied to those of Germany than to the interests of any other country. They have striven valiantly to aid us in our terrible struggle."

I had often heard of the nature of this aid—or, better, treachery. German officers were freely forwarded through Russia by way of a traitorous underground. They blew up munition factories; burned crops; destroyed depots of stores; injured railroad freights, rolling stock and permanent improvements. They tampered with military and naval orders, confused shipping orders, spread terrorizing and false information among the people, and kept German headquarters supplied with that vast mass of minute data which the German mind so well knows how to use. Moreover, they transmitted reports regularly, informing the Germans of troop movements, of supply movements and the nature of supplies, and of projected major and minor operations. The Germans knew more about the Russian Army,

thanks to this efficient work, than the Russians themselves knew.

The result was that every Russian offensive or local undertaking was known to the Germans in advance. Officers in command of the German sectors to be brought under attack knew beforehand just how many men were to be launched against them, the strength of the artillery available, the amounts of supplies assembled, and the details of the planned operations. They therefore were able to make all preparations thoroughly and leisurely for meeting the attacks. The necessary troops were mobilized to a man. The necessary artillery units were assembled. And the plans for frustrating the projected attacks were worked out scientifically, because these German strategists had the hands of their opponents on the table. Is it any wonder that, under such circumstances, Russian campaigns were attended with such frightful loss of life as to stagger the imagination of their allies and of the neutral world?

Even with every card stacked against him the Russian soldier often came out first. He sprang forward to the attack under the belching death of an enemy artillery accurately massed, trained and timed for his destruction. His rapidly thinned ranks struggled through this murderous fire into the range of hundreds of machine guns, all forewarned. The remnants of his battalions, regiments and divisions breasted this hail of lead; and then, still fifty to seventy-five yards from the trenches, solid walls—or, rather, solid bands—of inhuman liquid fire hungrily licked him up.

This the German officers confess: In the face of an unusually unkind fate the Russian common soldier has persisted with unusual bravery. He has given his life with prodigal extravagance. During the first year, times innumerable, he has charged to certain death, and to certain death in the most ghastly form. He has responded nobly to every sacrifice with a surpassing courage, enduring only in natures of unlimited devotion and of stolid fatalism. But, with an incomparably better-prepared enemy before and a host of traitors in the rear, he has never had an honest chance.

Enemy Officers With The Russian Troops

UPON the outbreak of the war the German General Staff assembled all the younger commissioned and noncommissioned officers who were thoroughly conversant with the Russian tongue and trained them for service behind and with the Russian armies. The great diversity of peoples under the Russian Government, the dearth of communications, and the wide expanses of the Northern Empire, together with the thousands of traitors of high and low degree in Russia, made the chances all in favor of this work. One young lieutenant in this service told me he had served successfully at the staff headquarters of one of the Russian armies for many months! His technical and thoroughly exhaustive reports were regularly forwarded by pro-German Russians, and tens of thousands of Russians laid down their lives in vain in consequence of this man's work.

The complete story of the great campaign through Poland and Courland probably will never be told. I have heard snatches of it from men who worked before and labored behind the retreating Russian lines. I have heard how German troops were maneuvered with deadly precision by German officers with the bewildered flying Russians, and by German officers with Great Headquarters and at supply depots far in the Russian rear! I have heard how vitally needed Russian reënforcements were delayed until too late; how Russian artillery went astray in consequence of tampering with orders, while sweating Russian commanders on the firing line fought the Germans off without artillery and fumed and swore because their dogged resistance must all go for naught. I have heard of the destruction of needed stores by chance fires and of overwhelming German successes because these stores were lacking. I have heard of the blowing up of fortress arsenals before German guns had found the range.

And through all this confusion, treachery, double dealing, and diabolically planned chaos, the Russian peasant fought stoically, heroically, with every chance against him; fought steadily, blindly, tellingly; fought with rifles and with clubs against heavy artillery and machine guns; fought doggedly and ungrudgingly, though butchered before and stabbed behind; fought unceasingly and uncomplainingly, though supposed friends destroyed his medical stores and food; fought, prayed and died in line of noble duty, overwhelmed by odds, Judas-Iscariot led and mercilessly maneuvered by the enemy!

There is no stain upon the battle flags of those first Russian armies. They performed all that was humanly possible, with the issue of every campaign decided against them before they fired a shot. And many times they prolonged the coming of the issue beyond what the German officers thought humanly possible. They fought with insufficient artillery and faulty shells. They fought with no artillery and insufficient rifles. They fought on empty stomachs and in the knowledge of great deficiencies—always unexplainable—in their medical services. They fought with clubs and with bare hands. And they fought on, though such was the appalling waste of their numbers that it must have shaken the morale of a Napoleon's Guard.

German Infantry on the Way to Verdun

The German officers now believe that this morale has been destroyed for the present Russian generation; that the Russians have been so dreadfully ravaged by death and so crushed by the agonies and privations endured, they will not again in this war be in position to put a dangerous army in the field. "Russia is eliminated," sums up their judgment here.

Thus, the Germans reason, Russia has become a problem for their diplomats. The German Foreign Office had just about solved this problem to the satisfaction of the old régime when its work was destroyed by the revolution. Mutual relations of the autocrats began clearing the way in the spring of 1916. Views were almost continuously compared from that time on and the empires were several times close to an understanding. Representatives of the autocrats held sessions in Stockholm. One rumor current in Berlin and Vienna was to the effect that Russia had agreed to make a separate peace with Germany upon the basis of the German conquests, German concessions in the Near East, and a large indemnity, to be paid by the Central Powers for the cession of Poland. The amount of the proposed indemnity was variously reported as running into thousands of millions of marks. It is said Russia offered the Central Powers the alternative of such a peace or of meeting a last desperate Russian offensive; and when Berlin and Vienna refused to consider the money indemnity Petrograd answered with the great Brusiloff offensive.

Germany's Plans For Russia's Future

DOCTOR DEHNE prophesied to me in the summer of 1916 that the end of the war would find Russian troops fighting upon the side of the Germans. When my astonishment and incredulity caught his attention he assured me earnestly that Germany could make and was making to Russia more satisfactory offers than any her allies would undertake to make. Moreover, he insisted that Russia was beginning to realize that her economic future could be better realized as the partner than as the enemy of the Central Powers. He told me that Germany was developing a tremendous influence among the influential Russians and among the people and that Russian necessity would complete the work the German diplomats had begun.

This was the prevailing German estimate of the situation in the East. Russia had ceased to be a dangerous military factor. Russia was faced with economic difficulties that only German assistance could solve. Russia was developing dissatisfaction with her allies, and Germany was winning favor in the land. The solution of the problem—and a solution to be expected—was the development of a Russo-German Entente, which would mean not only a separate peace with Russia but Russian good will and support.

France is implacable. France is not to be bluffed, or terrified, or discouraged by sacrifices. The Germans know this. The great General Staff of Germany has not recovered from its French surprise after three years of fighting, but it has learned to appreciate France. France is only to

(Continued on Page 82)

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

France has Become the Central Problem of Germany's Military Endeavor, and the Germans are Determined to Destroy Her

THE GREAT ARE SIMPLE

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

I DIDN'T quit; they fired me. But go over and ask them why. They may tell you the truth and they may tell you a lie. I'll give you my story first; and when you've heard us both I'll leave it to you whether you want to start me at ten thousand or twelve."

George Little leaned lightly with his two hands upon the rail that separated the space where he stood from that which surrounded a wide, flat desk where the president of the Mogul Truck Manufacturing Company transacted the executive portion of his business. George was rushing the season a little with a flat-brimmed straw hat, and otherwise was wearing a smooth face and a suit of spring gray sufficiently close fitting to reveal a figure of medium size and athletic mold, while a pair of slightly indignant brown eyes gave his challenge to Fate an air of confidence so unobjectionably convincing that it was magnificent, and in itself should have been worth ten thousand a year to its possessor.

"Well, how was it?" inquired Henry R. Stevens, more with the air of exhibiting paternal interest in a worthy young man than any real concern for the issues in the case. "Why did Morgan fire you?"

Stevens, when people stopped to look at him, as they usually did, was seen to be a huge man, with broad shoulders, a thatch of iron-gray, a wide, kindly mouth, the thick high nose of executive force, and blue, sifting eyes. While George had been making his opening address to the jury these eyes had pretended to be busy with odd and sundry slips of paper upon the desk, but now were lifted to consider the young man critically and dispassionately.

"For assuming too much authority," generalized the latter with a naïve air of injury.

The sifting blue eyes twinkled.

"What'd you do—sell the Works while old Walter was out to lunch?"

Inwardly George passed congratulatory resolutions. It is always a very good sign when a tough bird like Henry Stevens consents to be humorous.

"No—ordered some machines."

"What kind of machines?"

"Die presses—whole output of a factory for a year. Signed 'em up quick as a flash, tight as a drum—agreed to finance 'em too."

George was exaggerating, but that was his way of being forceful.

"Hey?" inquired the aggressive Henry R. Stevens, who secretly admired boldness. "What was the idea?"

"The idea is," George began fluently to explain, "that with this shipbuilding craze on the world over, there is an unprecedented demand for auxiliary engines—all sorts of marine engines, of course—but Morgan's line is auxiliaries. The man who can contract for deliveries now—not sometime in the dim and distant, you understand, but now—that is, this summer, this fall, and this winter and next spring—why that man can get any price he's got the nerve to name. Am I right?"

"Sure you're right!" conceded Henry Stevens, easily agreeable to the obvious. "The more you can turn out the more money you can make."

"Well," continued George, "right into that happy situation walks a man last week with a scheme for a die press with a kick like an elephant; it kneads cold steel like dough. I saw its possibilities for us in a minute. With it we could stamp out a small engine cylinder or a piece of a bedplate or an outside case from a plate of metal by a single blow. In other words, Mr. Stevens, an operation of casting, boring and grinding that is now a matter of days becomes a matter of minutes. See?"

The eyes of the truck manufacturer were veiled for a moment, and then he nodded to George to go on, which the latter did eagerly enough.

"Rogers—the old man who incubated this machine—was about to close a deal with Logan & Company. You know those people? All the money in the world, but, according to their cussed nature, trying to fight this helpless old fossil down to the bottom on his price and then buy in his patents for the price of a little tune."

Stevens took a savage bite at his cigar. "I follow you."

"Well, to make a short story shorter, I abducted Rogers; got him up in the country for a couple of days and worked out a plan so he didn't have to sell to Logan—in other words, so that the Morgan Engine Works could get the first crack at that machine."

"No; There's Something the Matter," He Argued. "They Don't Get Jealous of the Fellows Who are Making Them Rich"

"Good business!" ejaculated Stevens, by way of encouragement to the narrator, who plainly enough needed none.

"He was tied up with debts so he couldn't turn a wheel; I agreed to satisfy his creditors, to finance his shop and to set him manufacturing independently. In return we were to have the first press he could build, which would cost in these times twenty thousand dollars and be delivered in four months; while, to keep any of these machines from falling into the hands of competitors, I agreed to take the entire output of his factory for one year."

"Till you get such a start on this creamy business they can't head you off," interpolated Stevens with another comprehending nod.

"Exactly!" crackled George, oozing self-satisfaction at such evidence of approval of his business sagacity from so high an authority as Henry R. Stevens.

"The scheme's good, perfectly good!" declared Stevens, rubbing his hands. "Where does old Walter H.'s kick come in anyhow?"

"Simply because he wasn't round to put his rubber stamp on the deal till the Morgan Engine Works was tied up to the proposition so tight you couldn't blast it loose," replied George, again with that naïve injured air. "When I came down from the country with Rogers ripe to sign, Mr. Morgan was in Washington. I held the old man in a hotel room under lock and key all that day, trying every hour to get Mr. Morgan on the wire, and I couldn't. It was an awful day, Mr. Stevens. I lost three pounds in weight, and no telling what Rogers lost, though the poor duffer couldn't have spared three pounds. He put in most of the day crying; part of the time for fear I wouldn't make good on the deal and part of the time for fear I would. Toward evening I took the bull by the nose and signed up for the company as vice president."

"Vice president! When in time did you get to be vice president of the Morgan Engine Works?"

Knowing the touchiness of old Walter H. Morgan concerning infringements on the sphere of his personal influence in the Works he had given his life to building and of which he was practically sole owner, Stevens had good reason to be surprised.

"Elected Tuesday; deposed Friday," sighed George. "That's a record, don't you think, Mr. Stevens?"

Stevens chuckled, but his business mind ran on with the engine-building project.

"Why, Walter can contract his entire output for three years," the truck maker computed.

"He can make two millions at least," boasted George.

"But he fired you?"

"Yes!"

"Incredible!"

George managed a deprecatory smile.

"That's my side of the story," he said. "Go and get Mr. Morgan's and then decide when I go on the pay roll and for how much—twelve thousand or fifteen?"

The president of the Mogul Truck Manufacturing Company started and stared at George sharply.

"You've raised your figure," he complained. "You said ten or twelve."

"By hokey! Every time I tell that story I feel like raising it," parried George unblushingly. "By tomorrow morning I'll be mentioning twenty."

"Suppose then," said Stevens without a smile, though fishhook curves gathered about the corners of his mouth, "suppose you look in here at two o'clock this afternoon. I like you, young man, and I don't want you to get so high priced I can't hire you if I make up my mind to."

"Oh, all right," assented George, lightly agreeable; "make it this afternoon at two, and then you'll decide whether it's fifteen or eighteen."

Henry R. Stevens stiffened in his chair and a gleam, half hard and half humorous, appeared in the shrewd blue eyes.

"Your bluff is called!" he announced, banging a drawer shut. "It's fifteen—and you go to work right now. There's a peg for your hat. Here's a desk. Yonder's the works. Get busy!"

"What's the job?" inquired George, just a little surprised but greatly admiring. He had always heard that Stevens was a big man; now he knew it.

"Putting jazz into everybody—myself included," Stevens jerked out with some force. A moment later he had clapped on his hat and was making for the door leading to the elevator.

The president of the Morgan Engine Works was a driving, successful, choleric old gentleman, accustomed to the mastery, keen and personally able, though belonging to an older school of business than that of Henry Stevens, and, like most of his vintage, jealous of organization, slow to delegate authority and suspicious of its exercise once it was so delegated. In person Walter H. Morgan catalogued as tall, spare and bilious; beard stringy and gray, and trimmed in the fashion of another day, the upper lip being bare; hair, above a high, veined forehead, white and thin; eyes dark and inclined to bore. His pride in accomplishment was great, his disposition kindly, his temper uncertain. This morning it was positively bad, although the austere features relaxed happily at the entry of friend Henry Stevens, until that gentleman mentioned the name of George Little, when they clouded again as if majesty had been offended.

"Why did you discharge him?" demanded Henry.

"Self-defense!" spluttered old W. H., beginning to seethe as at the memory of a long chain of indignities.

"But he's a good business man?"

"Good!" fumed W. H. "I should say he is! He's just tied us up in something we can't help but get rich over."

"And yet you let him go?"

"He obligated me for sixty thousand dollars!"

For a moment Henry Stevens' mouth fell open and neglected. George had not hinted at the contract with Rogers as involving any such sum.

"Is he honest?" it occurred to Henry now to inquire.

"Absolutely," was declared with a kind of indignation.

"And truthful?"

Old W. H., in his irascibleness, grew eloquent.

"The man scorns to tell a lie," he declared with a wave of his thin hand. "Why, he would feel hurt and humiliated

if his intelligence ever got him into a position where to tell a lie seemed even remotely advantageous. He would think it a reflection, not upon his character but upon his astuteness."

By this speech Morgan made clear that in the sheer honesty of his own soul he would chronicle George's virtues with scrupulous faithfulness, though the memory of every one was like a quiverful of porcupine quills, each palpitating separately in his tenderest nerve.

"Seems likable, too," suggested Henry, taking advantage, with malicious humor, of this rugged quality in his friend's character.

"I love him like a son," confessed the old man, his expression softening till Stevens was self-reproachful.

"Then what in time——"

"Self-defense, I tell you," Morgan snapped out, growing wrathful over his memories again. "It got to be him or me. Why, for two years I haven't had an idea that that young son-of-a-gun didn't have a better, and couldn't prove it to me. No limit either to his presumption. He crowded me out of my office out there and packed me off here in a corner; and then he comes in here and puts his feet on my desk and blows smoke in my face while he argues with me. I find his cigar ash all over my papers. Why, damn it, Henry, any time the last six months I've been expecting to come back from lunch and find a big sign on top of the building: 'George's Place—Morgan Engine Works in Rear.'"

The old man's eyes were smoking and his nostrils quivered with the recollection of affronts his pride had suffered.

"But Walter," argued Stevens, "you're a little peeved and sore on the boy. You're not giving him a square deal."

"Yes I am, Henry," insisted W. H., sitting up straight, his dark eyes beginning to burn. "Yes I am. Darn it, Henry, this is my factory—I made it. I made the business. I propose to run it, not to be dragged by it. I don't want any young whippersnapper that's come up, right out of my wastebasket, so to speak, suddenly putting things over on me so fast I can't see 'em go by.

"His last trick is this die-press contract. Know what that means to me, Henry? It means I've got to put it over by my own strength. Got to rebuild my factory and enlarge it—at my time of life. Got to borrow money for myself and money for another man. Got to take a lot of die presses I don't want in order to get one I do want and keep my competitors from getting some they're going to hanker for like a starved lion hankers for a calf, the minute they find out what I'm doing. Take us two years to clean up on the thing—three years maybe," concluded the old man with a dolorous sigh.

"But you'll take the two millions," twitted Henry.

"Yes—if it amounts to that. But whatever it makes won't be too much for the trouble; and that young speed maniac gets a piece of it, too, because when we went dotty and elected him vice president we let him in for a block of stock—a little block."

"In addition to which," soothed Henry, "I've just put the poor outcast on the Mogul pay roll."

"You've hired him, Henry! You!" exclaimed old Walter H., bestowing a commiserating glance. "Why, Henry, hooking up George Little to your organization is just like putting a Fokker engine into a certain small kind of quasi automobile. Pieces of the machine will begin to string out along the highway with the first kick of the motor."

But the president of the Mogul Truck Manufacturing Company only laughed.

"I put him to work before I started over here," he boasted.

"Hurry back!" urged Morgan seriously. "You may be in time to save something. I only went to Washington, and when I got back my works were mortgaged."

"And you were set to make two millions!" laughed Stevens from the door.

"Haven't made it yet!" snapped W. H. at the broad and disappearing shoulders.

"Factory!" said Stevens to his waiting chauffeur, and stepped into the car, planning as he rode the tasks to which he would assign this virile bundle of energies, sagacities and enthusiasm, but only to discover on arrival that he returned too late. George had already gained a lead so hopeless that he was finally headed in a way that wasn't quite fair, but it was the one way that anybody ever found to stop him.

The first intimation that the work of putting jazz into the Mogul Truck Works had already begun came to Stevens with a certain sense of shock when he encountered a sign painter, brush and maulstick in hand, at work upon the office door, and saw, under his own name and title, the letters, in outline ready to be painted in, which spelled "George Little—Assistant to the President." Stevens contemplated this piece of cool presumption for a moment, and then his face broke out in lines of beaming admiration, and he passed inside, chuckling.

The outer office, except for a clerk or two, was empty, but the door of the private office was ajar and—occupied; for through it Henry Stevens caught a glimpse of a lady's back. It was a very charming back, as backs go, and none that he recognized as belonging to any lady in the employ of the Mogul Truck Manufacturing Company. This back was part of the figure of a woman who sat straightly up, with the collar of her checked automobile coat mounting till it all but concealed a small pink ear nestling in the edge of some dark wavy hair. Beyond the pink ear was a segment of the curve of a cheek, and there was that in the poise of the head which suggested that the eyes of the lady might be set with a light of very great admiration in them upon the face of Little, which Stevens could see, since it was turned toward the lady and wearing an expression of tenderness and pride.

George's brown straight eyes were now deflected for a sufficient length of time to note Mr. Stevens' presentation of himself at the door of his own office; but there was no recognition in their glance. It was one of observation merely, quite as if George depended on Mr. Stevens to be gentleman enough to take a hint and retire. Mr. Stevens did this, but only after he had noted a fresh detail concerning his interesting new employee.

"Why, dod gast it, the young pup's handsome—just the type of man some fool woman is likely to fall in love with," was what Stevens remarked to himself; and he sat down to reflect that George's face was not only appealing, it was frank and open, and had in it nothing of that hardness of self-abandon which one might expect in a young buccaneer who willfully and deliberately makes two million dollars for one crusty, unappreciative old codger and hires himself to another, not quite so crusty or so old, at a mounting salary, before the said other can accumulate ash enough on his cigar to make worth while knocking it off.

Mr. Stevens had not long to reflect, however, upon possible heart complications menacing his new employee before the party in question appeared, in the act of showing his visitor to the door, and the president of Mogul Truck looked up to recognize a pair of brown-black eyes, ringed round with heavy lashes, and a face with much color in it which, wearing a rippling smile, was coming right at him.

"Well, look who's here!" exclaimed the big man, rising suddenly with some confusion in his manner. "If it isn't Estelle. I was just over talking to your father, but I guess I haven't seen you in five years, girl—not since that summer down in Maine when you were all knees and elbows. Jingo, what a heart smasher you grew up to be!"

The man with the iron-gray hair, after pausing to beam his admiration while he swept the girl up and down from the crown of her red turban to the tip of a white kid toe, took both the young lady's hands in his and shook them with an effusion which indicated that the youngest part of Henry Stevens might well be his heart, as indeed was his boast.

"Wasn't it horrid of father, discharging George that way?" demanded the young lady, assuming a pout that she knew was pretty, and at the same time lifting soulful eyes.

"Can't understand it," declared Mr. Stevens with conviction, and then added insinuatingly: "But wasn't it sweet of me to take him on, and without waiting for a character or anything?"

"Sweet? Of course it was!" beamed Estelle; "but it was awfully good business judgment, too," she added archly, with a loyal glance at George, whose bearing indicated that he saw no necessity for a lengthy conversation between Miss Estelle Morgan, the daughter of his former employer, and Henry Stevens, his present one.

"Better come round once in a while to see how the boy's getting along," suggested Stevens craftily as George maneuvered her to the door; "and don't ask for him. You don't need to see him at all. He'll be busy. See me! I'll have more time."

From the open door Estelle shook a playful gloved finger at the teaser, her laughter cadencing musically in the midst of Stevens' more uproarious merriment; but she gave the last eloquence of her departing eyes to George.

"Estelle came down to look me over in the new frame," explained George, coming back from the door.

"Didn't take you long to get her here," observed Stevens crisply, turning into his private office.

"I usually get things over quickly," said George, following him in.

"Gad, I believe you!" said Stevens, thinking of the sign on the door. "Going to marry her?" he inquired, looking up from the lighting of a cigar.

For a moment an expression of real humility came over George and became him like a garment.

"I hope to," he confessed with a look of devotion in his eyes that was entirely undissembled.

"Then you'll do it—no doubt about it," affirmed Stevens, feeling his confidence in the young man's abilities mounting momentarily. "You'll do it! By gum, if you told me you hoped to wed the Goddess of Liberty, I'd expect to see her holding up her skirts and wading ashore."

"Thanks for the compliment," said George with a reflective light in his eyes. "Estelle and I are pretty well agreed on the proposition."

Stevens studied him contemplatively.

"Then Morgan's firing you was rather a futile effort to get you out of his sight?"

"Stacks up that way," admitted George absently, and then a brisk crackling note entered his voice as, reaching for a handful of papers upon the table, he went on with: "Coming round to business, Mr. Stevens, I've been looking over these production sheets and I see where it takes us an average of fifty-two minutes in the assembling of each truck. I happen to know that's slow to what the Janeway

George Little Ate His Way Through Obstacles Like an Acetylene Flame

people are doing. I've had a quick turn through the shops, too, and a chat with the super—a bright man that Hodson—very amenable to suggestions!"

"In fifty minutes!" gasped Stevens, looking at his watch. "And telephoned to your girl besides?"

"That was while I was waiting for her to come," explained George, respectfully but obviously impatient of interruption. "There's several things I don't like out there," and he nodded in the direction of the workers; "too much lost motion in the assembling room for one thing. You have men walking themselves to death on that floor—using their feet too much, and their heads too little. I'm confident we can cut that assembling time ten minutes on each car. That would mean two more trucks each day, Mr. Stevens, on your present volume, which means twelve more a week and six hundred more complete vehicles per year, all on the same overhead; provided, of course, we can speed up parts production."

Mr. Stevens found himself slightly taken back by the glibness of this assumption, but being a man of large self-control was able to hold his peace.

"And that's not all," went on George impressively; "that's only the result of the first look round. But my suspicions are aroused. I've a hunch the whole shop arrangement is bad; that it doesn't permit of the best progression from the raw to the finished parts; that your machine-shop organization, for instance, would be more effective if grouped round the three important units of cylinder, crank case and transmission ——"

"But, George," expostulated his employer at last, "you're not going to put your snap judgment ——"

"Absolutely not," averred George, without even a crack in the enamel of his self-assurance. "I've arranged for W. W. Norton, the production engineer, to take luncheon with us to-day at your club."

Stevens' eyes dilated.

"Production's the thing to-day," orated George. "Production, and then more production. This is the hour of golden harvest for the truck business."

"As if I didn't know that," interjected the manufacturer, beginning to be irritated and finding himself all at once capable of sympathizing remotely with the seethings in the breast of Walter H. Morgan; but presently a light broke over him—a light that seemed to flow from the innocent, sanguine brown eyes of George. "Lord love us, boy," Stevens concluded; "I'm willing to be shown all right, and if you can just make good on that extra six hundred trucks ——"

"Production," resumed George, exactly at the spot where the main line of his conversation had been blocked, "depends upon material. I've only had time for a glance at your stock sheets and material contracts, but they don't look good to me! The factory's living from hand to mouth right now. Why, Mr. Stevens, with the present scramble for raw material you've got to make your supply line safe clear back to the tree and the mine."

"Pearls of golden truth!" admitted Henry Stevens.

"That material man of yours is not awake at all," went on George. "He thinks rubber grows in Akron, Ohio. I told him to be looking round for a nice soft place to light and to hop quick. In a week I'll have a party on that job who knows the soul history of every ounce of material that goes into the composition of a motor truck; which means that he also knows where to get it if there's any to be got, and what to substitute for it if there's none to be had."

The truck maker mused in silence, all sense of irritation gone, and his faith in his plausible young man increased now by every word he uttered.

"And so you've fired Simpson," he exclaimed, starting up. "Well, that's a good enough morning's work in itself. Let's go to lunch. Norton, you say, is that production man's name?"

"Yes," said George, fastening some sheets with a clip, and himself willing enough to admit that it had been a fair morning's work after all, even though it had begun somewhat inauspiciously with his discharge from the vice presidency of the Morgan Engine Works.

The luncheon with Norton was pleasant and resultful, since for three weeks thereafter the production engineer tramped the factory floors of the Mogul; at the end of which time he was ready to make some recommendations guaranteed to achieve astounding results, to collect a fee commensurate with his promises, and to depart.

But after all it was not the plannings of Norton, but the initiative of George Little that so changed the Mogul plant. The man ate his way through obstacles like an acetylene flame. He waved his pencil like a wand before difficulties as big as mountains and they shrank to grains of sand that anyone might blow away with a breath. Theories differed as to how George got by with things. It was his amazing self-confidence; it was his tact; or it was his infectious enthusiasm. Or was it the Little Expected-Production Chart? This chart consisted of no more than a huge sheet ruled off like a scoreboard, with lines for each department and squares to represent each day's allotment of turnout. When the estimated production was obtained for a department or a shop, the square for the day might be blotted out; when it was not reached the percentage of the bare spot remaining indicated the extent of the failure. Copies of this chart were posted all over the works, and soon the men at noon and night congregated about them like the scoreboards of a World's Series. In consequence, if a department fell behind, every man in the shop knew it; and, what was more vital to the plan, every man in every other shop knew it.

What gave the race its individual zest, of course, was the system of tidy little bonuses that George also inaugurated—after much argument with Henry R.—a bonus to every workman who produced his stint. This bonus was appreciably increased when the department as a whole was up, and increased still further when the entire works reached a certain estimated quantity of production. The effect was to interest every man, not only in keeping his own production at top notch, but in seeing that every other employee did so; hence, the whole factory became imbued with a spirit of contest. Slackers and sluggards found themselves the targets for gibes and satires, and sometimes, it must be admitted, harder substances. Nor was quality sacrificed; for inspections were rigid, and condemned work inevitably meant a slip back in the race.

Within three months the entire organization was up on its toes and speeding like a turbine. Daily Henry R. Stevens rubbed his hands and felicitated himself on his sagacity in employing George. Within six months the directors rubbed their hands and felicitated themselves on their sagacity in retaining Henry. With the payment of an extra dividend the stockholders also did some hand-rubbing and some felicitating on account of their sagacity in holding on to their M. T. Common.

In the midst of this humming hive of production sat George Little, coolest cucumber in the works, smiling and hatching a new project behind his bulging brow. The men and the machines were doing now all that men and machines could do; but more men and more machines could do more. George's idea, therefore, was a new plant that would duplicate the old one in size, but be far better in arrangement, and consequently cheaper in operation.

Deciding to say nothing till his plans were ripe and then to spring the project full born on the mind of Henry Stevens, this precocious child of business elaborated details, considered sites, secured options and even discussed plans for financing the enterprise, going so far as to talk to three bankers and one trust-company president, each of whom he took the precaution to bind to secrecy—a precaution which unfortunately insured that each of them would whisper it to the party of his acquaintance most likely to be interested. Unaware of this and with imagination stirred by possibilities increasingly brilliant, George got so far as to decide in his mind how much of the new stock issue would be allotted to him by a grateful board of directors for his unique and invaluable services in originating and developing the plan.

"Wasn't it Horrid of Father, Discharging George That Way?" Demanded the Young Lady

But the day this iridescent globule attained its largest proportions and the one on which George expected to set it before Henry Stevens in all its array of self-demonstrating analysis turned out to be the one on which Henry discharged him, for that day the president of the Mogul Truck Manufacturing Company sustained a heavy jar. He was going up in the elevator to the Automobile Club for luncheon at the time. The car was crowded and his presence in a corner behind other passengers was unnoted by two gossiping young men.

"They say the old man can't weather," observed one of them. "George Little stung him up with a lot of contracts that nobody but himself could put through."

Stevens pricked up his ears. He really hadn't been thinking much of Morgan lately. Could it be true that he was in difficulties?

"George quit the old man cold, didn't he?" queried the other.

"Amounted to that," said the first speaker. "Henry Stevens hung up a real salary in front of his eye."

"Is that so?" thought Henry, enjoying his eavesdropping.

"George has got lots of jazz, you know," went on the talkative young man, who seemed so full of information he had to pass it round in order to relieve himself. "He's making the Mogul hum like a dynamo, but he sure waterlogged the good ship Walter Morgan."

"I wonder now," queried the president of Mogul Truck in the deeps of his mind, and then, instead of stepping out of the car, descended again to the ground and had himself shot hastily round two corners to the Engineering Club, where in an alcove of the dining room he found Walter H. himself, barricaded behind a tall glass of milk and a small stack of rye bread. His pose was listless and dejected until he discovered Henry Stevens bearing down upon him, when he stiffened up like the stout old gamecock he was and emitted a welcoming crow.

"How you coming, Walter?" inquired Henry, shaking hands and dropping into the empty chair.

"Coming all right, Henry," said Walter a trifle hoarsely; "only working myself to death trying to Fletcherize all that youngster bit off for me."

"Be able to swing it all right, won't you?"

"Swing it?" blustered old W. H., pursing his shriveled lips into an ostentatious boastfulness. "Easy as whirling a dead cat over an alley fence by the tail. Swing it? No doubt about it whatever, Henry!"

Such iteration was in itself an alarming sign, and Stevens studied Morgan carefully. He looked drained and weary.

"You're carrying too much," Henry tried to suggest. "Can't you unload part of it on your organization?"

"Organization wasn't built for it," said the old man testily. "No, Henry; I've got to carry it myself. Besides," and the sunken eyes lighted, "the stake's a big one. Two millions, you know, if we clean up."

But Henry Stevens, reading his friend like a book, suspected that failure stared him in the face, and knew well the stake he fought for was not money but pride. In an irascible moment of hauteur and self-sufficiency Morgan had discharged George Little and undertaken to carry the burden of this new enterprise alone, and now in his stubborn pride would rather break than bend. In a young man such obstinacy would deserve the punishment it brought; but in an old one, with the sterling qualities of Walter H., it was forgivable and even lovable, and warranted extreme measures to avert the catastrophe.

After the luncheon Stevens did one or two errands about town and then started back to the works, but the picture and plight of Walter H. Morgan shadowed him all the way. It was like some gloomy portent of evil and, still under its spell, he passed George Little in the outer office with only an absent-minded nod and went on to his own room, where he sat down to ponder something deeply. On the wide sheet of glass that covered his working table was a chart of George's devising that depicted the progress of production in the Mogul Works. It showed raw materials marching in and finished auto trucks waltzing out at a rate of speed that was dizzy and delightful. Fascinated, as he had often been, by this dramatic portrayal, Stevens paid a silent tribute to the jazz that George had put into the Works; then he shook his head, squared his shoulders and called the young man in.

"George," he announced without even a premonitory rumble of throat clearing; "you're fired! Take two months' salary—no, take the balance of the year's salary and go."

George gazed at Mr. Stevens, mildly solicitous, as if he thought that gentleman might have gone suddenly insane, but the president of the Mogul Truck Manufacturing Company chose to misunderstand the look.

(Continued on Page 62)

"THE OLD ROUNDER"

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

The Great Labor of the Future Will be to Differentiate Those Who Attack Orderly Society

"NOT all criminals have the courage to do murder," said the vitriolic author of *Degeneration*; "some of them write books and paint pictures."

It was a thrust at license in literature and art, but in a certain sense it is broadly illustrative. There is no criminal class. Lombroso, the Italian criminologist, advanced the theory. But he might as well have stood for a red-haired class in the human family, or a class of bowlegs. We now see that the criminal may appear in any class, and from a variety of causes.

Here the horizon has broadened.

The English law, influenced by the theologians, held all crime of a common origin; "moved and seduced by the instigations of the devil" was the explanation in the indictment at common law. It was the devil who incited to crime, and the law courts in dealing with the criminal were striking always at this devil class. It took three hundred years for the devil to get out of the law courts. The recognition, in the law, of his dominion and influence was marked; in the church it was appalling. The Virginia judges in their charges warned against him, and the circuit riders of the Alleghanies in their sermons on hell-fire called him "a powerful feller."

Powerful he was if he incited to all crime!

I have said that we have ejected him out of this dominion. But the claim is perhaps excessive. The greatest gain in modern criminology is the tendency to differentiate offenders—to group the insane, the feeble-minded and the ill and to remove them from consideration as criminals; after that to consider offenders from impulse apart from offenders from deliberation. Thus we narrow down the suzerainty of the devil.

Impulsive crimes are often only sorts of awful accidents. Man has barely ceased to be an animal; he has just got the hair and the tail off, and in moments of weakness and in the paroxysms of emotion the most advanced among us will not always be able to keep his feet.

The Dangers of Safe-Breaking

BUT when we have grouped offenders and determined their inciting stimuli there will remain a residue for which the explanation of the devil seems as good as any. I mean "the old rounder," the physically sound intelligent person who is determined on a predatory life. Every judge of a criminal court is familiar with this individual. He is the despair of the criminologist. He is not to be reformed or changed.

In olden times he was the leader of outlaws. To-day he is at the head of criminal groups; and it is the force of his determined predatory character that assembles and unifies the weaker vicious elements opposed to law and order. We take him and punish him, but from his point of view he is taken as a prisoner of war. We hold him as an enemy is held in the detention camp. But his allegiance to the devil—if we may retain that symbol—is unshaken. And he returns to the underworld as the captured Iroquois returned to his tribe, with a greater honor for the deprivation, and a whetted impulse for revenge.

The records of our criminal courts abundantly illustrate this fact. The cases are not far to seek. For example, there was before the District Court of the United States on April 9, 1917, at Nashville, Tennessee, one of the most celebrated professional criminals in this country. This man's correct name is, perhaps, unknown. Names in the criminal zones mean nothing; titles alone are distinctive. He was called the King of the Yeggmen in the underworld, and Old Bob in the Government secret service.

This man's criminal record reads like a page of statistics. It is said that he has been the inmate of forty-five prisons. During a period of twenty months, once in his career, he robbed eighteen post offices. He was a shrewd, hardheaded, intelligent criminal. It was his theory of life that labor was the last resort of the feeble-minded, that morality was a form of fear, and that the benefits of life belonged to the person who had intelligence enough to get them.

With a keen, active mind and this theory of life, the man's career is worth the consideration of everybody who would not evade the problem that our criminal element presents to us. It is also a sermon on fair dealing. If, with the benefit of every trick, every device, every subterfuge of criminal cunning, he wholly failed in the life that he undertook, what folly it is for the average person to imagine that he can go contrary to the moral requirements of society and escape disaster!

In the latter part of his career the yegg confined himself almost entirely to post-office robberies. His reason was that if he were apprehended he would usually receive only a small sentence. Stamps were as good as money; he could dispose of them through a fence at Coney Island for ninety cents on the dollar.

The secret-service men soon became familiar with his methods: He would first locate a blacksmith shop in the town in which he expected to make the robbery; after that he would go to the post office and buy a postal card. This gave him an opportunity to look through the window and locate the safe. If the post office was in a small town where there was no Federal building he usually undertook to rent a room above it. In order to do this he would pose as a photographer, and his explanation was that he wished to be near the post office because the public would there be more likely to see his advertisement and be attracted to his place.

If he was able to rent the room he would cut through the wall or floor into the office; if he was not able to rent it he would break the padlock on the blacksmith shop by putting a piece of gas pipe through the bow of the lock and prying it off.

It is worth while to recall here that the European police have always objected to the American padlock for this reason: any criminal could break it by putting an iron rod thus through the lock and twisting it round. It would be interesting to know whether this King of the Yeggmen learned the trick himself or had it from some foreign criminal. At any rate it was his method.

Once inside the blacksmith shop, over which there is never a watchman, he was able to get the tools he would require to force the door or the window of the post office. It was one of his theories that burglars were always traced by tools, and consequently it was his custom to make the local blacksmith his unconscious accessory. Inside the post office he used the methods of the best cracksmen. He carried a first-class drill and either nitroglycerin or dynamite, his selection of an explosive depending upon the season. He knew all about the mechanism of safes; he had studied it very carefully. He would drill always at the same point, a little above the knob of the combination, make a dam round the hole with green soap, fill it with nitroglycerin and blow the door off. As a rule, when he burglarized the blacksmith shop for tools he would also burglarize a livery stable for horse blankets. With these he covered the safe to deaden the sound. The stamps he took away in an oilcloth bag that he carried round his body. In one of the post offices that he had robbed two or three times he had to move some of the old shattered safes out of the way in order to get to the new one that had been put in under the impression that it was burglar proof.

Carrying Tools in a Coin

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON, formerly head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, says that very few criminals are experts; that it is as difficult to find a skilled operator in the underworld as it is anywhere in the usual vocations of life. And he would cite the instance of Major Arthur Griffiths, who was in charge of one of the convict prisons.

On one occasion, when the visiting director was hourly expected, Major Griffiths discovered that he had mislaid the key of the office safe. He told the chief warden to get one of the convicts to open it. But in the whole prison but one man could be found competent to undertake the job, and he was a trained man from the shops of one of the great safe manufacturers.

In the underworld the yegg was an expert. He invented, it is said, the pocket-piece method of carrying saws. It was a clever trick when he first brought it into existence. When the authorities at a local prison, a country jail or station house searched the prisoner they would find an old trade dollar or a worn five-franc piece in his possession. The criminal would ask the authorities to permit him to keep it because it belonged to some member of his family—his mother, his father or some imaginary child that had cut its teeth on the metal edge in some imaginary former happy home. It was a line of what the underworld calls soft stuff, and the prisoner was usually able to put it over at the country jail. He was allowed to take the coin into the cell with him; what danger could there be in a worn pocket piece treasured for its memories?

(Continued on Page 78)

TRUE SPORTSMEN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

A YEAR and three months had passed since young Trelawney had taken charge of the Suka country. During that time he had dwelt quite alone with the veteran ivory hunter, Culbertson, alias Kingozi, whom the government, in its wisdom, had sent to show Trelawney the ropes. Kingozi, so far as Trelawney could determine, had done little more than listen sympathetically from behind an extraordinarily short black pipe. But, though he did not appreciate that fact, Kingozi's indirect suggestions had shaped his policy; which amused Kingozi and satisfied him.

In black night Trelawney's boy scratched on the door of the little hut, uttering, low-voiced, his desire for entrance: "*Hodie!*"

And Trelawney, immediately wide awake, gave the required answer: "*Karibu!*"

The boy glided in with a lantern. He carried a tray with two cups of tea and some thin biscuits. By sunup Trelawney and his friend, dressed in clean white, were ready to see that the flag in the *boma* was raised with proper ceremony. The six Sudanese *askaris* presented arms, the ornate and savage bodyguard of spearmen, formed—for diplomatic reasons—of the eldest sons of chiefs, stood rigid. Trelawney saluted.

Breakfast finished, Trelawney spent some time at his desk; after which he repaired to a sort of shed inclosed on three sides only and surrounded by a stockade. Here, as on a canopied throne, he sat down, with Kingozi seated at his right hand and the little wizened black headman standing at his left. The inclosure was always full of natives, squatting and attentive, their spears, thrust into the ground, standing like a bright forest just outside the gate. The white men tolerated no arms within the inclosure.

Trelawney struck the table sharply with his *kiboko*. At once an elderly man stood up among the multitude.

"Who are you?" asked Trelawney.

"O Bwana M'Kubwa, I am Nyanga; and I am headman of the village beyond the hill."

"What is your complaint, O Nyanga?"

"*Bwana*, it happens that our people have cattle, and that each day they feed here and there on the hill. But the people of the next village are bad; they have secretly killed our cattle or stolen them; and our cattle are becoming less."

"How do you know this?"

"It is a thing well known."

"What is your wish?"

The old man's form straightened.

"My young men are many and brave. I wish to make war."

Trelawney's eyes snapped.

"That is forbidden; but if it is as you say, then justice shall be done. Is anyone present from this next village? No? Then here is my judgment: On the third day from this let Nyanga and the headman of this other village both appear before me. Simba!"

A young man stepped forward from the ranks of the bodyguard. A headdress of ostrich plumes, completely encircling his face, added to the height and ferocity of his appearance. His supple, beautiful body was almost unclothed and shone like red bronze in the sun. He wore glittering armlets of brass and a broad bead belt into which had been thrust the heavy *rungu* or war club; and he carried lightly a vividly painted oval shield and the long-bladed war spear.

The point of this latter he lowered until it almost touched Trelawney's breast. The white man fitted over it a narrow band of red cloth, the badge of the messenger.

"Go you to these two villages," he commanded, "and tell my commands in the public places. *Bassi!*"

For the second time he rapped the table sharply with his *kiboko*. The complainant, who had evidently anticipated and probably bragged of immediate annihilation of his enemies, rose again to his feet.

"*Bassi! Bassi!*" cried a score of scandalized voices; he was hustled to his place and his protests smothered.

Next, one of Trelawney's own men reported that meat had been stolen—meat belonging to the *bwana* himself. Questioned, the informant disclaimed knowledge of the thief's individual identity, but knew that he belonged to a group of huts not far from the *boma*. Evidence was taken. This proving good, Trelawney issued another order to his bodyguard. Shortly the inhabitants of the huts in question filed in, looking very scared. Trelawney stared them over for several awful moments.

"Which of you stole my meat?" he demanded sharply.

No one answered.

Golf Balls are Scarce in Central Africa. But Small Boys are Very Plenty. Therefore Trelawney Played With Four Caddies

"Very well; give each one ten lashes." He raised his *kiboko* for his customary signal.

"*Bwana! Bwana!*" half a dozen voices appealed.

"Well?"

It now appeared there were two divisions, corresponding to the Indian totem divisions. The *kogonis* vehemently denied all guilt and laid the crime on the *swarras*. The *swarras* stood sullen.

"Who among you is guilty?" sternly asked Trelawney. No answer. "Very well. Fifteen lashes for every *swarra*."

But this increase of punishment caused another split. Certain families asserted an innocence that was not denied. Remained at last only the dozen individuals inhabiting one hut.

"I think we're down to the ones who actually ate the meat," said Trelawney to the other white man. "We'll let it go at that."

Kingozi chuckled.

"'A man's innocence is assumed until he is proved guilty,'" he quoted.

"Not in Africa," replied Trelawney. "My motto here is: 'Punish somebody; the right one if possible, but everybody if necessary.'"

"Perfectly right," replied Kingozi, quite as though he himself had not taught the young man that doctrine.

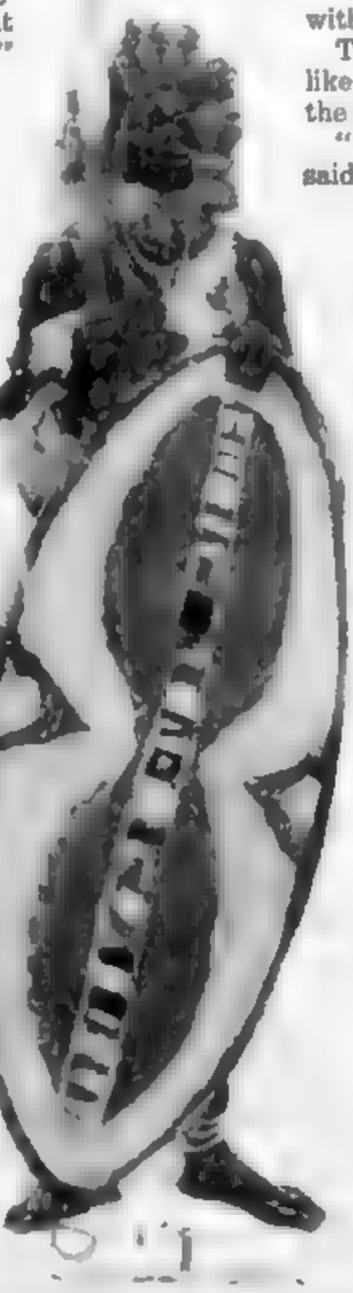
By the time the last complaint was adjudicated it was getting on toward noon.

"Mind taking over sick call?" he asked Kingozi. "I hate to bother you; but I am going to try to drum up some labor."

"I've nothing on. Go with a free mind, my son."

Trelawney disappeared, accompanied by two of his honorary guard. He made his way down a narrow jungle track through the forest. On each side, because of the dense growth, one could not see two rods; but overhead the eye rose through a tangle of rope vines to a canopy a hundred feet above. Only rarely did the sky show through. A cool green atmosphere flooded all space, as one would imagine the light at the bottom of the sea. By every evidence, save that of the well-trodden narrow path, the forest seemed wild and solitary. No sign of human occupancy was visible. Yet Trelawney knew that all about him dwelt thousands.

From the main track here and there side tracks branched. Invariably after ten feet or so they made a sharp turn; so the sight was arrested. Down one of these Trelawney made his way. After two more twists he came to a wide clearing, opening to the sky. Here stood, in irregular groups, a score of round huts with the conical grass-thatched roofs typical of this part of Africa. The ground was beaten hard and flat. Against the wattle walls of the houses leaned many women, engaged either in light housework, the polishing of brass or iron jewelry, or in nothing at all. They were unanimously gossiping, however, at the top of their lungs. An extraordinary number of naked children tumbled in the dust or raced here and there. Men squatted in small groups, talking, or lay comfortably in the sun. A goat or so wandered confidently about, and extraordinarily diminutive chickens clambered into and over everything, seeking what they might devour. Thin blue columns of smoke rose straight up fifty feet, then spread into a haze that filled the forest and barred the rays of the sun. A happy, care-free, idle hum warmed Trelawney's heart. Already he was feeling a paternal interest and a secret pride in the irresponsible children under his charge.



Simba Stepped Forward From the Ranks of the Bodyguard

For an hour, sitting under a shady tree, he talked with the men of the village, who gathered to hear him. It was a friendly talk, with much chatter and laughter. At the end of that time he resumed his journey. By sundown he had thus visited four villages. Then he returned to the *boma*. Entering the big round hut occupied by Culbertson and himself as official headquarters, he found Kingozi lying on his cot, smoking. He threw himself into his canvas chair and shouted for tea.

"Any luck?" asked Kingozi.

"I don't know. I went to four more villages and talked. Got plenty of promises, of course. They don't want to work. Why should they?"

"See old M'Booley?"

"Yes."

"What had he to say?"

"He told me to let him know how many men I wanted, and when, and he'd send them over."

"Well?"

"Don't you see?" said Trelawney desperately. "That wouldn't do me much good. I'd get a certain amount of actual labor accomplished; but that isn't what I'm driving at entirely. I want to civilize these beggars, so far as I can. And industry is the first step toward civilization."

"True, O Solomon! But you can get your men from M'Booley, and I'll see that they are industrious."

"That would be nothing more or less than forced labor."

"I forgot," said Kingozi, "what a frightful bugaboo you *m'sungus** think forced labor is."

Trelawney flushed, but held his ground. "My belief is that one accomplishes nothing but the physical result with forced labor," he asserted stoutly.

"Quite so. Here is tea," replied Kingozi with indifference.

They sipped the tea from the tall tumbler-like *balauris*. After a little Trelawney resumed the discussion.

"I have thought about it a good deal," he said, "and I've got at the logic of it. These people have too few needs and desires; and all these needs and desires are satisfied too easily. The way to make them work is to make them want something they have to make an effort for—luxuries and all that."

"There's the *dukka*," suggested Kingozi, referring to the shop recently opened by an East Indian for barter with the Sukas. It was stocked with such things as brass, copper and iron wire of different gauges; beads of various sizes and colors; dried paint colors for the face and body; snuff; bright blankets and cotton cloths; ear ornaments; coarse sugar, rank butter, and the like. "Old Mahrad may safely be said to carry luxuries."

"True; so far as they go. But the old blighter takes trade. He wants *m'wembe*, and sisal, and hyrax skins, and any of the rest of the products of the country he can get his hands on. And the products of the country are raised by women. Fat lot of good that does in making the men industrious! I've a good mind to order the old fool to stop barter and take only coin for his goods."

Kingozi laughed outright.

"I think it a good idea," he chuckled. "But you must remember that Mahrad knows perfectly well that you are the sole possessor of money here; that you have had brought in many strong boxes of rupees; that, if the

*Europeans

Suka are to get money to pay for his goods, they must get it from you. He will salaam, and his respect for you will go up tremendously; for he—and all others with dark skins—will perceive that you are, in spite of former differences, a true Oriental despot, out for the make, with the right idea of how to use your power after all; and that this talk of even-handed justice, altruistic disinterestedness, White Man's Peace, and the rest of it, was clear poppycock, as they have suspected all along."

"Damn!" cried Trelawney.

He cogitated for some time, blowing thoughtful clouds of smoke.

Kingozi watched his clean-cut youthful face with some amusement and considerable kindly feeling.

"If the beggars only needed more things!" cried Trelawney at last. "Give them a piece of old flour sack and their notion of dress is satisfied; and so on! They should have more wants, more desires! I don't believe anybody works unless he has to; compulsion comes from inside you—or outside you—one or the other."

"Philosophy!" commented Kingozi.

Trelawney flushed as though he had been caught in a lie. Abruptly he reverted in manner from the Trelawney of the past year's development to the Trelawney fresh from Downing Street.

"Rotters!" he ended. "S'pose I must keep preachin'. Think I'll have a round to freshen up."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, rose, seized a bag of golf clubs and hurried out. Five minutes later he was at his game.

Up to that time he had acquired but six holes. They were scientifically laid out according to the theory of the game, and all they needed was a bit of work in smoothing the fairway and in constructing the necessary hazards, which, as yet, existed only on paper. The putting greens were fairly good, for on them Trelawney had concentrated his scanty supply of labor.

Trelawney teed and drove a smashing straight ball, and thereby experienced the appropriate thrill. He made the most of it, for he was perfectly aware that in all probability he had now a bad lie. Then he marched off with his swarm of caddies. Golf balls are scarce in Central Africa, but small boys are very plenty. Therefore Trelawney invariably played with at least four caddies—one to carry the clubs; one straight ahead; one to the right, for slices; and one to the left, for pulls. The club carrier was the only one with any clothes, and he wore only the golf bag.

■

TRELAWNEY returned at the end of an hour, all aglow with exercise and a new idea. While splashing in the scorching-hot tub he imparted it to Kingozi through the flimsy walls of papyrus.

"D'ye know that Saturday is the King's birthday?" he began.

"The fact had escaped me," replied Kingozi.

"Nothing like sport to make good feeling! What for an idea to get up a field day by way of celebration? Get in everybody for a big time. Let 'em run a *n'goma* of their own, of course. Same time have some athletic sports. Some of these Johnnies ought to be able to do something."

"Sounds interesting"

"I believe I'll do it," said Trelawney.

He entered into the idea with enthusiasm. The invitations went out through M'Booley. Soon after daybreak the guests began to arrive. They teetered down the forest paths in single file, each carrying his lunch in the form of a section of sugar cane, a bunch of bananas, or mysterious packages wrapped in dried leaves. They stared at the *boma* and the *n'goma* drums and subsided on their haunches to await what might befall. They came and continued coming—tens, hundreds; finally thousands. From a very busy life it seemed as though the entire Suka nation had snatched a day to see what the white man was up to now.

"By gad! I'm glad I decided against furnishing refreshments!" gasped Trelawney.

Shortly after seven o'clock M'Booley, his Prime Minister, three favorites from his harem, and sundry ornate but unexplained individuals appeared, with much pomp. They were escorted to a place kept clear in front of the house, and much honor was paid them. Said honor consisted in (1) a chair for M'Booley; (2) *balauris* of sweetened coffee for all hands; (3) presents whose splendid appearance far outdid their intrinsic worth. The multitude eyed these proceedings and gave no sign. Then the flag was run up and the *askaris* delivered a black-powder volley. Very satisfactory!

Next, Trelawney purposed starting the sports of the day. Two of the boys brought forth a table, on which were arranged a tempting array of objects. Trelawney made a speech. He mentioned the King, the prizes, and the hundred-yard dash. The course for the latter was cleared. But there were no entries! In vain Trelawney explained clearly, holding up the temptation of acquiring one coil of brass wire. He became flustered at this lack of success.

"Try M'Booley," suggested Kingozi.

Trelawney explained. He wanted the best runners from each of the subtribes composing the Suka nation; he ——

M'Booley interrupted him with upraised hand.

"Enough, *papa*," he said. "You shall have them."

He issued brief orders. Inside of five minutes twenty-six men listened to Trelawney's instructions. They were to stand here; there, a short distance away, was a cord stretched across the path. The man who first broke that cord would be given a coil of brass wire ——

He got no farther. The twenty-six were off and away, deaf to imprecations and commands. Trelawney arrived to find the string very definitely broken. At least fourteen of the contestants firmly grasped fragments thereof, and on that possession based vehement claims of victory.

It took Trelawney five minutes to get even their excited attention; ten more to straighten out the dispute. He was red-faced and perspiring, and on the verge of apoplexy from holding on to his temper. He thought longingly of his *kiboko* and the immediate effect thereof; but restrained himself. This was supposed to be a festal occasion. At last the race was run—and successfully.

Also, they had jumping, both broad and high; a tug of war; throwing; shooting with bow and arrow; and hurling the spear, both for distance and accuracy. Trelawney could not complain of lack of interest among the contestants. The spirit of rivalry followed very close upon the spirit of covetousness roused by the truly magnificent prizes. It manifested itself in a shameless desire to hunch, an unruly tendency to get away before the shot, and a fixed determination to dispute every result, no matter how obvious. Trelawney darted here and there. He became hoarse with shouting. His sweat-drenched garments clung to his figure. He controlled his temper.

"They're sporting beggars, anyhow!" he gasped to Kingozi, who sat in his canvas chair smoking his pipe and watching the show with a rather sardonic eye. "Take hold like good ones. When you reflect that it's the first time they ever went in for games, I call it topping!"

(Concluded on Page 77)

It Seemed as Though the Entire Suka Nation Had Snatched a Day to See What the White Man Was Up to Now

The Succulent Freight Claim

By FORREST CRISSEY

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

A HASTY peep into the secrets of any large public-carrier's claim department might seem to show that beating the railroads has developed from a desultory protest against corporation greed into a huge industry that counts its annual tolls in millions of dollars.

Such an impression, gained from a passing glimpse of the ingenious schemes by which the succulent freight claim is made to yield much nourishment to the unscrupulous, would be wide of the truth and sadly out of perspective. A competent authority declares that ninety per cent of the claims brought against the roads for loss and damage in the carrying of freight are brought with honest intent and based on actual loss.

On the other hand it can hardly be denied that doing the roads has become a favorite pastime of amateur crooks the country over—the prevailing sport of thousands who find a peculiar satisfaction in defrauding a corporation marked by a careless public sentiment as legitimate prey. True, their number is small compared with that of the honest claimants—but the trouble they give the roads is out of all proportion to their numerical strength.

Here is a good example of what the railroads are up against in this unceasing conflict of wits. The incident is true to type and indicates that the offices of the railway claim agent and special agent are laboratories for the development of those deductive powers that have given Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson a permanent place in the Hall of Fame. But in this connection it is only fair to keep in mind the fact that the modern railway claim agent is an important business executive—not a sleuth or a petty shaver of loss and damage demands.

A few months ago the agent in charge of freight claims for a big transcontinental line received a wire from the agent of his road in a large mid-Western city. It stated that a shipment of valuable merchandise to a firm in that town had been plundered of its most costly goods; that the seals of the car were intact and that, as there was a hole in the floor of the car large enough to admit a man, it was evident the thieves had entered from underneath; that it was possible that the hole was already there but probable that it had been cut for the purpose of admitting the robbers. This was a car of mixed merchandise and contained shipments to other consignees at the same destination.

Being well seasoned in the game of meeting the tricks of the trade, and finding agreeable diversion in occasionally tackling a thief-catching problem that would naturally be passed on to the special agent, this claim-department expert settled back in his chair and devoted a few minutes to a careful study of the available facts in the case, and to drawing deductions from them. The result of his reflections was a distinct doubt as to the manner in which the car had been entered. After calling the company's special agent into consultation, a telegram was sent to the freight agent who had reported the loss, asking him to have the chief car inspector there examine the hole and report whether it had been cut from the inside or the outside of the car. Within an hour the answer came, saying that the cutting had unquestionably been done from the inside.

Shipping Thieves by Freight

"JUST as I thought!" exclaimed the claim agent to his admiring Doctor Watson. Then he reached for the telephone, called up the receiving freight house and located the loading gang that had handled the goods going into the robbed car. Of the foreman of the gang he asked:

"Did anything occur in the loading of that car that was in the least out of the ordinary?"

"Sure!" came the quick reply. "About five o'clock, when we were just ready to seal 'er up, an express wagon with a big box drove up and the three men with it insisted that the packing case had to go into that car. It was urgent, and nothing else would do. They were willing to help out by handling the box themselves—and of course our boys were entirely willing to let them do this, as it seemed to be heavy."

"Any special marking on that box?" inquired the claim agent.

"Why, yes; on the top, in big letters, was the sign 'This Side Up; With Care!'"

Of course the agent at the point of destination was instructed to report instantly on the disposal of this particular packing case. A reply was promptly received, saying that it had been met by two men who had paid the freight and taken it away in an express wagon. Railroad men traced the box and learned that it had been delivered to another road for shipment back to the city from which it had started.

The special agent and his deputies met the package when it arrived at the city of its origin. Three men were on hand to get it and load it into an express wagon. The men were

held while the box was opened. It contained every article of merchandise listed in claims brought by the consignees whose goods had gone West in the same car.

Then the captured men confessed that a confederate had been concealed in the box, along with the tools necessary for opening all the cases of goods in the car and for cutting a hole through which to escape. Having plenty of time he had made his selections with fine discrimination, choosing pieces of merchandise of greatest value with respect to their size and those which could easily be disposed of without leaving a trail of identification behind them.

After the box in which he himself had been shipped had been packed full of the most desirable goods from the other shipments in the car the robber had that night dropped through the hole in the bottom of the car while the train was standing on a siding. Then he had bought a ticket back home, leaving his confederates to receive the stolen goods at the point of destination.

The special agent who placed these men under arrest closed his reference to the incident with this comment:

"Though these men were fairly clever they didn't carry their preparations to the point of perfection attained by a gang of ex-railroad employees who were working at a Pacific Coast freight terminal at a time when a notorious murderer made his escape. This man was a gambler and had shot down a very popular citizen—with the result that almost the whole town turned out to beat the bushes for the fugitive, determined to kill him on sight. The reason why they did not find him was later discovered and exploited in the papers of the country, and particularly in the papers of the town where the tragedy had occurred.

"A friend of the gambler had concealed him long enough to fit the interior of a large shipping case with an ingenious set of straps or slings by means of which the hunted man could adjust himself to every turn of the box. He could ride in comparative comfort without betraying his presence. The inside of the box was also equipped with a bottle of water, so suspended that it could not break or overturn and with every other device necessary to make possible the transportation of the murderer.

"The elaborate newspaper accounts of this box for the concealed shipment of human freight made a strong appeal to the imagination of three truckers at the freight depot. It was a constant subject of discussion with them, and they even worked out certain improvements. They had not been above occasional pilfering, but they now gave themselves over to an ambitious scheme for wholesale freight stealing. To this end they threw up their jobs and went to a large Eastern city, where they took plenty of time in establishing themselves in the most favorable surroundings. Then they bought three large packing cases and fitted one of them after the model of the box used in sending the gambler to a place of safety. The interior equipment of this case, however, was still more elaborate, and provided, among other things, for the carrying of a small kit of carpenters' tools.

"With this outfit the young crooks were able to work one railroad after another with their pilfering scheme. But of course they tried it once too often.

"Owing to the fact that they were familiar with the handling of freight it was easy for one of the trio to establish relations of intimacy with the employees of the various freight houses. By keen observation and apparently innocent questions he seldom failed to pick up just the information needed to work their scheme to the best advantage. One day, at our freight house, he learned that at six o'clock a car of valuable merchandise consigned to various dealers in Kansas City would be closed and sealed for shipment.

"Consequently, just before closing time his two confederates appeared with three boxes—in one of which he was concealed. The packing cases were said to contain household goods that the shippers insisted must go to Kansas City immediately. As a result, the boxes were included in the car of merchandise about which the ex-freight handler had learned.

"As soon as the train was under way the concealed passenger unhooked the cover of his box, swung it open, came out and set to work doing a careful job of pilfering the most attractive cases of merchandise in the car—first taking the precaution to saw a hole through the floor of the car so that he could make a quick escape if surprised. Through this hole he poured the bags of sand with which the two extra cases had been weighted. Then the program followed was virtually that described in the preceding incident.

"The shippers went to the office of an express company and turned in their bill of lading, with instructions to secure the three cases of household goods at Kansas City and bring them back to a certain storage warehouse. The reason given for this was that there had been a sudden change in family business plans that would keep them indefinitely where they were.

"Immediately after the car reached its destination it was discovered that many of the packages of merchandise had been plundered and that about the only consignee of merchandise contained in the car who had not promptly filed a claim for shortage was the owner of the three cases of household goods. Then we knew to a moral certainty where to look for the stolen goods. We got in touch with an official of the express company that had presented the bill of lading for the household goods, and he agreed to notify us before delivering the cases at the warehouse designated. When those goods were delivered we were waiting in the warehouse for the crooks."

Crooks That Were Not Clever Enough

"THEY were so cocksure of the success of their enterprise, because of the failure of other roads to catch them, that two of them soon called and opened the boxes right there. As they began to inventory the contents of their cases we arrested them. They confessed after a little, and said that they lived in a third-rate hotel near by, where their confederate was sleeping. We picked up this member of the trio without any trouble, and in his suitcase found the well-thumbed newspaper clipping describing in detail the escape of the fugitive from the Pacific Coast town in a specially equipped packing case. All three of these crooks were sent to prison."

Another sportsman, who reached the conclusion that the railroads owed him a living, had made for him a light but extremely strong rope ladder with hooks at one end. The rungs were of heavy wire. This rope was just long enough, when hooked over the walk on top of a box car, to reach to the bottom of the side door. It was so light and compact that when tightly rolled it could be concealed under the rogue's coat.

This man was a firm believer in the doctrine that no confederate is to be trusted, and therefore he worked entirely alone. In the night, as the train would approach a certain spot that he had previously picked out, he would lower his ladder, descend to the door, break the seal, force his way inside and then quickly dump the goods he selected out upon the sloping side of the right of way. Then he would swing out, close the door, attach the seal and clamber back to the top of the car, where he would ride until the train slowed down for the next station.

At the first flush of dawn he would hire a livery rig, get the trunks that he had previously planted in the town, and drive to the point where the goods had been thrown from the car. After hurriedly packing the merchandise into the trunks he would return to town, pay his livery bill, check his trunks and return to the city.

He repeated this feat several times on various roads, but was finally captured in Illinois and sentenced to the penitentiary.

Many gangs who follow the popular pastime of plundering the railroads operate in connection with crooked merchants who have contrived to establish a good standing as reputable storekeepers in their various communities.

The method of these gangs is to hang about freight stations and spot the sort of shipment that best suits their purpose, and take its car number. Later two of the gang will watch for the selected car in the make-up yards. There, just as the train pulls out, they will break the seal, open the door and secrete themselves inside. Their choice is always a car having a distant destination as well as a valuable cargo—this for the reason that the seals of through cars are not generally examined until the train is perhaps a hundred miles on its way.

Meantime, confederates with a motor truck have been sent on ahead to wait for the freight train at some lonely country crossing well suited to the purpose of the conspirators. Here, as the freight train passes, the signal agreed upon is displayed. The men in the car have had ample time to push the choicest packing cases close to the door—from which the goods are quickly tumbled at the right spot.

The two men remain in the car until the train slows down for a stop, when they swing out, close the door, and slip the broken seal back into place before leaping to the ground. This is not an easy feat for a novice, but those who follow this branch of robbery become very proficient in it.

The motor-truck crew immediately picks up the goods and returns to the city, carefully scraping all addresses and marks of identification from the boxes en route on the truck. Once safely in the city they readdress the boxes, forwarding them to a dishonest merchant in a distant city.

In one of these hauls a gang secured more than six thousand dollars' worth of goods and shipped them to a prosperous and respected merchant in a Far Western town. Of course this fence paid much less than the normal wholesale price for the goods, buying them low enough to resell them at a profit to smaller retailers in his locality. Eventually, however, one of the gang was caught—with the result that he informed upon all his confederates, who were sent over the road.

Cigars, shoes, hosiery and ready-made clothing of every kind are the favorite prey of the car plunderers for whose pilferings the freight claim department pays the score. Perhaps only one more example of outright stealing is necessary in order to indicate the main scope of operations in this crooked business.

Two or three years ago a man, representing one of the largest cigar manufacturers in an Eastern city, called upon the claim agent of a certain railroad.

Simple Simon Becomes Involved

"THE amount of losses in goods in transit that we are having," he remarked, "is becoming appalling. Only lately your road alone has paid us for fifteen claims of this sort, and I'd hate to confess how many shortages we have had over other lines. Of course, cigars are extremely stealable goods, being light, compact and valuable. However, that is not a sufficient reason for the fact that we cannot stop this stream of stealing. For two months I have had a private detective agency working on this case without any results whatever, and there is no use denying that I am at my wit's end regarding this leakage. It is really so large that it scares me in spite of the fact that so far the railroads have settled for the losses. But, of course, there is bound to come a time when this thing must be brought to an end. Can you give me any idea of how the goods get away from us?"

"That looks easy to me," replied the claim agent. "Your teamster is doing the stealing."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the cigar manufacturer, almost resentfully. "Why, that man has worked for us twenty years or more, has scarcely lost a day in that time and is as loyal as I am. You certainly are on the wrong trail when you suspect Simon."

Then the claim agent said that if the detectives were called off and the matter placed wholly in his hands he would do what he could to uncover the wholesale leakage. His suggestion was accepted and he studied all the claims from the cigar manufacturer. His analysis would have won the approval of the faithful Doctor Watson. Every fact uncovered by this examination strengthened his conviction of the teamster's guilt. For example, the shortages were identical. In each shipping case that was robbed was found a paving brick packed in local newspapers.

The manufacturer was instructed to wire for the immediate return of the next case of cigars on which a customer claimed shortage. This was done, and an examination of the case showed that it had been very skillfully opened and that it contained the expected paving brick and the newspapers in the place of the boxes of cigars that had been taken from it.

The rest of the chase was easy, for it was found that all of the goods on which claims of loss were filed against the road represented by the claim agent were delivered at one receiving station quite a considerable distance from the cigar factory. One teamster had made all the deliveries. He was the employee who had been with the house for more than twenty years. Some cases delivered by him were opened as soon as he had left, and were found to have been robbed.

Then the teamster was watched. On each trip to the station he stopped at a certain saloon, driving his wagon into a shed at the rear of the premises, which adjoined the storage yard of a street-paving contractor. In the back of the saloon he opened up the cases, took out a certain number of boxes of cigars and put a paving brick, packed in newspapers, in their place.

The day on which this discovery was made the officers, under the authority of a search warrant, entered the teamster's house and searched it. The extent of the cache surprised even the claim agent. A careful inventory of the stolen goods showed that they represented more than thirteen thousand dollars. This stealing had been going on systematically for several years, and the railroads to which this teamster hauled had been footing the bill for the losses. The weak arm of the teamster's operations had been that of disposal; he was timid and unresourceful in selling his stolen goods.

There is another class of sharpers who recognize that the railroad bill of lading is one of the most easily negotiable and unprotected kinds of commercial paper in common circulation.

Last winter a loss-and-damage claim agent received from a commission house a complaint calling for settlement for one hundred and ninety tubs of butter shipped from a small creamery operator in a prosperous dairy district. It was found that the shipper had drawn a sight draft for three hundred dollars and had attached two bills of lading for one hundred tubs of butter each. When the city bank had received this collection its messenger presented the documents to the consignee who authorized the advance. A little later he called upon the claim agent, who started an investigation that disclosed these facts:

The shipper was on the verge of bankruptcy and in desperate need of money with which to jump the town. He had taken ten tubs of butter to the local freight station just before the freight train from the city was due to arrive. The freight agent had barely time to sign and stamp the bill of lading and return it to the shipper when the freight train pulled in and he was obliged to make a hurried run to the platform.

The instant the agent was outside, the creamery operator slipped his arm through the little window above the freight-office desk, seized the official stamp and brought it down upon another bill of lading, which he had drawn from his pocket—one which was written for one hundred tubs. Then he went to the local bank, where he stood at the customers' desk and raised the bona-fide bill of lading for ten tubs to one hundred tubs and forged the agent's signature to the bogus bill already written for one hundred tubs. The bills were then tendered to the local bank and a sight draft against the commission house for three hundred dollars was prepared.

Almost the same scheme was operated by an enterprising amateur in connection with a shipment of grain from Nebraska. His operations, however, came to sudden disaster because of the coarseness of his technic. The road over which the shipments were supposed to be sent followed the system of giving its flat cars odd numbers and its box cars even numbers.

When a bill of lading calling for a car of shelled corn designated by an odd number came under the eye of the freight claim agent he knew at a glance that the receipt was a forgery.

At the mention of grain shipments every freight claim specialist in the country comes to instant attention—especially in these days when a carload of grain represents in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars.

A claim agent for one of the great grain-carrying lines sketches the situation in these graphic terms:

"If all the grain covered in the claims filed against us were actually lost in transit our tracks would look much as if they were ballasted with cereals instead of crushed stone. From this you might infer that a high percentage of grain shortage is fraudulent; but that would be far from the facts."

Bad Claims Made in Good Faith

ON THE other hand, it must be admitted that the percentage of those who hold to the doctrine that the railroad is legitimate prey is still abnormally large. However, it is being steadily reduced by intelligent teamwork between all roads, and also by the cooperation of claim agents and associations of shippers. One of the foremost problems to which close and systematic study is being applied by both shippers and carriers is that of grain losses. This investigation has brought to the surface some startling facts.

Not long ago, for example, a line tapping the great Wheat Belt had a surprising number of grain claims from a certain locality. The most puzzling feature of this coincidence was the fact that the men making these claims had unassailable records and a high reputation for square dealing. The claim agent decided that it would be worth while to put unusual expense upon the investigation of these losses. Therefore he sent his ablest investigator to the shipping point with instructions to get to the bottom of the trouble. The local elevator there was the first point of attack. The grain was dumped from farmers' wagons into the pit, from which it was elevated to the hopper scales at the top of the tower.

The investigator found the elevating equipment and the scales in good order. Then came the examination of the spouting by which the grain was distributed by force of gravity to the various bins. At the first switching point, where the swinging of a gate diverted the stream of grain from one feed spout to another, he found two splits, capable of leaking many bushels of grain in a short time. The result of these leaks was that one bin, supposed to be nearly full of wheat, was decidedly short, while another bin, that was thought to be empty, was overflowing. It contained wheat, rye, barley and flaxseed. From this bin were taken more than four carloads of grain, for which the claim department had paid. This money was promptly refunded by the shippers.

After this discovery the investigation was naturally extended to other elevators, and on this trip the representative of the claim agent found three of them in virtually the same condition. In this connection it should be remembered that claims for loss caused by this condition had been made in good faith, but that the railroad company was no more responsible for the loss than if it had occurred from the wagons in which the grain was hauled to the elevator.

Freight claim agents have long since learned that the cries of distress that come to their ears depend entirely upon whose ox happens to be gored. For example, a certain shipper filed a claim for a shortage from his loading weight of thirty-five hundred pounds of wheat. The inspection of the car at its destination showed that its seal

was unbroken and that it gave no evidence of leakage. Of course this called for a rigid investigation—which resulted in disclosing these facts: This car had been unloaded at the same sink, or pit, that was served by the same leg of the elevator. The equipment was faulty, and the result was one shipper was short thirty-five hundred pounds and the other was long the same amount. But the effect was quite different. The shipper whose carload had mysteriously taken on weight in transit maintained a discreet and eloquent silence, while the man who suffered a shortage made his loss known the instant it was discovered. The claim department of this road is under orders to correct a mistake in favor of a shipper on sight and as promptly as if the advantage of the situation were reversed.

The incident related, of course, was a plain case of human nature. But the freight claim agents declare that, on the whole, human nature is a rather costly commodity.

This matter of human nature cannot, however, be dismissed in fairness without giving the other side—which sometimes comes uppermost in a surprising way.

A concern in a large city had a freight spur running into its plant. The railroad at this point was elevated, while that portion of the switch track within the yards of the plant was on the ground level.

A car of gasoline was put on the spur by a regular road engine and its crew. The yard boss of the plant wanted it brought down from the elevation—and without any delay! So he appealed to the head of the crew to be a good fellow and set the tank car down for him. The railroad employee pleaded that it was against the rules—but as he and the plant boss were close friends he finally yielded.

The road engine, however, had too high a coupler for the task of taking the car safely down the steep grade. The coupling broke and the car shot down the slant, struck the bumper with a crash and spilled a carload of gasoline on the ground in a few seconds.

Naturally the boss figured that the only way in which he could shield the engine crew and himself was to make a report that would cause a claim for the whole carload of fuel de luxe to be filed. He did so, and the claim agent marked it for payment, with the mental comment: "Some expensive splash!"

Before the voucher was mailed, however, an employee of the railroad company pointed to the claim and asked:

"You're not going to pay that, are you? I just can't see you stuck for that, knowing that the road is no more to blame for the loss than I am."

Then he told the story of how the loss had occurred.

Of course the members of the train crew were called over the carpet and the truth finally secured. Next, the man who had made out the claim was sent for and soon gave convincing evidence of his ignorance of how the car had been smashed.

"Take these papers," remarked the claim agent, "and read them at your leisure. They're quite entertaining." The documents referred to were the statements of the trainmen.

A little later the representative of the manufacturing company returned and handed back the claim with the word "canceled" written across its face.

"We want no claim money, or any other kind of money," he announced, "to which we're not entitled."

This is the attitude of an increasing number of claimants.

Claim agents confess that as a rule the big corporations are the most careful and conservative in making claims for loss and damage. Of necessity their claims are numerous and run high in money value. To have them settled quickly and on a basis of absolute fairness is, therefore, a consideration of utmost importance. To insure this requires an unassailable standing for fairness in the filing of claims. To standardize honesty on a wholesale scale is not only the natural but the profitable practice. To do the same by dishonesty is virtually impossible as business is done to-day, and to attempt it is suicidal. The smaller concern or the private claimant does not always look at the matter in this light.

Proofs that the Association of Amateur Crooks considers the railroad as a reliable source of easy money through the claim department are found in the abundant examples of coarse work by which systematic mulcting is attempted. The head of a leading bureau for the investigation and settlement of freight claims that enjoys a patronage of many roads received a formidable batch of claims against several lines—all from the same claimant and for damage of the same character: injury to potatoes from freezing.

Each claim was supported by an affidavit from a trackman. As the patronage of the independent claim bureau depends upon the ability of its management to catch the kinks in crooked claims hot off the bat and thereby relieve the heavily loaded docket of the railroad claim agent, its executives have developed the habit of scrutinizing all claims for symptoms of fraud.

(Continued on Page 41)

HER LAST AFFAIR

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

WOODBRIDGE is the nom de plume of a Southern city, one of those comfortable matronly old towns where the school children still recite "Furl that banner! For 'tis weary!" and where the band always plays Dixie after it has played everything else, as we receive the benediction at the close of Sabbath services.

There were no skyscrapers in her business section, because business preferred to meet you on the ground floor and refused to be hoisted above the third story, even in elevators. Her manufacturing districts spread far and wide behind her like the dingy dust ruffles of voluminous skirts. You knew that they were behind her because she narrows toward the front, draws in her stays, puts her best foot foremost, keeps her veranda columns fluted, and achieves Princess Avenue—a very handsome street in which everybody lived who was anybody.

Besides being a good old town spreading herself in the sun, Woodbridge was a kind of family album of the Monteath fortune. This name appeared in large white letters across the front of a cotton mill and a paper-bag factory in the dust-ruffle district. It showed on the brass plate upon the doorway of the Monteath National Bank. It blazed in electric lights of the Monteath Street Railway and Power Company. There were two Monteath residences on Princess Avenue, separated from each other, like indignant relatives, by St. Thomas' Church, which had five memorial windows in it to dead-and-gone Monteaths.

It requires a really great man to devour a city. Captain Alvin Monteath was this kind of great man. He came out of the Civil War with a brilliant record as a soldier, and without a dollar in his pocket. His first adventure was to secure a ninety-nine years' franchise for street railways in Woodbridge, long before the citizens of that place suspected how valuable such a franchise might become. The rest was comparatively easy. In ten years he was the commercial caterpillar of Woodbridge—one of those Yankees of the South, with an illustrious Virginia ancestry, who raised this section from the ashes of the Civil War, and who invariably kept all the bonds for title acquired in the performance.

He had two sons, Kenneth and Randolph, and a daughter named Laura. You may say he defrauded Mrs. Monteath of these offspring. They were, strictly speaking, his children. She was only their mother, who appeared now and then merely as a maternal emergency, remaining the greater part of her life effaced by the prominence of her family—a fate that overtakes many women. He had taken both sons into partnership when they attained their majority. But he could not make up his mind what to do with Laura. She was the most beautiful girl in Woodbridge, and she would not marry. He was annoyed and he was helpless in this matter. It was like having a valuable asset which he could not use and upon which he paid enormous taxes.

Miss Monteath Desired Only One Thing—to Face This Man, to Make Him Feel the Scorn She Felt

Any woman will marry almost any man if he is the only one whom she knows, but when many men court her she is exalted to a state of rapturous indecision, and she becomes what you may call the omnivorous woman where men are concerned. Laura Monteath acquired that mystical expression of uncertainty associated in the minds of men with maidenly reserve. She was ever on the point of surrender without actually yielding, which fired each lover in turn, because he did not suspect the nature of her indecision.

She surpassed mere prettiness in those days by certain defects that enhanced her beauty. A pallid skin, features not regular—they were the italics of a strong character. Presently, when the adolescent lines of her face tightened, she would show the Monteath countenance, which invariably turned out to be narrow and long. Her brows were black and straight, as if Nature had marked a barrier above those cool gray eyes beyond which you could not know. She had what may be called the silent mouth, made to remain closed, to withhold her confidence.

The one thing that she had invented for herself was a wide and brilliant smile that turned up at the corners and transformed her expression as a candle sometimes brightens a dark and beautiful shade. This was the card she played for trumps, merely in the order of the game. It was the affirmation of an ardent and willful woman who exercised the vanity of indifference that excited the marauding masculine instinct of each lover in turn to win her. This was the secret of her attraction, the contradiction between her reserve and a certain gayety copied from some old master of mirth with that red radiance of a smile.

She sang a little, danced well, and she listened with her eyes; the well-trained slave of love, to be seen everywhere in society—with this difference: She was thoughtful—a form of stupidity in such a woman! It is a tragic waste of time to think when you are a woman young and beautiful. While you think, the inevitable depreciation in the value of feminine charms is going on. And no thinking can get you beyond the everlasting truth that man is the misfortune to which every woman must submit in order to obtain a modicum of happiness and to be normally unhappy. Every other happiness and unhappiness for her is unnatural, harassing, never satisfying.

Your lover is always a moody, skulking, solitary individual, baying at his moon privately. But the suitors whom you reject finally become gregarious. Misery and wounded pride unite them in a common experience. They are suspicious. They exchange anonymous comments upon you under the general term of "some girls," very destructive to those illusions by which you have held each one of them enthralled. They compare notes and discover that you are not adorable, that you are cold! Your beauty and your graces are snares that conceal a sort of neutral nature abhorrent to men even in the most beautiful women. They create an atmosphere inimical to your romantic prosperity. And there you are, canonized as an old maid when it was always your ultimate intention to marry!

This frost of outraged lovers whitened the future for Laura Monteath long before she suspected such a future. When intervals began to lengthen between her affairs she felt a certain relief. Defeating love is a strenuous business for any woman. There is only one more arduous occupation—that of accumulating sufficient interests to take the place of love. It cannot be done. But every girl about to become a spinster endeavors to do so. It is a kind of involuntary slavery upon which she enters unconsciously.

Laura had kept the Monteath family holding its breath in anxious suspense off and on for ten years while she

squandered her matrimonial prospects. Then she took her first degree in spinsterhood.

One morning when they were alone together at the breakfast table Mrs. Monteath looked up at her husband. She could see only the bald crown of his head above the paper. She knew he was reading the stock-market news. And she waited. She would no more have interrupted him at such a moment than she would have spoken aloud during prayers.

She was a little old fig of a woman, with her gray hair smoothly crimped, faded gray eyes, and a beseeching expression that exactly matched the firm close mouth of her husband, as a futile petition matches the narrow visage of the man who has the authority to veto it, and will do so.

Rather than endure the hardships required by the Monteath social position in Woodbridge, she had abdicated years before this time and had become a negligible invalid. She retained only two posts of honor in her household—that of presiding at her own breakfast table and that of being ambassador extraordinary to her husband in the interest of her children. She would have given up the breakfast table but for the fact that it afforded the best opportunity for performing the offices of intermediary between the captain and his family.

She had the courage of desperation in this business, though it was usually a small business—of late years, since his sons had married and had been provided with good positions—such as asking him to increase Laura's allowance, or to have Laura's room done over, or for his permission to give a dinner or dance for Laura, which would disrupt the house as a home for a day or a week. He always objected to whatever proposal she made as senseless or extravagant, and finally yielded because he knew if he did not yield she would make it again the next and every morning until she had what was desired of him. The importunate widow mentioned in the Scriptures is nothing compared with the importunate mother bent upon the wrestling-of-Jacob business of obtaining paternal concessions for her children.

"Alvin," Mrs. Monteath began meekly when her husband laid aside his paper, "Laura wants to raise chickens."

"Raise chickens!" he shouted, glaring at her.

"She says she is tired of society," she explained. "She wants to do something useful. I think it is a splendid idea."

"That settles it!" he exclaimed, pushing back his chair irritably.

"Settles what?" she asked.

"Your daughter will never marry!"

He always referred to their sons as his sons and to Laura as his daughter except when they offended him. Then he cast them like reproaches upon his wife.

"Why should having a domestic taste for raising fowls interfere with her getting married?" she asked.

"Because," he exclaimed angrily, "girls brought up as you have brought up your daughter never acquire such tastes until they have worn out their artificial interests and run through with their lovers.

"Laura will not raise chickens!" he went on scornfully. "She only thinks she wants to do that. She does not know what she wants, and she never will know. Presently she will begin to meddle with the factory people. She will want money to establish a day home for the children of working mothers—another poultry yard! She will become one of those restless, superfluous women who create half the dissatisfaction we contend with in the industrial world. Oh, I know them! Sentimental meddlers with established conditions, who never have to pay the costs!"

"Laura only wants a small poultry pen. The cost would be very little. She will not go into it as a business, of course," Mrs. Monteath insisted, unconsciously confirming his argument, which she thought she had evaded. She had this maternal gift very essential in dealing with fathers.

"Oh, go ahead with it! But tell Laura to choose a breed of fowls that take their breakfast in bed as she does!" he added contemptuously as he rose from the table.

Thus Laura took her first degree in becoming a superfluous useful woman. The experiment lasted six months. You may still see a highly ornamental poultry pen in the back yard of the old Monteath residence on Princess Avenue. And upstairs in Laura's room there is a desk that contains a litter of manuscripts—yellow, folded flat, in envelopes that bear the return addresses of half a dozen of the best magazines in this country. It seems that she tried producing fiction when the poultry business failed. This is a fact that has not received the attention it deserves in the study of feminine psychology—that nearly every woman at some time in her life thinks she can raise chickens. And not one of them ever succeeds at it not if she puts her whole mind upon the effort. It is a pseudo-maternal instinct that seems to affect the fertility of mere eggs disastrously.

And every woman born into the world believes secretly that she can "write." It is the amorphous development of the creative faculty in a suppressed sex. If ten thousand volumes of this stuff should be published, merely to show what is going on in the minds of women, thoughtful people would be moved and alarmed. Nothing else would so quickly effect those reforms that women seek in suffrage and in all the blind alleys of this civilization. We should realize at once that this neuralgia of the emotions, this record of futile energies is far more fatal to the future of the race than momentary wars and pestilences are.

"We Must Go Back Inside. We Have Been Out Here a Horribly Long Time," She Loaded

Captain Monteath had a taste for roses and good books. And he had a secret hankering after the finer virtues—such as honesty, simplicity and truthfulness. During all the years of his ruthless business career he longed for these ornaments so becoming to a gentleman, as a poor man longs for power and wealth. When he was sixty-five he was a very rich man, and he resolved to indulge in the luxury of a good conscience in his old age. He went about obtaining one with the same thoroughness that had distinguished him the other way as a successful business man.

He retired from business with the comfortable assurance that Kenneth and Randolph were qualified by experience and acquisitiveness to take care of his interests. He was an old rascal about to become a good man, without much expense and with no remorse. It is often done. Many an old toothless wolf of Wall Street takes up probity and philanthropy as the last gratification of an enormous vanity about the time he is reduced to a soft diet by old age and depleted vitality.

In 1912 Monteath disposed honorably of his wife's memory, who had passed the year before, by placing it in a large memorial window on the right of the chancel in St. Thomas' Church. Then he endowed a hospital in Woodbridge for crippled children and retired to Bloomfield, the Monteath country place, accompanied by Laura, who was now thirty-eight and still unmarried.

Bloomfield was an old red-brick house three miles from Woodbridge, on what was known as the Long Road. In summer weather all the doors were opened wide so that you could see through it, as through a good man's heart, into the green gardens behind. The windows were Gothic, narrow, pointed at the top. This gave them the appearance of staring with elevated brows at the world beyond, not scornfully but with the wrinkle-browed patience old people always have when they watch the antics of youth.

Captain Monteath regarded Woodbridge, spread upon the hills beyond, in the same way. He had not soured on the world—he had graduated from it. He read Thackeray and amused himself cultivating roses. When Kenneth and Randolph came out to dine he refused to listen to news of the markets. He was done with the drudgery of money-making. He sometimes spoke regretfully but with mild tolerance of business methods. Then he would want to know what they thought of his roses. They did not think much of them. They were still engaged in the business of making two bonds grow where only one grew before. They wondered how Laura put up with the old man's whims.

She did not put up with them. Thackeray was her father's night attendant who kept him amused, and the roses in Bloomfield gardens were his companions during the day. She was now to the social and intellectual life of Woodbridge what he had been to its financial interests—a dictator. She was so prominent socially that you could not do anything without her that was worth the effort. She was president of the City Federation of Women's Clubs, where she thrust the famous old Browning Circle behind the door and exalted the department of political economics, because she said it was no longer an evidence of culture but of intellectual inanition to mouth Browning and the other poets, but that the duty of women was to find their true place in the order of things and move heaven and earth to get into it.

She was the fulcrum for moving these bodies in Woodbridge. She was chairman of the executive committee in the Suffrage League, and knew how to interview members of the legislature on the everlasting constitutional amendment to grant the franchise to women. Every prominent woman in Woodbridge resented her leadership, and they were all led by her this way and that according to her convictions, which strengthened with her years.

The tragedy of such a woman's life is that she cannot dramatize it. And when a woman lacks the right material for that she is really wretched. Laura could and did prepare programs for women's work of every sort from the Colonial Dames' historical pageant to classes in domestic science for factory women, but she had lost her strictly feminine emotions. The one romantic experience she had during these busy years was recollections when she passed a certain house on Princess Avenue and reflected that if she had married Willard Calloway she might have been the mistress of this house and the mother of his sons and daughters. There were two or three such houses in Woodbridge. And sometimes when she went into the Monteath Bank she could see the bald head of Billy Griggs bending over a desk behind the clattering typewriters. This head was always turning slowly from side to side, as he copied columns of figures from one ledger to another larger ledger. No matter what a cordial stir her presence there made among the other men, Griggs never raised his head or confessed by so much as a glance that he knew she was there.

She had been nearer marrying him twenty years ago than she ever came afterward to marrying anyone. This was during her first season out, before she had taken what Willard Calloway called her thirty-third degree in vanity. Griggs was a bookkeeper then in the Monteath bank, and a promising young man. He was still a bookkeeper at the same desk. But he was no longer promising. He was forty-five and unmarried. He had lost his grip somehow and shriveled into one of those anæmic victims of commerce, a little old stoop-shouldered clerk with failing eyes, who wore black calico shields to protect his shirt sleeves

and who performed his duties faithfully without hope of advancement.

There is one consolation in being an old maid: You can always look at the man you might have married twenty years ago and thank heaven that you did not do it! The reverse is true also, if you have not in the meantime become a widower. In that case you are sure to go back after the old maid, just to have the background of your courtship already laid in her old virgin heart.

But even these shadowy memories of her lovers were effaced for Laura by the experiences of the present—the trials she had, for example, with Mrs. Willard Calloway, who was subpresident of the Civic League. Betty Calloway was a little pinched-face blonde, who could not be made to push the league into actual service. She wanted to study the City Beautiful, but she would not work on the Park Committee with Laura, whom she had never forgiven for jilting Willard.

When you are a woman with a large mind and public purposes in life, women with small minds and feline purposes can be very annoying. Laura had the large mind and the purposes, but the antagonism and petty spite of her indignant coworkers never tempted her to fling herself upon the bed and weep in that delicious soul-satisfying abandon which every woman enjoys when her lover or her husband has offended her. She did not know it, but she had developed the hardened qualities of a capable forewoman as the leader of feminine society and feminine affairs in Woodbridge.

And if by any chance all the departments of the club were working harmoniously there were still her filial duties to perform. Captain Monteath was failing now—not his health, but the man himself. He had given up his Wednesday evening game of whist at the Woodbridge Club, and remained at Bloomfield like a good old pope in the Vatican. He wore his slippers all day and walked among his roses as if they were pilgrims kneeling in the sun to receive his blessing. He gave up Thackeray and took to reading Grimm's fairy tales. And he watched for Laura's return when she was absent as a child watches for his mother. He had a habit now of staring at her with that awful innocency of old age, so much more vacuously innocent than the eyes of the youngest youth, ever prescient of knowledge to come.

The care of a seventy-year-old man-child is a distressing responsibility when your maternal instincts have not been developed by children of your own. Laura fumbled at this duty as a blind man feels his way along an unfamiliar path.

One night the captain went puling to bed, and did not rise again. A week later he passed to his reward—which, according to the funeral oration, was a remarkably splendid reward.

After this, Bloomfield was closed and Laura went to live with the Kenneth Monteaths. Then at the end of the year she went to live with the Randolph Monteaths, because this was the only way to endure Carolina, Kenneth's wife. Shortly after this she thought she would take a flat and live her own life. Margaret, Randolph's wife, was difficult and managed her house with a discipline that interfered with Laura's liberty.

It was on this occasion that Laura discovered that she was a prisoner in the family vault. She was a rich old maid who must be kept from outside influences. No one in the family feared that she would leave her fortune to charity, but she had dangerous leanings toward civic life and social service, and she might endow a settlement home in the factory district if she was left free from family ties to develop her plans. Her relatives were violently opposed to the idea of her living alone.

She submitted to their wishes and went back to live with the Kenneth Monteaths. She endeavored to domesticate herself by assuming the duties of social monitor and chaperon to her two nieces, Jean and Nancy, Kenneth's daughters, when these young persons could joyfully have dispensed with her services. She was concerned for their health, which she believed was in danger, when they were only investing it, after the profligate manner of youth, in pleasure. No one really needed her, and she no longer needed herself. She endured a useless existence valiantly by employing her time in club work and in settling her nieces. She was so anxious they should marry that she excited their maiden animosity against matrimony.

"But why didn't you marry, Aunt Laura?" Jean parried one day.

She did not reply at once. She had noticed the past tense of her opportunity in the girl's question, as if marriage for her was long since settled in the negative. She was vaguely offended, as if Jean had blown forty years in her face.

"Were you disappointed in love?" Nancy asked, stirred to romantic speculations.

"Certainly not! Why should I be disappointed in love?" Laura retorted with a handsome stare.

The two girls laughed. They clung to her, detaining her. They wanted to know more about her affairs. They were so young. No one had ever confided in them. They entreated her confidence. Well, she would not give it. She had no time for such silly talk. She must go to her Red Cross meeting.

"There has never been any man in my life," she gasped, disengaging herself from her tormentors.

"Oh, poor dear, no man at all in her life! What a tragedy!"

"And everyone thought that she was a belle, when, good heavens, Nancy, they were only playing the game, her lovers! That's why she never married."

Laura heard this exchange of opinions between the girls as she went down the steps to her electric. And she could not defend herself. You never can from the young. She felt sadly stripped of her radiant past. It is not so easy to believe

Nearly Every Woman at Some Time in Her Life Thinks She Can Raise Chickens

in the romantic triumphs of forty. There is so little left age durableness to confirm a spinster of in her middle-them.

But the heart of a woman never dies. It is the ghost of her that walks after love is dead. Laura saw herself in the eyes of these girls—old, finished, negligible—for the first time. It was such a depressing revelation that she could not bear to think of it. She fixed her mind sternly upon the Red Cross work and felt an irritating satisfaction in the responsibility. She had, she reflected, what no married woman ever had—the liberty to choose what she would do; and she thought she was making use of her life in a broad way.

When she returned at five o'clock she found a long, thick, businesslike letter waiting for her on the table in the hall. It was postmarked "Washington, D. C." She thought it contained some information on relief work for which she had written. She could hear the chatter of a tea party in the drawing-room. But she had the feelings of a business man about tea parties. This was the early spring of 1917, and she felt the call for diligent service if the women were to be trained to meet the demands of feminine war service.

She snatched the letter and hurried upstairs to her room. She would have time before dinner to do some work.

The Scriptures do not record how long it took to create the first woman. She was a sort of emergency, needed at once to save the first man from his own innocuous desuetude, and she was probably made in a hurry—which may or may not account for some qualities some people think they miss in her. But one thing is certain: to this day any woman may be undone and made over in the twinkling of an eye. And even a man can do it. This is why all women cling to men. Women have a fashionable instinct for being altered in mind and spirit. There are many ways of doing this. A man has only to behave naturally for one moment in order to break the heart of the woman nearest him in the fracas of life, and to restore it to her, mended by a word, refreshed and bedewed with her own tears.

Something like this took place behind the closed doors of Laura Monteath's room shortly after she entered it. She was seated before the fire holding the letter open at arm's length, as if to bring it nearer would be an added insult. Her hand trembled, her cheeks flamed. She stared at it, with that expression of outraged dignity a woman shows when a man has kissed her without permission, though this is the only way to relieve her of the responsibility.

"The impudence, the superlative impudence of it!" she gasped, leaning back in her chair and addressing the ceiling. Then she turned back to the first page and began reading it all over again.

Some men write as they walk, with long vigorous strides. They dot their "i's" at random and cross their "t's" as if these strokes were the gestures they made in passing. This was such a letter, the written portrait of a man who seemed to be approaching her and regarding her boldly, taking a man's advantage of being alone with her to say what he had to say in these scrawled long-legged words. It began:

"My dear Laura:"

Think of being that still to a man who has not laid eyes upon you in twenty years. It is a triumph that you do not deserve!

"I was one of those who escaped you then, dear Laura. I was your slave, along with Billy Griggs and Willard Calloway and the others. But I lacked the courage to die as they died by your hands. Billy, I hear, is an adding machine in the Monteath Bank. Poor devil, I walked him ten miles the night you handed it to him, as we walk a sick animal. It seems he was sure you would marry him.

"He did not complain; the shock of it for him was that he could ever have thought you would accept him. He saw that clearly, when it was too late. They all did. You were that shrewd in your depredations. And old Calloway married someone else, because he could not marry you. But you know, and I know, that you took the mettle that makes a man out of him and half a dozen others. Whenever you finished with one of your victims he was not all there. You had devoured some quality in him, and you were omnivorous."

There remained the worst of it to read, but she was too angry to go on. She crushed the letter in her hands and looked about the silent room, as if she saw there the intimate pages of her life scattered like leaves torn from an old book long since forgotten.

You may always review your autobiography with satisfaction, because it is written with the prejudice of your own point of view. You can give an upward stroke to your virtues, and interpret your darkest deeds until they show to better advantage than your better deeds, which you record modestly.

But no man, and especially no woman, is satisfied with a biography, however abridged, that is written by another. The more truthful he is, the greater the offense. He blackmails you with negligible facts that you cannot deny. He is an alien twin to you, who takes a close relation's liberty in this matter. He attributes motives to you that are logical, but inhuman. He misses your altitudes and dwells with fiendish intelligence upon certain deeds that only you yourself know were outlived in an otherwise admirable existence. This is why most people prefer to wait until they are comfortably dead before they yield to these libelers of noble natures.

Laura was not comfortably dead. She was most uncomfortably alive.

There was not a word in this letter about the years and years of service she had rendered in Woodbridge. Besides, she resented the sacrilege committed by this stranger in recalling the romantic affairs of her youth. She was not repentant. No woman ever is. She may regret lost opportunities of love and marriage, but the damage she accomplished merely flirting is that much to the good, whatever happens.

She felt that she was giving an importance out of all proportion to this silly letter of some deranged crank; still, she smoothed the pages out and went on reading:

"I hated you perfectly in those days, my dear, for I was the only man in Woodbridge who understood you. And I was so far outside the circle of your bright presence that you never recognized me as one of your victims. I wonder if your senseless passion for cruelty would have led you to covet the pale youth who sometimes watched you at the Woodbridge Club dances.

"What a figure you made then—never vivacious, never a candidate for favor with your smiles, but always vivid, exotic, accomplishing your ends with no effort, except the calm power of your beautiful presence. You are the only woman I have ever known who could sit out a dance with a man in silence and perfect composure, when you knew

you were the object of his inflamed passion. And, believe me, I have had some experience here, in the effort to efface your image in my heart! You were really stupid, my dear. But, thank Heaven, I never craved brilliance in a woman.

"In those days you often showed a little raised pucker between your brows—made by temper to kiss. Is it there yet or have you coruscated it with the parallel wrinkles of a lady chairman? I could not bear the loss of that white blossom between your brows! And your eyes, inclement skies, gray and cold! When a woman draws sad lids over such eyes, as you did, she prevaricates. She pretends a softness that deceives.

"What a poor exchange you have made for such a youth! The accounts of your activities in social service published in the Woodbridge papers have always seemed to me like reports of your poverty. You have become the useful slave of useless society, merely keeping yourself occupied with a sort of frantic diligence. Do you not know that women are never loved for their works? Their very misdeeds endear them more, like contrary winds in pleasant summer weather. Have you never discovered what woman is? She is the spring and summer of man, his June of love satisfied, his golden harvest—nothing else.

"If we declare war on Germany, as everyone in Washington believes we must do now, I shall be in Woodbridge soon. And I shall begin where I left off, so many years ago, with my love. For I escaped only the blow you dealt the others, my dear—not you.

"The name signed below is mine, but not the whole of it; only that nearer part by which you will call me.

"Faithfully yours, OLIVER."

She barely glanced at the name this time before she flung the letter upon the smoldering fire. Then with equal quickness she bent forward and snatched it from the scorching coals.

When you are an old maid and many years have passed since you have had a love letter the thing is worth much, even if it is outrageously accusative, superlatively impudent and half anonymous.

She thrust it out of sight between the leaves of a book on the table. Then she looked across the room at the long mirror above her dressing table. She folded her hands; contemplated the toe of her boot on the fender; she thrust the poker into the fire, stirring it fiercely. She resisted the impulse for five minutes—which is as long as any woman can resist looking at herself, if she is alone with a mirror, when something has happened that stirs her emotions.

Then she rose, moved slowly backward as if she performed a strategy, and stood nearly the width of the room from the frankly glistening glass. It was the timid act of a woman who takes a doubtful and dangerous risk. A girl, moved by the stress of romantic circumstances, will stick her very nose into the glass and primp her lips at her own image with perfect confidence. But later, when she is not quite sure of her nose or of her complexion, she approaches it like a beggar doubtful of the alms he craves.

When you consider it, this matter of mirrors is a very serious one in a woman's life. She never beholds her own face as she sees the faces of others. The best she can do is to study the reflection of it as often as possible. Even then she never knows how she looks when she looks at you, but only how she looks when she looks at herself. It is very hard on her, like living with the only human being whom she never sees and never can see. This accounts for the curiosity she has mirrorward, the teasing desire to catch some fleeting glimpse of herself as others see her.

The tall, shadowy figure Laura saw in the glass, softly illumined by the firelight, gave her courage. The lines were still slender.

She approached nearer. The image that she beheld was strangely eager. It asked a thousand questions of her about herself, as if these two had just met after a long separation. The cheeks were flushed. The eyes were a deeper, colder gray.

"Inclement!" she murmured, and frowned.

At that she lifted her hand and pressed a finger softly upon the pucker that appeared between her brows. She sighed. It was still there. But now delicate lines curved from it. This little image of troubled thoughts so faintly traced in the winged wrinkles upon her forehead had somehow taken the place of the smile she had made and lost in her youth. She knew it, and did not dare to smile. She continued to regard that seal of the old virgin upon her brow with sad curiosity. She was still beautiful, with the austerity some women achieve instead of withering softly into their years as an old rose fades in the sun. But, in the light of her own thoughts, she did not think so. She missed some loveliness, which she needed. She raised her hands and was very busy loosening the masses of her dark hair, drawing it like a kindness about her temples. She considered the effect.

Suddenly she paused. She had caught Laura Monteath making a fool of herself. She turned indignantly from the mirror. Tears of mortification, the most charming tears a woman ever sheds, filled her eyes. Her face flamed from cheek to brow. She was furiously beautiful—and with her back to the glass—a frightful loss!

She was determined not to think the thoughts she was thinking. They were all of herself, to be sure—not of that vicious letter—but disturbing and out of keeping with her sense of personal dignity.

She looked at her watch. Half past six o'clock! Her aberration had lasted nearly two hours. She made haste to dress for dinner. She did more than dress. She adorned herself. She made a servant of the mirror. She simplified herself by wearing the only severely plain white frock she possessed. She practiced little arts of toilet-making long since forgotten. She needed color with this gown, and she had it—a deep flush; but she could not be sure it would last. She followed the purpling pink with rouge, as one traces a design.

It was not until she entered the dining room where the Monteaths were already seated at the table that she realized how far she had been led beyond the sober propriety of her years.

"Bless me, Laura, what have you been doing to yourself?" Kenneth exclaimed as she took her place beside him.

"Nothing. Why?" she answered, blushing furiously beneath the steady gaze of Jean and Nancy.

They regarded her with a kind of secret interest, as if they suspected her of stealing something that by nature belonged to them.

"You should always wear white, Aunt Laura. You look ten years younger," Jean said after a little silence.

"Don't say that, my dear. When you tell a woman she looks ten years younger, you mean that she is really old," Mrs. Monteath interrupted.

Laura laughed nervously. Then she apologized for being late. She said she had been engaged upon some plans for the relief society, and had not realized the lateness of the hour. She was conscious that the girls were not convinced. She was sure she saw Nancy nudge Jean under the table. She felt strangely out of place—too close to their youth and aims. She went on talking, with a kind of mechanical animation covering her embarrassment, while her thoughts flew upstairs to the letter concealed between the leaves of the book on the table.

After dinner Mrs. Monteath went with her daughters to put on her wraps. They were going to the opera. Laura excused herself. She was still working on the relief plans. She was alone in the drawing-room with Kenneth, who was waiting for the others to come down. She wanted to know something. She looked at her brother and considered whether she should pronounce a certain name.

"Kenneth," she began with an effort, "did you ever know anyone in the Woodbridge Club years ago named Oliver?"

He looked at her vaguely. "Oliver?" he repeated after a pause. "I've known two or three men of that name. But not at the club."

"It's his Christian name, I think," she explained.

"His? Whose?" he asked with quickening interest.

"Oh, I don't know. And it doesn't matter."

"But why did you want to know?" he insisted.

"I don't. I was just wondering if there was such a person round the club then. It doesn't really matter," she said with studied indifference.

"Well, you ought to remember him in that case. You kept a pretty clever roster of the young fellows. If you don't recall him you may be sure he was not in the eligible class," he said, laughing.

During the month of April Woodbridge was in a patriotic uproar. War had been declared on Germany. Young men were enlisting. Old men were anxiously watching the markets and fearing the effects of war taxes on business. The women were organizing, talking bandages and first aid to the injured, while the whole nation urged them to practice economy as the only way to save the country from starvation. They turned deaf ears to these warnings. They had no time to spare putting their households on war rations. How could they be expected to realize the need of this measure when for generations they had been trained to extravagances and in the happy sense of irresponsibility. It was up to the Government to economize. They had their hands full getting ready for war, all this Red Cross work to do, besides learning first aid to the injured!

Laura Monteath took a feverish interest in these activities by fits and starts. But she had somehow lost her grip upon the situation. You cannot attend strictly to business and be in love at the same time. She was not in love—certainly not—but she was assailed by love.

Once each week since the middle of March she had received a letter from the man who signed himself Oliver. They were in the nature of hand grenades cast by a secret foe. As the time approached when he should come to Woodbridge his letters became warmly impatient.

"You persuade yourself that you are being persecuted with letters from an unknown man. Ah! that is the trouble, my dear. You are unhappy lest it happen that they are written by a knave or a fool. This is your chief anxiety. Compare that with the assurance that you are loved, and be patient.

"You think that you will not receive

(Continued on Page 57

"Were You Disappointed in Love?" Nancy Asked, Stirred to Romantic Speculations

THE AVIATOR'S SIXTH SENSE

By Sergeant Burt M. McConnell, Aviation Section

THE army of one hundred thousand birdmen, which is being rapidly recruited by Brigadier General George O. Squier, Chief of the Signal Corps, United States Army, to "sweep the Germans from the sky," will be the most efficient body of men in the world. Each will be perfectly normal, mentally and physically, and in addition must possess the sense of balance of a hawk.

Until within the past decade an individual was supposed to have but five senses—taste, touch, sight, smell and hearing; but now it is an established fact that we have a sense of equilibrium. It is this sixth sense that enables the aviator instinctively to feel his balance, which he must have to guide him when flying in darkness, through clouds and at high altitudes.

Fortunately for our aviators—and for Uncle Sam, who pays their training and breakage expenses—scientists, after years of research, have perfected an infallible test for determining whether or not an aviation recruit has this essential sixth sense. Thus, the guesswork that heretofore has necessarily played a part in the selection of aviation recruits will be eliminated, and also the large number of accidents to aviators, formerly attributed to faulty construction in the machine itself, overconfidence on the part of the pilot, or air pockets.

Johnny Sparrow—which is not his name—and I knew none of these things as we sat in the little clubhouse that nestles among the towering structures of central Manhattan. Formerly a private residence, this clubhouse is now the home of aviators and would-be aviators from all points of the compass. Its president is one of the leaders of the aëronautic movement in America and is known the world over as an enthusiastic aëronaut and a true sportsman. Three weeks before, Johnny—whose only ambition in life was to become one of Uncle Sam's birdmen—and I had called upon the secretary of the club for general information as to how to achieve this laudable ambition.

Passing the Aviation Censors

HERE we learned that an aviation candidate need not be a college man or even a high-school graduate, provided he has exceptional qualifications which fit him for the aviation service; that he must be of satisfactory moral character and furnish references; that he must be between nineteen and thirty years of age; that he must be of good character and habits, and free from bodily defects and diseases; and that he must undergo an examination to "determine his fitness for a commission as First Lieutenant in the Aviation Section, Signal Officers' Reserve Corps."

We learned that certain physiological tests which an American aviation recruit has to pass exist only in the brain of the newspaper reporter who devised them—revolvers fired off near him; magnesium powder ignited without warning; searchlights flashed in his eyes; chunks of ice applied to various parts of his anatomy; needles thrust into his flesh, and so on. We thanked the secretary and proceeded to the station, for only that morning Johnny had received a summons to appear for examination at a city a hundred miles away; and out of curiosity I had decided to go along with him.

"I guess there's more bunk published about aviation than there is about any other subject," observed Johnny as we walked along.

We were met at the gate of the aviation field by a serious-faced young sentry, tanned to a rich nut-brown by numerous flights, and with a "gat" strapped about his slim waist. I went in with Johnny. Officers strode here and there; greasy mechanicians climbed in and out of aëroplanes that landed to discharge pupils and take on others; wires were being examined and engines tested before the next flight. And while all this was being done several other pupils and instructors were spending precious minutes in the air. Uncle Sam's birdmen were being made by dozens.

Would-be aviators were seated on the wide veranda of the headquarters. An interview with the commanding officer lay ahead of each candidate, in which he would be sized up; and some of them were pacing restlessly to and fro. They knew only too well that the tests to determine an applicant's fitness were as rigid as a board of civilian and army surgeons, in consultation with army aëronautical experts, could make them; that men who were not gifted with that newly discovered sixth sense, so essential to the birdman's safety, would be quickly eliminated. Since they did not know what this sixth sense was, how could they be sure they had it?

Finally Johnny was called before the C. O. and I was left to roam about the grounds at will. At one end barracks and hangars for the machines were being built rapidly; army motor cycles chugged in and out the gate; automobiles arrived with officers; sergeants walked briskly from office to office with papers; the post surgeon was taking the finger prints of accepted candidates and administering the oath before they were sent to the ground school; ocean-going steamships passed up and down the broad river near the grounds; and every minute or two a machine would land as another took to the air with its instructor and student load. The day was perfect for flying and they were making the most of it. Above everything could be heard the monotonous drone of powerful motors.

It was a sober-visaged Johnny who emerged from the office of the president of the Examining Board at the end of twenty minutes.

"Gosh!" he said. "He isn't much older than I am, and yet he's a captain! Believe me, old man, there's a chance for a fellow to get ahead in this service!"

"Are they going to take you?"

"Don't know; the chances look good. Physical examination comes off to-morrow."

"What happened to you in there, Johnny?"

"You're almost as curious as the captain was. I can't tell you."

"Did he ask personal questions?"

"Millions of 'em! The captain knows more about me this minute than anyone else in the world does. He was nice about it, though, else I should have thought him inquisitive."

The word "nice" was an inspiration; maybe he would be nice about an interview!

Johnny looked after me with a puzzled frown as I walked over to the captain's office. The sergeant politely asked me what I wanted; and I presented my credentials, asking that I might talk with the C. O. for a few moments. Soon I was ushered into the office.

The captain was young. His serious brown eyes searched mine as he asked in a soft, even voice what he could do for me. Then I recalled him; he had been seriously injured in two aëroplane accidents several years before, when he was a lieutenant, and had been compelled to give up flying.

"If it is not asking too much I should like to sit here while you interview one or two recruits, and then ask you a few questions about the work of the Examining Board."

Romance and Adventure in the Air

"VERY well; it has never been done before, but we are glad to have the people know what we are doing. The aviation service attracts the very finest of our young men, and offers them everything they crave in the way of romance, adventure and action. Ennui is unknown in this branch of the service, which really is not so dangerous as it has been made out to be; three other branches are more hazardous than the air corps, according to British statistics. Our standards are higher; we have learned from our Allies that it does not pay to lower them, because of the accidents that are sure to follow when a man unfitted by Nature to navigate the air is passed by the aviation censors.

"We cannot afford to have accidents, to either men or machines; both are too precious. Too much depends upon them. Actually the outcome of the war may be decided by the thousands of cool-headed young men who have joined this branch of the service in the past few weeks; certainly their influence will be felt when they get into action. Now I would suggest that you watch the next candidate or two and see how far above the average, mentally and physically, are these young fellows who want to become birdmen."

In obedience to the captain's buzzer an applicant was admitted. He was above medium height, clear-eyed, well-dressed and stocky. There was no trace of embarrassment or hesitation in his manner as he advanced to the captain's desk and stood, straight and fine, with hat in hand. The sergeant stood near, ever watchful. The recruit's application blank, correspondence and references were before the captain; he glanced over them carefully, looked up, and said:

"You are James J. Blank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any objection to being examined mentally and physically by the members of this Examining Board?"

"I have not."

"Then I will administer the oath."

Then began the flood of questions. The captain asked the applicant to elaborate many of his written answers: Had he designed and actually built internal-combustion engines, or had he simply put them together? Why had he not finished preparatory school? In purchasing lumber for the last firm he had worked for had

(Continued on Page 43)

One of the Sons of Henry P. Davison Conducting an Inspection of the Yale Flying Corps, Huntington Beach, Long Island

THE SOURCE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

XX

AT NOON Svea appeared downstairs and quietly busied herself about her father's dinner, and from her outward appearance none could have told of soul-disturbance within. Dinner over and the dining room "red" up, she went unobtrusively out of the house, and with feet protected by boots dared the mud and slush of the road.

That was her way. Always she turned to the out-of-doors for sympathy, for comfort. The physical exertion of walking carried her away from herself, helped her to forget, to recover that serenity of spirit which was hers by right.

Her walks were no ladylike strolls in a well-kept park. She tramped as a man would tramp, regardless of distance, of obstacles, of weather. She went on, hardly aware of her surroundings or location, when a voice called to her from above:

"Howdy, Svea Nord. Passin' without so much as a nod?"

She looked up with some surprise, to find that she stood below the little post office and that the postmaster was looking down at her pertly like some mischievous, antiquated fowl.

"Hello, Postmaster," she replied, and stopped.

"Come up and visit. Hain't seen you for a coon's age. Got a pail of candy open."

The postmaster always enticed her with candy as though she were a child. It was his attitude toward all women.

"I don't feel like visiting to-day, Postmaster."

"All the more reason for comin'—I feel like visitin'. You come right up here or I'll scramble down to fetch you."

"I'll come then for a few minutes, but you won't find me good company."

She scrambled up the muddy hill and presently was sitting inside the post office, with the pail of candy shoved close to her elbow where she could rob it at will. To please the old man she took a piece and nibbled it.

"Bad winter, wasn't it?" he offered.

She nodded in agreement.

"Sort of calc'lated on hearin' news about you 'fore this time," he said. "Me 'n' Uncle Sam's been watchin' careful to ketch sight of signs of it 'fore anybody else. Sharp eyes! That's me. And Uncle Sam, he knows it. That's why he sets sich store by me. Postmasters without sharp eyes hain't much account, say I."

"Of course they're not. But what news did you expect to hear about me?"

"There's always a piece of news an old feller's expectin' to hear about girls your age. But I been expectin' it of you more acute like. Yes, I guess I kin say safely I perty near knowed I was goin' to hear it."

She shook her head, not comprehending. Other matters shadowed her mind.

"I don't understand."

"Huh!" he snorted. "Don't understand! What's ailin' you to-day, anyhow? I mean I was expectin' to hear you was goin' to desert your dad and follow after and cleave to some young man—and I got the young man all picked out."

"No," she said dully, and her voice told him of the reawakened pain that gnawed her heart.

"Now if I hain't stuck my foot into it! Consarn me for an old foozle! Somethin's been a-happenin' and I might 'a' knowed it. You jest tell it to your Uncle Samuel's trusted representative, and he'll git matters fixed up in a jiffy."

"This can't be fixed, Postmaster. There isn't a tinker in the world could put it together."

"I hain't no tinker. I guarantee results. Had one of them lovers' quarrels?"

"No."

"Um. 'Feared he hain't a-goin' to ask you?"

"No."

"Now looky here: I know that young man, and I picked him out for you even 'fore he picked you out for himself. I calc'late it was before he knowed me at all. But I'd got reports about him, and says I to myself, 'There's the feller for Svea Nord.' And he is. And why in tunket he hain't got you I don't know."

"Don't tease me to-day, Postmaster; I can't bear it."

"I hain't teasin' you, dolly. I'm a-statin' facts—and wonderin' how they come to git twisted. You know what man I'm talkin' about, don't you?"

"No," she said.

"There hain't but one's worth lickin' the mud offen your shoe—and I'll bet you know it. And he loves you too. Dunno when I've seen a young man so bad took down with it. I mean Van Yard."

"All the Rest of It Wouldn't Have Mattered Without You," He Said

"Oh!" cried Svea. Her voice told that she was suffering.

"Um!", grunted the postmaster, eying her sharply. "Somethin' is happenin', eh? Somethin's rumpled up the road of true love, eh? Well, if I hain't a road-smoother I dunno what I be good for. So you and Yard have fell out?"

"No."

"You hain't fell in, by the looks of things. Why hain't you engaged to marry that young man like you ought to be?"

"Please!" she said with sudden indrawing of her breath.

"Huh. Please nothin'! I'm a-goin' into this matter like it was a achin' tooth. Maybe gittin' the nerve out'll hurt, but you hain't no idee what a relief it'll be when it's done. What's wrong betwixt you and this here young man? You tell it right out. Sudden too."

"You mean kindly, Postmaster ——"

"Git to tellin'," he said, a twinkle in his eye, but his leathery face set in lines of determination. "What's he up and done to you?"

"Nothing! Nothing! It wasn't Van ——"

"So," said the postmaster, "it must 'a' been you, bein' as there hain't usually more'n two folks to sich a deal. What you done to him?"

Suddenly she broke down. Not that she sobbed or gave way physically, as some women do under stress, but the will that sustained her felt suddenly the great need of support, of another will to lean on, and while the postmaster listened she poured out eagerly her story of suspicion, of unfounded distrust, of what her troubled mind was pleased to regard as wanton insults heaped by her on the man who had done so much for her father in her father's day of deepest need.

"He'll never forgive me," she said in a dead voice. "How can he forgive me? I—oh, Postmaster, I know it now when it's too late—I love him! I love him!"

"H'm. Perty serious, hain't it? One of them immovable obstacles you hear tell about! Mighty wise about men and their hearts, hain't you? Eh? Calc'late to know all there is to know? Never forgive you. Huh! Loves you, don't he? How about that, eh?"

"He did," she said. "I believe he did."

"And because he loved you he was willin'—for the sake of your peace of mind—that you should think of him jest what you did. Knowed you'd think that, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"He made you think it, didn't he? Nobody helped him. He figgered you'd be happier thinkin' it of him than of your dad, didn't he? And so he undertook it willin'. Why, now, d'you s'pose?"

She remained silent.

"Because," said the postmaster, "he loved you so doggone well he could break his own heart to keep you from sufferin' a grief—and that's the kind of love that lasts, hain't it? Say! Forgive you? Shucks! He's the sort that won't even know he's got anythin' to forgive. Don't you figger he's miserable enough about losin' you, without bein' made more miserable yet?"

"Oh!" she said softly. "Oh!" Then she bent over and kissed the postmaster on his wrinkled old cheek. "And I didn't ask him," she said. "I didn't give him a chance to explain. I was of little faith."

"Calc'late he'll be willin' to overlook that," said the postmaster.

"I must ask him to forgive me. He'll never come back to me—I must go to him and tell him."

In her repentant eagerness, in the sudden happiness that had come to her, she was for starting at once on foot to search for him.

"Hold on," said the postmaster, a grin like the sudden wrinkling of old paper crossing his face; "you'll have to save it up a spell. He hain't got no time to listen to anythin' now. His hands is jammed full and runnin' over. You leave him be."

"What is it? What's happening?"

"That's men's business, to be left to men," he said. "And chiefly it hain't my affair to be peddlin' to anybody. He's busy and you mustn't disturb him, that's all—and you listen to me."

"If it's best for him," she said, "I'll wait. And thank you, thank you, Postmaster! I think it wasn't your government that put you here—it was God."

"Might 'a' been, might 'a' been," said he dryly. "He picks out some doggone unexpected instruments to serve his ends."

"I'm going now," she said. "I want to walk—and think. It'll be a different walk from the one that brought me here, and you did it. I'll always remember that you did it."

They went outside.

"It's a wonderful day," she said breathlessly. "Aren't the hills beautiful!"

Personally the postmaster thought the hills looked a bit bedraggled and bare and dirty just then, but he offered no argument.

"Good-by," she said, offering her hand. "I'd like to kiss you again."

"No complaints from me," he said with marked enthusiasm.

An interruption came from the road below in the shape of a raucous voice apostrophizing a horse:

"Hey you, step easy! Step easy! Look out for them ruts. Want to joggle me to Kingdom Come? Say, whoa! Cæsar's Ghost, that was a bad one! What's your hurry anyhow? Slow up. Crawl. I hain't anxious to get no place fast, not with this load. Watch out for that stone, consarn ye! Think you're in a hoss race? I'll learn you, once I git you home!"

Approaching at a snail's pace there came into view the vehicle, known by courtesy as the stage, which plied between the village and points back in the hills, hauling passengers and express. As it came abreast the post office the postmaster called out: "Hey, Ulysses, what's ailin' you? Most gen'ally you hain't in no sich hurry to go slow and cautious."

"Most gen'ally," retorted Ulysses, "I hain't carryin' in the back of this stage what I'm a-carryin' in it to-day."

"Now what might that be, Ulysses? You're jerkin' on my curiosity."

"Dynamite, b'jinks!" said Ulysses with some pride; "and I'm haulin' her to the dam. Nigh a ton of it, with wire and fixin's to set it off. That there little dingus on the seat is a electric contraption for shootin' a spark along the wire—and when she shoots somethin' moves away from where it was. I'm goin' cautious,' cause I aim to get where

Down in the Valley Soon Caught Sight of Moving Men. The Attack Was Approaching

I'm goin' by land. When I take to sailin' through the air I want an airship. No skyhootin' fer me without no parachute, b'jing!"

"For the dam, eh?" said the postmaster, suddenly thoughtful.

"Yes—and in a hurry too. That's why I'm makin' sich rapid progress." Ulysses permitted himself to grin. "Git there 'fore night, though. G'dap, Oscar! G'dap! We got to be movin'. Can't set and gossip, owin' to our rate of speed. Afternoon, Postmaster!"

"Afternoon, Ulysses," said the postmaster. "If 'twan't you aboard that load I'd most hope you didn't git there."

"What is it, Postmaster?" asked Svea, seeing the anxiety on his face.

"Somethin' leetle girls mustn't ask questions about," he said. "Now you git along home and be as happy as you can, and to-night you might work in a prayer that no harm comes to that young man of your'n, along of dynamite and wires and electric contraptions."

"When can I go to him?" she asked.

"To-morrow night, God willin'," he said, and there was a gravity in his voice that filled her with misgivings. Something threatened her man, and she could not warn him or be with him to face it.

"Isn't there anything I can do?" she asked.

"No," he said testily. "I'm calc'latin' to look after this."

XXI

BIG John Beaumont and his lawyer went to the circuit judge in his chambers and made application for an *ex parte* temporary injunction, restraining the Power Company from stopping the flow of water in the East Branch. The judge refused to grant the petition without hearing, but set a date for the hearing no later than that afternoon. This was better than Beaumont had hoped.

At the hearing counsel well earned their fees by practical oratory and citation of authorities. The judge's decision was that no temporary injunction might issue, because a temporary injunction at this moment of flood water was equivalent to a permanent injunction, wherefore he refused to act. There was color in what he said; it had the appearance of a decision made upon law and equity alone. But Big John knew it was not, he knew it because of the easy, certain, unworried bearing of the Power Company's lawyer from the start. The man had known the injunction would not issue.

There is but one way to know such a fact—namely, to have the information from the issuing authority. To deduce that the judge felt himself answerable to the Power Company, rather than to the people, for his acts, was not difficult.

In this country we have come to suspect our lawyers and our judiciary. We talk of the venality of the courts, of the purchase and sale of so-called justice. We speak of it as an intolerable condition; but it is not an intolerable condition, for of such revolutions are the necessary, never-failing offspring. The supreme authority rests in the citizenry—in you and me and the man round the corner. In this body is ample power to reassume the authority they have delegated and, in the phraseology of a certain game much favored of men in this country, to call for a new pack and a new deal. If our courts were generally venal, if there was even a strong leaven of venality, the new deck would be forthcoming rapidly. But the body of the people know the body of their courts are upright, doing their human best with human ability. Where there is one tainted judge there are a hundred upright judges; and the people, though much given to talk, know this to be true.

Therefore, whenever a single privately owned jurist comes to view there is a shock of irrepressible disgust, almost of desperation. For if our courts will not stand between us and injustice nothing will except a musket to shoulder.

This was Big John's mental condition. He was being wronged, broken, and the courts were a party to it. He had been law-abiding; had insisted on lawful measures. His attitude changed. From the courthouse he rushed to the office and telephoned Yard.

"They refused the injunction," he shouted into the transmitter. "We can't get a hearing before high water is past. It's an infernal outrage! If we can't get water legally get it any way you can, and this is your authority to go to it. I'll back you till there's frost in Hades, and I'm coming to help."

Yard replied to the last phrase first.

"You stay right where you are. I'm running this end, and I can't be bothered looking after your safety. I'd have you on my mind. That's final."

"I won't sit here twiddling my thumbs and send you boys to do my dirty work."

"I may need you there—no telling what may happen. And this isn't dirty work—any more than shooting a man in the act of kidnaping your baby. Somebody's got to be there to look after emergencies."

"All right," Big John grumbled; "you're boss. I'll be waiting darned anxiously to hear how you come out."

"Just keep your eye on the river," Yard said. "There'll be water coming down it shortly."

"When are you going to start?"

"Now."

"Listen: Langlois has fifty strikebreakers at the dam. They're ready for trouble."

"Why didn't I know before?" Yard asked sharply.

"Because I didn't want to start a rumpus till I had to."

"I could have kept my mouth shut," Van said. "You should have told me. It'll mean delay."

"Good luck, boy; watch out for yourself."

Yard hung up the receiver. The moment for action had arrived, the moment for which he had planned and for which subconsciously he had hoped. First he called the boss at Camp Seven.

"Rush fifty men," he said. "Have them come a-running."

From the crew of Camp Eight another fifty men were called to the service. This left enough to continue rafting logs down the pond so that hardwood would go uninterruptedly to the mill. Fuel now was as necessary as water. In half an hour the Camp Seven contingent arrived. A hundred men crowded into the cook shanty, and Van, standing on a bench, talked to them briefly.

"Not a yell from any of you," he said. "If you like what I say, keep quiet about it. I don't want any demonstration to give warning that we're up to something. If you don't like what I say and don't cotton to the job, you're at liberty to go back to your work. I don't want a man who has any doubt about it." He paused.

"There's going to be a fight." The men stirred, faces lighted, and they drew closer about the speaker. "The Power Company is trying to bust us. They've shut the dam and stolen our water. The drive has been stopped, and we've got to start it. That's the job I've got for you.

"Langlois is on the dam with fifty hired scrappers. It's up to us to clean them out and open the gates, and when we've opened them to keep them open. It won't be a picnic. Those men can fight, because it's their business. But they'll be fighting as a business. You men can fight, and you're two to one. That'll make up for their advantage of position and for any defenses they've got ready. And you'll be fighting for something better than pay."

"You bet!" said a big Irishman. "We'll be fightin' for you."

"Not me," said Van. "For sulphate pulp."

"T'ell with sulphate pulp!" said the Irishman. "You're the lad for our money. Hain't he, byes? If you say fight we fight—and we'll show you some scrappin', b'lieve me! We'll show it to you, and not to sulphate pulp or ham and eggs or any other darn thing. Git that."

"That's the boy, Pat! That's the idea!" came voices from the mass of men.

Yard would not have been human had he not responded to the compliment. To know that he had won a place among these men was much. Less than a year before he had come to the woods, despised by the least of them, and he had fought his way, not only to leadership, but to possession of their blind loyalty. It warmed his heart to know that his Roughnecks were proud to work for him, boasted of their boss.

"All right, boys," he said, "and thank you. I'd rather you'd be fighting for something besides just me, but I'm mighty proud to know you will fight for me. You've all seen the layout of the dam?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Remember, the whole object is to get the gatehouse and keep it. There's where the scrap'll be. The first man into the gatehouse gets fifty dollars. If he gets the gates open he gets a hundred. We'll tackle them from this side—the woods run up closer. Fifty men will go downstream and come up the river through the underbrush. Fifty more will go with me to this end of the dam, and wait. When the valley crowd come in sight and are ready, we'll both go at them at once."

"Can't we let out one yell?" begged the Irishman.

"Not a peep, Garrity. You'll have chance enough to yell, but you'll find those buckos aren't to be frightened much by noise. You'll boss the fifty men that come up the valley, Garrity. See that they come quietly and keep out of sight. I don't believe there are guns over there. It doesn't seem like this would be a very good state to start a mess of shooting in. It'll be fists and clubs. Take pick handles and cant-dog handles—or whatever suits your fancy—and use 'em."

"'Use 'em,' says he!" Garrity laughed. "One wallop to the man, byes, that's all. No wastin' of stren'th. Me lungs is fair bustin' with the yell that's pent up inside me."

"Save it," said Yard.

"You'd best keep out of the scrimmage," said Garrity. "The byes won't want you gettin' damaged."

Yard laughed aloud. It was the first time those men had heard him laugh for many weeks, and it was good to their ears.

"Garrity," said he, "how'd you like it if I ordered you to stay in camp?"

"You might order it, boss, but you'd have the devil's own time makin' the order stick."

"Same here," Yard said, almost merrily, "and you boys keep your eyes on Garrity and me. See who's the best man of us this day."

The men laughed; they were a breed who went merrily to battle. In that moment Yard loved them, every rough, tough, hard-drinking, hard-living soul of them, and they knew it.

"Come on then," he said. "Garrity, take the men from Seven. We'll give you twenty minutes to get downstream; then we'll start."

"Beat it, byes," Garrity roared. "Seven it is. Will we show these dudes from Eight what a scrap is? Eh? To-night they'll be tippin' hats to Seven."

The Camp Eight men waited impatiently. The twenty minutes seemed an intolerable drag of hours; then they started out silently. For a time they kept to the roads till they neared the dam, then they took to the screen of the woods and went as stealthily as such men can go. It was not a silent march, but it was subdued.

Yard had little hope of a surprise. With the dam guarded by professionals, pickets would have been set and the pickets would know how to do their duty. A quarter of a mile from the commencement of the dam he halted his army.

"Careful, now. Spread out," he said. "Don't show your heads when we come to the open."

The march was resumed, more silently now. Presently the trees began to thin and the cover to become less thick. However, witch popple and coverts of young spruce, slashings and underbrush were in plenty to the very lip of the dam, and among these the men squirmed forward.

At last they stood where they could look down upon the great obstruction, that pile of stones and earth that had cost the Power Company a matter of two millions of dollars to erect across the valley. Fifty feet wide it was at the top, two hundred at the bottom, and from the valley's floor it reared upward a hundred feet, a man-made mountain.

Under the dam they could see the houses of those who served the dam, and close by the tunnel's mouth Yard pointed to the gatehouse.

"There she is," he said.

A few men could be seen moving about the houses. At each extremity of the dam a man was posted, walking back and forth with ceaseless vigilance.

"No surprise to-day," said Van. "It'll be fight from the word go."

"Hustle up and say it," muttered an impatient warrior. "We're fifty to fifty. No need waitin' for that other bunch."

"No need maybe, but they've earned their share in this. We can't cheat 'em out of it."

"Somethin' movin' down the valley," said a man at Yard's elbow.

Yard looked. There was unmistakable movement, hidden, he hoped, from the eyes of the watchers. But fortune was not with him. Suddenly a guard threw up his arm and shouted, and began to run down the precipice of the dam. Instantly men boiled out of the largest of the houses. One man separated himself from them, bearing something in his arms, Yard could not see what; but he did recognize the man as Langlois. Langlois deposited his burden on the ground and stood motionless beside it.

There was no reason for delay. The element of surprise was abolished.

"Go!" Yard shouted, and his fifty leaped to their feet and charged furiously down the hill.

XXII

THE postmaster came stumbling, staggering up the road to Woods' Headquarters. His old legs used the last remnant of their strength to carry him to the door, and he fell against it, panting and exhausted. He kicked it, pounded on it with his fists, would have shouted, but there was no breath for that. Then suddenly he sat down, collapsed. Svea came to the door.

"Postmaster!" she cried, bending over him. "What is it? What's the matter?"

"Yard!" he panted. "Telephone quick!"

"Yes, yes. What shall I tell him? What's the matter?"

In her anxiety she shook the little old man. His heart was beating with thumps that bade fair to burst it; the gulping breaths he drew permitted scant speech.

"Dynamite!" he said. "He's goin'—to rush—the dam. Maybe—he's gone. He don't know—fifty men there. Tell him—Langlois—got dynamite planted. We saw it on the stage."

She had rushed to the telephone, was turning the handle of the old-fashioned instrument frantically. Central responded.

"Camp Eight—give it to me quick!" said Svea

Then she waited. There was no response. Again she turned the little crank.

"I'm ringin' them," said Central; "they don't answer."

"Ring them hard—hard!"

Still there was no response.

"Can't git anybody to answer," said Central. "Guess they ain't there."

"Keep on trying," pleaded Svea. "It's a matter of life or death."

But it availed nothing; Camp Eight would not answer. It was not because the camp was deserted. Big John had talked to Yard a few moments before, and now Yard was making his brief speech to the assembled Roughnecks. The insistent ringing of the telephone passed unnoticed, disregarded. These men had something to do now besides answer telephone calls. Svea dropped the receiver and ran to the door

"Father!" she called. "Father!"

Nord came to the barn door, and in answer to her frantic summons started to run to the house. She gave him no chance to ask questions.

"Van Yard is going to rush the dam," she said. "To open the gates. They've got fifty men there—he doesn't know it—and there's dynamite. It's set. Langlois!"

"That Frenchman'll use it too," said Nord. "Svea, what'll we do?"

"I tried to telephone, but I can't get them. Maybe they've started. We've got to warn him."

"I'll hitch up and ——"

"No time for that—we'll take the short cut over the hills. That way we'll save half an hour."

"I'll go. Gimme my Mackinaw."

"I'm going too. One of us might have something happen. I've got to go, Dad. I couldn't stay here."

He did not try to dissuade her. In a moment she was ready in boots and Mackinaw.

"Hustle!" quavered the postmaster. "Git a move on!"

They started, swinging away from the road and heading for the dam through the woods, taking the straight line.

"Hurry! Hurry!" urged Svea.

"Save your breath," snapped Nord.

Up the hill they scrambled, stumbling over rocks, worming their way through entanglements of slashings where there was no stable footing, only dead branches that broke under their feet. Along the slope they went, drenched now and mud-covered. They splashed through brooks, heedless of depth. Silently they went, every energy bent to making haste.

Svea kept abreast of her father, and he was urging himself to the utmost. It was no child's play, this, but grueling, exhausting labor, not without its painful aspects. Svea's hands were bleeding; a welt showed across her face where a suddenly released branch had punished her.

It was not a matter of one mile or two, and on the heights there still remained snow to impede their way. They floundered through it, pushing on, urging themselves beyond their normal strength. The strain told. Nord, not in the best condition from weeks of comparative idleness, was puffing and in distress, and he began to lag.

"Hurry! Hurry!" urged Svea, and he quickened his steps.

She did not lag. Even though each step seemed to spend the last effort of her body, she forced herself on. Now they crossed the height of land and saw below them the dam, still distant. They would emerge at the opposite end of the structure from the one Yard was to attack. The sight of it encouraged them, gave them new strength, and they plunged downward.

They were running now, for they saw they were not too late. Then down in the valley Svea caught sight of moving men. It was the fifty from Camp Seven. The attack was approaching. On the dam she saw the guards posted, facing the other way, for only from that direction was attack to be feared. Now she was on the dam itself. The problem was to cross. Would she be allowed to cross?

Then she saw the guard throw up his arm, heard him shout, saw men pour into the open, Langlois among them bearing a box in his arms. He ran apart and set his box on the ground. Svea recognized it. She had seen it the day before on the seat of the stage. It was the electrical contrivance for loosing the dynamite.

(Continued on Page 35

Ten Feet of Hardwood Protruded in Front of Them, a Compelling Ram, and There Was No Jeering From the Defenders When It Bore Down on Them

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy at All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1917

A Rebate on High Prices

IN 1915 the authorized capitalization of shipping and shipbuilding concerns organized in the United States was thirty-seven million dollars, which was decidedly more than in the preceding year. In 1916 it was seventy millions. In the first seven months of 1917 it was two hundred and twenty millions.

Some of these concerns are of the paper variety; but many more have substantial backing, and mean business. Everyone who pays any attention to current affairs knows that our shipbuilding capacity has increased greatly, and every yard is crammed with orders. A real American merchant marine is rapidly coming into being.

All this is an effect of high prices. High freight rates and big profits have stimulated shipbuilding as nothing else could have done. We shall have this shipbuilding capacity and the ships after the war is over.

In many other lines high prices have had this same effect of a permanent increase in productive capacity. We can make more steel, by millions of tons, than we could in 1914, because profits have induced the building of new mills and the extension of old ones. In agriculture high prices have brought an increased acreage under cultivation.

This increased capacity is a positive gain. Because of the prices we have been paying for all sorts of goods, we shall be able to produce all sorts of goods in greater quantity after the war. Paying the bill makes us wince now, but there is a kind of deferred rebate. And nothing except high prices and large profits could have induced so great an increase in productive capacity.

Conscripting Income

AS A CATCH phrase, "conscription of income" is made to imply that as life is more precious than money a government which conscripts men ought to seize all large incomes. So far as there is any idea behind the phrase, it seems to be that the rich are a fortunate lot, and when so many others are suffering they should be made to suffer too; or that, as the Government takes from some men even their lives, it should take from the rich all but a modicum of income. Some vague concept of poetic justice seems to lie behind it. But to a government conducting a great war concepts of poetic justice are about as useful as Mother Goose.

Of course the Government has always conscripted wealth, or income, in substantially the way it now conscripts men. It has always taken whatever wealth seemed expedient for its purposes.

The Government requires less than a tenth of the population to register, and of that fraction takes about a tenth for military service. It says this man would be more serviceable to the country working in a machine shop than in the army; so it does not take him. It says the other man had better continue to support his wife and children; so it does not take him. Practically it is guided by expediency.

Of that wealth, or income, which is best suited to serve the Government it conscripts as much as seems expedient—that portion which, on a broad view, seems likely to produce the best fiscal results and to synchronize with the most effectual mobilization of the country's total dollar power. A single bank in New York, owned by rich men, has about a hundred million dollars of cash reserve. Only an insane government would think of conscripting that, because it would be in the highest degree inexpedient.

A government has no more to do with poetic justice than anything else in the material world has.

A Coalition Cabinet

UNDER the British system we should have had a coalition Cabinet when war was declared. Country and Congress would have demanded it as a matter of course, and there would have been scarcely a thought of opposition at Washington.

But under the British system a coalition Cabinet would involve thorough coalition in Congress also, with the old party lines thrown aside and a powerful majority, composed of members of both old parties, enlisted in support of the Administration's war measures.

President Wilson is said to oppose a coalition Cabinet, on the ground that it would work much less smoothly within itself and in its dealings with Congress than the present partisan Cabinet does. There is something in that point so long as Congress retains its present strictly partisan organization.

What the country wants is nonpartisan organization for war, including both Cabinet and Congress. If our Government were continuously responsive to public opinion, even to the degree the British Government is, instead of being responsive only at set intervals, the present partisan organization would not last a week. The committees of both Houses would be reshaped and a dominant war party would take such effectual control of legislation that a great measure like the Food Control Bill would be digested, settled and put through to the President's desk in not more than one-third the time consumed under the present inadequate arrangement.

As yet the country is only talking war—that is, war has as yet actually touched scarcely a man or a dollar. Its sacrifices are all merely prospective. When the grapple actually comes home, casualties mount and taxes pinch, the demand for a war organization at Washington will be irresistible. It would be better to organize now.

Not Business as Usual

BUILDING operations in the United States are declining. Reports from a hundred and seventy cities show that construction undertaken in June, this year, was one-third less than in 1916. One can predict quite confidently that a progressive decline will occur as war continues. A trade journal reports that, excluding steel, cost of construction in June was forty-five per cent higher than in 1916, and sixty per cent higher including steel. At the same time, sharp advances in wages in the building trades were coming into effect.

In view of war's enormous demands, there simply are not enough materials and labor to meet all the usual demands of peace. There must be contraction somewhere. Rising costs of materials and labor force contraction. Already steel mills are so glutted with orders, and booked so far ahead, that an ordinary man might about as well look for a four-leafed clover as for any considerable quantity of steel of certain sorts.

In big conspicuous lines, like building operations, we can see how inexorable circumstances force a readjustment to a war basis. The country needs a conscious effort everywhere to make similar adjustments. Absorbing ten billion dollars of Government loans within a year is a feat that will make even the opulent United States put its best foot forward.

War must be supported out of current production. There is no other way. Yet, to a degree, it draws on both the past and the future. When a building or a plant deteriorates, a past accumulation is being used up and a lien on the future for replacements is being created. A great decrease in building is a sort of war mortgage—a borrowing from the past to be repaid in the future. So there is an unseen war bill in addition to the seen bill. It all spells economy.

Changing the Plan

WHEN San Francisco was largely destroyed by fire many enthusiastic persons thought that a providential time for making certain radical changes in the general plan of the city. It lay in ashes. By running the streets in such and such a manner, having a plaza here and a park there, they could have a more beautiful and convenient town.

But, in fact, that was the worst of all possible junctures for any such sweeping changes. There was no time to wait for year-long elaboration and discussion of plans. The city must be rebuilt as speedily as possible; business—upon which its population's livelihood depended—must be got going. There was no money for such radical innovations. A great, immediately available material value attached to the old plan, with its real-estate titles, legal descriptions, vested interests in best corners, and so on. That value must be utilized for all it was worth in rebuilding. The exigency of the case determined that the city must be rebuilt substantially on the old plan—with better constructions, incidental improvements here and there; but, on the whole, adhering to the old plan.

We think people who expect business to be reconstituted after the war with sweeping innovations in the general plan miscalculate. In the urgency of getting the débris cleared away and starting business up again on a peace footing there will be no time or money for sweeping changes. All the available value that adheres to the old plan, with its titles, legal descriptions and vested interests, must be utilized. Eager to get peacefully to work, the world will not be in a mood for experiments.

Looking Back

NOT long ago newspapers printed this dispatch from Washington: "Representative Kahn, of California, appealed to President Wilson to-day to remove government restrictions on the development of California oil lands. Land in Southern California oil fields is being held by the navy as a fuel-oil reserve. Mr. Kahn said California industries, many of which had abandoned the use of coal and turned to oil when the state's petroleum fields were opened, now find that production in the state is running far behind consumption."

But little over two years ago production was running far ahead of consumption. The output in California had risen from four million barrels in 1900 to almost a hundred million barrels. At the same time, Oklahoma's output had risen from six thousand barrels to sixty-five million; and it has since increased. Oil was selling at less than it cost many wells to get it out of the ground. Both California and Oklahoma, with bankruptcy apparently just round the corner, were moving for state regulation of price and output. Now they cannot produce enough oil to meet the demand at the highest prices of recent years.

A wise Wall Street potentate said, years ago, that any bear on the United States was sure to go broke.

One Cost of War

IN AUGUST the price of milk was again advanced in New York—to eighteen cents a quart for the best, thirteen and a half cents for the second grade, and twelve and a half cents for mere milk. The biggest distributing company says its profit is no greater after the advance than it was some time before, amounting to half a cent a quart. The dairy farmers get an advance of a cent a quart and say they can make no more money at that than on the old price some time ago. Substantially this is occurring all over the country, and every recipient of an advanced price says it only covers increased expenses.

But an immense number of persons who pay the increased price are unable to hand it on to a next in line. Salaries do not increase in proportion to the rise in commodity prices; nor, in many cases, do wages. Clerks, teachers, the rank and file of professional men whose remuneration is fixed by custom at so much an hour or so much a visit, governmental employees, as a rule, and other classes, find it harder to meet the weekly bills. For them, higher prices are a war tax, which they cannot pass on but must shoulder. And credit inflation, by further enhancing prices, simply increases their tax.

There are millions for whom this sort of war tax is a heavier burden than any impost Congress now seems likely to lay will be for those upon whom the impost falls. Every rational tax ought to be accepted cheerfully.

The Western Front

RECENT official figures indicate that French casualties have declined steadily for some time. British reports, though not reduced to an arithmetical basis, point in the same direction; and German claims suggest that experience on that side of the line is similar.

Increasingly, it seems, the Western fighting draws upon artillery; infantry advances only when the way has been carefully prepared by a deluge of shells. The old expedient of sending men against well-supported, well-served batteries appears to be falling progressively into disfavor. There are, of course, no comprehensive figures; but such evidence as comes to hand indicates a decreasing mortality rate. Certainly the claims from all three great headquarters as to their own losses bear that color.

The Western Front, in short, is doubtless very far from being that mere slaughterhouse which popular imagination has pictured it. Probably the chances of survival there are now superior to the ordinary chances of war; and this summer's experience seems to imply that with an increasing dependence on artillery the casualty rate will decline.

War is not a theatrical business in which every position is defended to the last man. It is largely like a game of chess. When the enemy's guns say "Checkmate!" an intelligent commander recognizes the situation and falls back for a new move.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Hunter Liggett

THE man whose photograph appears at the upper left-hand corner of this page is Major General Hunter Liggett, who is known as the general officer "without any frills." Upon graduating from the United States Military Academy in 1879 he was assigned to the Fifth United States Infantry, which at that time was under the command of Nelson A. Miles; and he gained valuable military knowledge and experience under that veteran soldier subduing the Indians who were on the warpath. In those early days of frontier service he was regarded a crack shot, though he shoots from the left shoulder. He went into the Spanish-American War a captain, saw much active service in the Philippine Islands and in Cuba, and came out of the war a major. A few years more saw him a lieutenant colonel, after which he served two years on the General Staff, and then was appointed a director and afterward president of the War College. During the time that he was in charge there, and under the eyes of the men who rule the army, he had the opportunity to prove his worth—and he did so. Yet although he is a fine soldier and is regarded as having an unusually good mind for executive administration, he is modest and unassuming and always ready to share credit with his associates.

After Admiral Fletcher landed at Vera Cruz, Brigadier General Liggett was called from the War College and hurried to Texas City to take command of the Fourth Brigade of the Second Division. In 1915 he commanded the provisional Infantry Brigade at Fort William McKinley, Philippine Islands, and the following year he was put in command of the Philippine Department. His final move up to date took place this year and landed him in command of the Western Department with the rank of Major General.

Enos A. Mills—Himself

By Himself

SENT West an invalid boy, I escaped most of public school and missed college. Concluded not to become a lawyer. Landed in the Rocky Mountains in time to know the frontier. Was intensely interested in Westerners and spent great days with the old prospector, the trapper, the capable cowboy, and the Indian. Often worked in a new and rich mining camp with adventurers when the camp was full of red blood, excitement, and real characters from every mining region of the earth.

As a child my mother had interested me in natural history and had fired my imagination with stories from her own experiences among peaks and streams. Natural history was my "outside" interest and it was my excuse for camping in every state in the Union. Alone and without a gun, I have watched the ways of beavers and bears and other wild folk more months than it would be well to write down.

I suppose fairies led me to California and John Muir, whom I met before I was twenty-one. He gave purpose to my bent and asked me to help him save scenery. He early became the factor of my life. For more than thirty years my home has been a cabin on the slope of Long's Peak. The six-year campaign for the creation of the Rocky Mountain National Park was the most strenuous and growth-compelling occupation that I have ever followed.

F. L. Stevenson

GREAT BRITAIN'S Prime Minister has the reputation of being a very effective breaker of precedents—and he certainly broke one when, at a time when his country was in the throes of a world war, he appointed a woman to be his confidential secretary. Many men of distinction, who have played important parts in the making of political history, have filled the post of secretary to the Prime Minister of Great Britain, but never before has a woman held this position or one even approaching it in importance.

Miss Stevenson, upon whom this honor was conferred, first met Mr. Lloyd George when she was at school with his daughters. When upon leaving school she went to college, she spent part of her vacation assisting him in a private capacity in connection with the National Insurance Act. In 1918, at which time Mr. Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer, she was appointed as his private secretary, and from then on she has gone with him all the way up the ladder, stopping off at the Ministry of Munitions and the War Office. If Miss Stevenson's appointment is one of the Prime Minister's most radical innovations it may also very well turn out to be one of the most successful of them.

Hollis Godfrey—Himself

By Himself

WHO am I? Since the question was recently asked "Who is this man Hoover?" I introduce myself formally. According to the title page of my last publication, I am

Hollis Godfrey, Sc. D., Eng. D., LL. D., D. C. L., F. R. G. S., M. Am. Soc. C. E., M. Am. Soc. M. E., etc.

President of the Drexel Institute; engineer; commissioner of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense and chairman of its Committee on Engineering and Education; member of the National Research Council; senator of the Phi Beta Kappa, etc.; formerly consulting or construction engineer for one state, two great cities and a number of corporations.

What is my purpose? To help to win this war by (1) Showing the great possibility of time saving through the use of comprehensive engineering methods in government the business of all who read this—and in private business—the business of every one who reads this; (2) aiding engineering and education to come through the war stronger and more useful than they were before.

Space limits confine me here to Purpose 1.

Why Purpose 1? Because I learned in Germany eleven years ago that the wonderfully effective but wholly wrongly directed German organization was secured by three things:

First. Their method of obtaining known facts and using these facts to reason from the known to the unknown.

Second. Their power to find and take the shortest path in industry, commerce, war.

Third. Their ability to bring any number of needed things together at the same time, and that the right time.

Well, what did I do about it? For years I worked to find the way to better these things that Germany did, through engineering methods and with American ideals, and to find better ways to help every working man and woman—every one of us to-day—to answer three questions which no one of us can escape asking ourselves if we are to do effectively our joint job of winning this war:

"What is?" "What ought to be?" "What can be?"

But what I did and what I found out in those years is, as Kipling says, "another story."

'Twixt the Bluff and the Sound

BY THEIR BLUFFS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ONCE upon a time, not so many years back, a writing man who somehow had never earned reputation or money commensurate with his talents grew old and infirm and, through no fault of his own, very needy. For a while pride kept his lips locked as to his necessities. At length, on a day when he and one dependent upon him were beginning to starve—not figuratively but physically to starve—he went to a certain newspaper man of his acquaintance. To that newspaper man he told his plight, which in brief was this: There was not a cent in his pockets; there was not a bite of food in the two rooms where he lived; there was nothing of value for selling or pawning purposes left in the two rooms.

At once the man to whom he had appealed got in touch with me. Between us we had cash enough on hand to provide a temporary stock of food for the indigent pair and to pay up the back rent that was due and much overdue. We told the chief beneficiary and his wife this was a loan that he might repay when conditions for them had improved.

Then, with the husband's consent, we took inventory of his literary assets. The job did not take long; the assets were pitiably small and pitiably few. They consisted of some unsold short stories, the script of an unfinished play and the royalty rights to divers books published years before. The newspaper man, who already had constituted himself a sort of unofficial administrator of his poor friend's affairs—a post that he discharged with ability and thoroughness and, as it was to prove, with ultimate success—thought by careful management the book rights might eventually be made to yield some cash. As it turned out he was right; that part, though, was to develop later. Placing the play in its present state was out of the question. Complete, I doubt whether it could have been marketed, and it was incomplete. To us it did not seem the short stories were worth much; we did not know an editor who would be likely, we thought, to buy any of them at any price. With age and illness and perhaps with poverty, the writer had lost the vigor and fine color that formerly marked his work. I have heard of garret geniuses who did their immortal best to the accompaniment of the wolf's whining at the garret doorstep, but personally I never met any such.

Now we were at the end of the string. We did not feel that we should be called upon to continue to look after the needy couple indefinitely. Nor, if they found it out, would they have suffered us or anyone else to pay their bills, even though they went hungry again, and again faced the prospect of being dispossessed from their tiny flat. These two were not the sort of beings to accept the bread of charity with prior knowledge of the fact.

When Good Fellows Club Together

THE man did not belong to the Authors' League; besides, at that time the Authors' League had no fund available for the relief of members who might be in hard luck. He did not belong to any lodge or club or fraternal order. So far as we could ascertain he had no kinspeople in or near New York. He had led a solitary sort of life in more prosperous times, and since poverty had come upon him he had shunned those of his craft with whom, in his active days, he had occasionally associated. By name even he was not well known, though in bygone years millions of people had read his tales and had enjoyed them.

Taking counsel together and stock of all these circumstances, the other man and I decided there was one thing to be done. We must gather up a purse for the present use of our charges, asking no man for more than a small stated sum, to the end that two most worthy individuals might be tided over until such time as money sufficient for their modest wants began to return from the sale of the man's writings in book form—or until something else happened.

For the theater of our collection operations we chose Broadway, and especially that strip of Broadway that splits the Tenderloin down the middle of the back. The prospect for our purposes did not seem particularly bright. It was the middle of a baking-hot summer afternoon. Under a man's feet the sidewalks were like griddles, fit to scorch the soles off his shoes. Even when men's nerves are not frazzled raw by unseasonable weather, asking them for money to help a stranger along is usually a graceless task. Nevertheless, since there was nothing else to do, my confrere and I set out; but before we set out we voted that unless the persons whom we approached asked for it, we would tell to none of them the name of the man in whose behalf we were going campaigning. You will understand that we hoped to save an unfortunate gentleman from the notoriety of gossip about his forlorn affairs.

Well, we started out. We went up one side of Broadway and down the other, and when we had covered both

The Woman Who Has Learned the Art of Growing Old Gracefully and Naturally is Almost the Rarest Spectacle to be Found on the Streets of New York

sides of a long, warm mile of the street we rode up to the Polo Grounds and canvassed the grand stand there during a ball game. We hailed nearly every man whom either of us knew well enough to justify us in asking him to contribute. Having halted our man, our formula of solicitation ran uniformly after this fashion:

"There's a good fellow who is down and out. He needs a little money and he needs it right away and he needs it mighty badly. In his time he has made a lot of folks happier, and now we think it's up to a few people to save him from misery. So we two have started a sort of small, exclusive club, a club with just one object—to help him out of the hole he's in. You probably don't know him. He wouldn't know you from Adam. That's the case, as it stands. Now, membership in this club costs five dollars—no more and no less. Five dollars pays the initiation dues and entitles a candidate to full life membership. If you want to be enrolled hand over five."

As we found out when we came to count up that night we spoke after such rote to sixty men all told—and all sorts. The list included actors, baseball magnates, baseball managers, baseball players, writers, bookmakers, common gamblers, editors, reporters, caterers, illustrators, grand-opera singers, press agents, lawyers, physicians, a dentist, two wine agents, a brewer, a Wall Street operator or so, saloon keepers, city officials, a central-office detective, a former convict who once had been a train robber in Oklahoma and now was an evangelist, a pugilist, vaudeville booking agents, a reform candidate for sheriff, a former member of Congress, a Tammany politician, a Republican district leader from the East Side, a sprinkling of theatrical managers, and several whose professions might not be classified at all. The list included Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, and men who would themselves have been puzzled to make answer had you asked them what their religious convictions were. The list included a fair representation of the types most frequently to be encountered on Broadway. Perhaps half a dozen were rated as millionaires or multimillionaires, but the majority were men who lived only on what they could earn. We took care to avoid any of our acquaintances who in our opinion could not afford to spare the five dollars.

There were sixty of them. And not a single solitary one of them turned us down. Not a single one hesitated or showed reluctance about contributing or pleaded that he was short of change and would see us some other time. I am quite sure one out of three said as he reached in his pocket: "Is five enough? If not, just say so."

And when, to this, one of us would reply that five dollars was as much as we would take from an individual then, in at least three instances, the third man, telling the kind of white lie that I am very sure the recording angel never enters in his big black book, would say:

"All right, then, here's five for my share and five more for my partner. I know he'd like to kick in, too, if he were here. So you take this extra five and I'll tell him about it the first thing to-morrow and make him pay me back. See?"

Only one man insisted on knowing the name of the beneficiary. He was a little sporting man who in the old wide-open days had been part proprietor of a big gambling house on a side street in the Upper Forties. He had paid to know and so under pledge of secrecy we told him. He blinked his piggy eyes.

"Never heard of him," he said; "and I've been hanging round this town a good while too. At that, the name sounds like he might be an all-right guy."

We had thanked him and had moved on when he called to us to stop and came hurrying back to us, fumbling in his right-hand flank pocket.

"Say, listen, fellers," he said; "I just remember that oncet I win a chunk of dough on a gee-gee with a name that sounded somethin' like the way this here friend of yours' name sounds. It's at Belmont Track in a sellin' plater's race—fifth on the card. I plays him on a blind hunch and he win by a city block and I cops a wad. Say, that's funny, ain't it—comin' up this way after all these years? It's a little late to be payin' for a tip, but youse guys better let me slip youse about five more. I don't want to take no chances crabbin' my luck. Anyhow, it's just practically the same as payin' off a back debt."

Cheerful Givers Along Broadway

HE MAY have been lying, and then again he may not have been. Anyhow, when a gambler has his superstition up you trifle with it at your peril. We accepted the bill.

The fund we raised that afternoon paid the living expenses of the couple for a period of months. Before the end of those months, through the coöperation of the kindly heads of a big publishing house to whom in confidence the story that I have sketched here was told, the writing man began to enjoy a small but for him an ample income from the sales of his complete works in book form.

He died not long after that—died ignorant of the sources whence had flowed the three hundred dollars that bridged him over the most parious hours of his last few weeks of this life. My fellow conspirator told him the sum had been derived, providentially, from the sale of two of his short stories, and he believed it and was happy in believing that he still had the knack of writing things a magazine would print. I am sure the thought sweetened for him his final hours on this earth.

This part, however, has nothing to do with the point I am trying to make. I do not believe that in any other city of which I have knowledge, unless it be San Francisco, two men could ask sixty other men for money to help a man who was to the most of them a stranger—a man whose name they were not to know—without being once refused or once rebuffed. So, then, the point I am trying to make is this: A typical group of typical habitués of Broadway, case-hardened citizens of the biggest city in the world and, as some think it to be, the most callous, the most thoughtless, and the most indifferent city in the world, had done a decent and a noble act, each one of them; and then I am sure each one promptly forgot all about it—dismissed the incident from his mind. It was like Broadwayites to give, taking to themselves no credit for the giving. It would be like them to forget about it immediately afterward.

And here is another point: Knowing those sixty men who had contributed as I do know them by my acquaintance with them and by common repute of them, I am quite certain that, practically without exception, they would all have been embarrassed had the record of their generosity been spread about; probably most of them would have denied having given anything. As the phrase goes, they would have bluffed it out.

A long yellow streak down the spine of the city—that's Broadway. In the yellow there is gold of kindliness aplenty to make up for the brass of pretense in its alloy; but even about its generosities it bluffs. It is the main street of bluff in the town of main bluffing. It is the most bluff-ful stretch to be found anywhere between the Macomb's Dam Bridge

(Continued on Page 28)

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

Performance of The Republic

We have reports, now, on the performance of Republic Tires on the worst roads of the world.

The virtues of the Prōdium Process in prolonging tire life are again conclusively demonstrated.

New Zealand, for instance—with mere trails through volcanic rock—reports mileage almost beyond belief.

On the trackless African veldt, Republic Tires have proved their greater wear-resistance.

From the gumbo roads of our west; the hot California deserts, the timber roads of Minnesota, comes the same report:—

Republic Tires *do* last longer.

This is due to the Prōdium Process, which was discovered and developed in Republic laboratories.

It makes rubber tremendously strong and tough and long-lived to a remarkable degree.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Company, Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 26)

at the top of the island and that other bridge at the foot of it, which is generally spoken of by the same name except for a small abbreviation. Leave the Macomb's part off and every badgered Brooklynite, battered survivor of a thousand rush hours, will know exactly what bridge you mean. It is the bluffingest strip of earth in this bluff old world. Which reflections naturally bring me round to the text of this article: By their bluffs shall ye know them!

By their bluffs you may indeed know them—those who live and move and have the principal parts of their being on little old Broadway, dear old Broadway, as the balladists put it—and getting dearer every minute, if anybody should chance to ask you—the street of automobile, automat, autoslaughter and autointoxication.

Broadway itself is a monumental, cloud-splitting bluff. Having the most traffic, foot and vehicular, it has the worst imaginable pavements for its travel to flow over, back and forth. Because it is the most brightly illuminated high street on this planet it goes by the name of the Great White Way, but it is private enterprise that makes it so brilliant. Douse the private glims, cut off the current for which individuals and corporations pay in order to direct attention to their wares and their places of business, tear down the electric signs, and it would become about as dark a thoroughfare as one would care to navigate on a dark night. South Water Street, in Podunkville, would be as well lighted.

Along Broadway to bluff is regarded as being essential to the proper carrying off of one's plans and the proper maintenance of one's position, whatever those plans and that position may be. The West desires to know of the stranger what he can do. The South politely inquires whose grandson he might be. But Broadway is satisfied with the newcomer if his bluff but be puncture-proof. Wherefore, all hands bluff. The hen and not the shad is the favorite bird of Broadway, for the hen, laying one egg and then cackling about it, is advertised to creation as the world's champion layer; whereas the shad, which produces a thousand at a time and says never a word about it, is more renowned for being bony and for having a low, retreating forehead than for being prolific and devoted to family duties.

Bluffs That are Puncture-Proof

ON BROADWAY one's bluff is at once a mask and a coat of mail, a shield and a sword, a means of defense and of offense. To put the entire stock of goods on display in the show window, to imitate the oyster on the half shell—whereof, as you may have noticed, the succulent part is all on top—to sacrifice the backing for the sake of the front, these be the crux of the creed of Broadway's tribe. Only the other day I heard a story that fairly enough illustrates the habitual attitude of your characteristic boulevardier of Broadway.

In the lee of a café portico lounged a knot of Thespians at liberty, all of them road troupers save one. He, a fairly well-known actor, held the stage in the center of the party, speaking fluently and with pardonable enthusiasm of his favorite character in contemporaneous history, the same being himself. 'Twas a topic he could dwell upon for hours upon a stretch—and would. Along came a prominent producer, somewhat renowned for a cruel directness of speech. With a jabbing forefinger he singled out the orator in the heart of the group.

"'Lo, boys!" he said crisply. "'Lo, Blank! Been expecting you in. Wanted see you. Meant phone for you. Got part for you in new piece I'm casting. Seventy-fi' dollars a week. Yes or no?"

With an air of injured dignity the person thus addressed drew himself to his full height.

"Mr. Dash," he said sonorously, "since I established myself in my profession I have never accepted less than three hundred a week for my services. I could not think of accepting less now. As an artist who values his art ——"

"Sorry," snapped the producer, breaking in on him; "still, no harm done. Go' day!"

And off he started. Before he had gone ten feet a detaining clutch fell on his arm. He who for concealment's sake I have here called Blank was clinging fast to him.

"No use arguing," said the producer, striving to pull away. "Seventy-fi' all part's worth—take it or leave it."

"Hold on a minute, won't you?" entreated the actor in a husky whisper. "Sure I'll take it. Only for heaven's sake don't show me up before the crowd. Seventy-five goes, but please back up my play with the rest of these fellows!"

"Good 'nuff," agreed the producer. "Wotcher wamme do?"

Followed a swift interchange of whispered instructions and nodded assents. Certain now that the other had the right cue, the actor backed away.

"Very well, Mr. Dash," he said in a reasonably clear and resonant tone of voice; "I am glad you are willing to listen to reason. It is understood, then, that I draw my regular salary of three hundred dollars a week for playing this part for you in your forthcoming production?"

"Yep—three hundred it is!" said the producer, with difficulty holding his face straight and restraining an impulse to wink his off eye. "Come over office 'safternoon and sign contract."

And that afternoon the actor went over and signed a contract for seventy-five dollars a week, with half salary in Holy Week and the week before Christmas.

The actors—and notably those of them who flock to town in the summer to seek fall engagements with road shows—are among the most persistent and consistent of bluffers. There is method, though, in their bluffing. With them it is the means unto the end of earning their somewhat precarious and uncertain livelihoods. They have a belief—or perhaps it is a delusion—that amounts really to a fetish, so strongly is it implanted in their minds, that the more opulent their attire and, on the surface of things, the more affluent their present circumstances, the more likely are they to get work for the forthcoming season.

Nowadays you do not see quite so many of the lesser actor folk about the hiring-and-firing offices in July and August as you might have seen before the moving-picture industry began to provide all-the-year-round employment for so many unattached mummer folk. Even so, their number runs up into the thousands, during the six weeks' interval that comes after last season's shows have closed and before next season's rehearsal time has come. In order to make a smart appearance before the producing manager and his stenographer and his office boy, the applicant will cling fast to striking apparel and bits of jewelry even though the pocketbook be empty. An actor or actress may be sleeping on a cot in the rear hall bedroom of a theatrical boarding house, may be standing off the landlady for her rent, may be living on the most meager of rations, but seeing him or her in the anteroom, awaiting an audience with the supreme powerenthroned behind a roll-top desk in the inner sanctum, unless you knew the true circumstances you might be excused for assuming that here you beheld one who perched upon the very pinnacles of prosperity. Wardrobe, manner and conversation, all would tend to leave that impression in the mind of the casual observer. Within an initiated circle such bluffing deceives no one, unless it be the practitioners of the bluff themselves, but all the same they cling fast to it, come what may.

With actors of the first rank—men and women who need not worry about jobs, since their services are always or nearly always in demand—the pose takes on a different aspect. At heart these be the kindest and the most charitable and the most generous of created beings, as witness their proverbial willingness to aid the needier members of their own profession and their proven readiness to give of their time and their talents for benefits and special performances devised to help this or that benevolence. All the same, many of them deem it the part of sophistication to simulate an indifferent attitude toward, and a skepticism for, the works of all and sundry artificers in their own and the allied crafts.

"I see So-and-so has written another play," Mister Leading Man will remark. "Say, when it comes to turning out failures that chap is one of our greatest successes."

It was a star of prominence who, in a season that had been marked by disaster for a multitude of ambitious productions, made this historic remark:

"I think I'll drop over across the street to-night to see the opening of this new show that's closing there this week."

Inside of him, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the speaker is sincerely desirous that So-and-so should achieve a personal triumph. He is merely playing up to his pose, that's all; merely preparing himself mentally for the worst, while secretly hoping for the best.

An audience of actors makes the best audience conceivable. When I say they make the best possible audience I mean the most receptive and the most sympathetic, the most willing to laugh and to cry and to applaud. Yet beforehand those who compose it are likely to pretend a vast indifference for the merit of the piece they are about to witness, decrying the literary worth of the lines of the play and in advance voicing a critical disparagement of their fellows who are to read those lines.

She Gets New Old Lines in Her Face Trying to Put New Ones in Her Figure

In the Four Flush of Glory

AMONG the lay bluffers of Broadway—if I may use such a term to comprehend a great, vast horde of persons—a peculiar code of public deportment, not exactly confined to New York but more noticeable here than elsewhere, prevails. At intervals during the last few years I have studied the language and the behavior of the typical male of the bluffing species, and to me he is still a puzzle.

Rather would this mammal know a head waiter or a police captain by his first name than be on terms of intimacy with the president of the largest university of the land. According to his standards any person who counts the cost of a thing before buying it, any person who has the thrifty instinct to husband his resources, is a piker. If preferable, this word may be spelled p-i-c-a without impairing its vernacular value. Either way, by the code of the bluffer, it means a small and unimportant type.

In the flush of his glory—the four flush of his glory, as it were—he is to be seen in the most popular café of the current moment, at the customary feeding hour for the human Carnivora, feeding himself with the Australian crawl stroke, while an orchestra performs very loudly hard by, and between bites letting those at the adjacent table know how influential he is, or how intimate he is with persons of consequence in the metropolis, or how much money he spends in a day or a month or a year. In literature he is what might be called a specialist. He neglects certain branches of letters in order to be letter perfect in others. To him Poe was a football player and Dickens is a mild cuss word and Kipling is a sport for those who care to kipple. But when it comes to an intimate knowledge of wine lists, street-car ads and comic supplements he is a veritable bookworm.

As regards the drama he is similarly one-sided. Concerning the works of the late Bard of Avon he may be a trifle hazy and vague, but no one can tell him anything about vaudeville turns or trained-animal acts, and the sassy little blonde one in pink, fourth from the end on the second row, has no secrets from him. By his conceptions a few square miles of New York constitute practically all of the habitable globe that there is. After you leave Broadway, practically you are camping out. Akron, Ohio, is away out West somewhere, and Peoria, Illinois, is in the heart of the trackless wilds. Rubes are persons who do not know their way about Broadway after three o'clock in the morning. A gink is a guy residing in Harlem, while a boob is a gink whose home is over in Brooklyn.

I have been dealing with the adult specimen of this interesting breed—the one who is beginning to go short on

(Continued on Page 30)

I Have Been Dealing With the Adult Specimen—the One Who is Beginning to Go Short on Breath and Long on Double-Chinned Effects

The living-room floor is a warm brown linoleum, with a hint of tan in the carpet design. In the hallway, Parquetry Inlaid Linoleum gives the effect of hardwood. Note how the decorator has carried the linoleum design into hangings and upholstery.

Linoleum is made of powdered cork and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Be careful you get it. For there are inferior floor coverings nowadays that look like linoleum on the surface, but which are merely imitations. Remember these two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum: First, look at the back and make sure it's burlap. Second, try to tear it. Imitations tear easily. Better still ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by *name*.

Armstrong's Linoleum
For Every Room (A) in the House

IN many of the finest homes in Europe, you will find linoleum in every room. Not gaudy "oil-cloth" patterns, but rich, polished linoleum *floors*, in mellow tones that harmonize perfectly with rugs and walls and furniture.

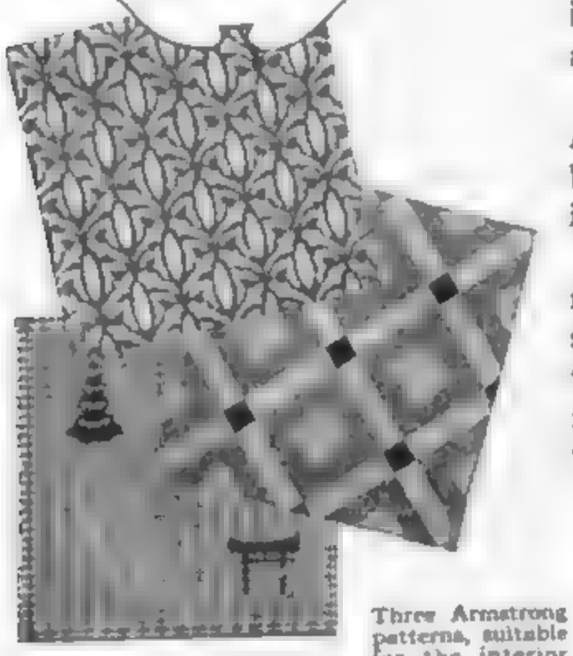
Such linoleums are made right here in America by Armstrong Cork Company. And women who love beauty are laying them throughout their homes, creating floors that are at once tasteful, sanitary, economical.

Armstrong's Plain Linoleums in soft green, brown, red and gray—without any figure or pattern—make superb backgrounds for rugs. The darker shades give those low color tones necessary to make the floor the real base of the color scheme, and to harmonize with the darker woods in trim and furniture.

Then for your guest-room, your bedroom, or nursery, there are the Armstrong carpet and matting designs—light, tastefully simple things in greens, blues, tans, and rose. Or the wonderful parquetry inlaid patterns—accurate reproductions of hardwood—for dining-room, living-room, hall, and den.

Look into this matter of linoleum floors. Have you seen the new Armstrong designs? Do you know how economical linoleum is? How absolutely sanitary? How easy to clean? How durable?

Stop thinking of linoleum as gaudy, old-fashioned. Go to some Armstrong merchant in your town and see for yourself what beautiful decorative effects you can have in floors that blend with your color scheme; floors that really *belong* to the room.



Three Armstrong patterns, suitable for the interior shown above.

Send for booklet, "The House that Jack Re-Built" and the names of merchants near you who handle Armstrong's Linoleum.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Department Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

JAP ROSE SOAP
Softens Hard Water
You Will Enjoy This Refreshing
Jap Rose Soap
Its vegetable oils soften the water, relax the tissue and allow the light, bubbly lather to soothe and cleanse the pores of the skin, thoroughly, but gently.
Ideal for shampooing—makes the hair soft, fluffy and glossy. Start enjoying Jap Rose benefits today.
Order it today from your dealer
Try Jap Rose Talcum Powder with the true rose odor
Trial Offer
J. S. KIRK & CO.
714 E. Austin Ave.
Chicago, U. S. A.
JAP ROSE SOAP

Wonderful Device

Automatically Replays All Phonograph Records

You can now play any record on your machine over and over again—automatically. If you want to play a record and have it repeated from one to five times or continuously without your touching the machine, simply attach to the phonograph the wonderful

Re-Pla-Stop
TRADE MARK

A handsome nickel plated or gold plated device permanently attached without interfering with any part of the phonograph. Easily and quickly put on. You insert the record in the usual way and simply set the stop and indicator to the number of times you want it played. The Re-Pla-Stop will keep the piece playing for any number of times you determine in advance. Then it will stop automatically with the needle lifted clear from record. Cannot injure record or needle. Its action is perfectly automatic. No adjustment of tone arm or attention to the machine is required while the Re-Pla-Stop is in operation. It's a continuous music for dancing lovers, card parties, kindergartens and all entertainments. Adds greatly to the value of the phonograph.

$5 is all you pay for the Re-Pla-Stop and your money will be refunded if it is not satisfactory after 10 days' trial.

Almost any dealer in phonographs will gladly demonstrate this wonderful device. Ask your dealer. If he cannot furnish it, write to us for the name of a dealer who can.

Dealers: Write us today on your letterhead asking for sample Re-Pla-Stop, stating what phonographs you handle. We will send it on 10 days' free trial, with discounts and terms to trade.

Re-Pla-Stop Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

(Continued from Page 28)

breath and long on double-chinned effects. In another article of this series I mentioned the adolescent manling bluffer, in connection, however, with a different topic. Then, as I now recall, I spoke of him as the callow youth—of as much as sixty callow-power sometimes—who loved to patronize prize fights and to sit as close to the ringside as he could get. Generally the only hard, firm things about this person are the fillings in his teeth, and he got those from a dentist; but the sight of two burlies battering each other's respective frontispieces gives him delicious thrills. Afterward, sitting in a cabaret, all illuminated up like a lightning bug, it is his wont to lift his boyish treble high and clear for the benefit of all within earshot, as he pipes his boasts of how many colleges he has been expelled from and how fast he has driven his racing car and how often he has paid fines for speeding. Frequently he dies at an early age and at an equally early hour in endeavoring, while highly incandescent, to steer his homeward path from an all-night road house; or else paresis gets him.

In the main he is harmless but irritating. He is what might be called a tenor bluffer. The chief fault to be found with him is that he exists in such profusion as to constitute a common nuisance.

Sometimes I think, though, that the most numerous of all the bluffers is the she bluffer. Some of her predominant characteristics she shares with her blood brother, the he bluffer aforesaid. The obvious beauties of the town have no appeal for either, but if a diamond or a building or a graft scandal or a tip or a bribe or an automobile is the biggest one that ever was or the costliest one that ever was, why, then, that particular object wins their whole-souled admiration. Show the average matched pair of Broadway bluffers the Louvre, say, or St. Peter's at Rome, and the woman would be interested only for so long as she was reflecting that it must be an awful chore for the hired help to wash all those windows, whereas the man most probably would rather know how much the original contractor cleared on the job than hear the history of the structure. To his perceptions the only lofty pile worth mentioning would be the kind that might be computed in dollars and cents. I do not wish to seem uncharitable in my estimates, but I do not believe I am stretching the actual facts or that I am guilty of exaggeration in my comparisons.

The Tinsel Kingdom of Bluff

Like unto the male bluffer, the lady bluffer has an unfeigned contempt for anybody or anything located above One Hundred and Tenth Street or west of the Hudson River. Also, she is as uneasy as a rabbit's nose lest Jesse and Frank, the hat-check bandits, will object to the size of the tip given them. She is deeply concerned by the fear that the waiter or the cab driver or the carriage starter will suspect that she has not quite all the spare change in circulation to distribute as largess. Hold up the greengrocer with his little bill, and the dressmaker and the florist with their large ones, but hand the taxi driver a bonus as large again as his legal fare. Profess a disdain for dollar bills when fixed by the cold, calculating eye of the head waiter. Never order a moderately priced dish on the menu, even though one likes that dish. Always by preference take one that costs twice or thrice as much; otherwise August, the watchful servitor at one's elbow, may take away with him the impression that one is not worth, in ready capital, more than the entire Astor family could scrape up. These are some of the signs by which ye may know the she bluffer on sight. There are other means of recognizing her.

She gets new old lines in her face trying to put new ones in her figure. In her prime her hair is one shade ahead of the fashionable tint, and in her declining years is one shade behind it. Her skirt is skimpier than the skimpiest and shorter than the shortest. She is as deep as plate glass, as sincere as quicksand, as artificial as a decoy duck; she is credulous and ignorant to a degree of credulity and ignorance that only those who know but one phase of life, and that a false one, ever attain. She is a creature, part orchid and part windflower; her place in the human botanical garden is among the exotic hybrids.

But lest I be taken for a common scold I must in fairness add, by way of offsets for these temperamental disqualifications, that nearly always she is generous in almsgivings and subject to highly emotional if transient spells of compassion for the unfortunate. One grudge, and a deep one, I hold, though, for all the tribe of the tinsel kingdom of bluff: Persons from a distance, knowing no better, are exceedingly likely to mistake these freakish and unnatural growths, these human fungi that flourish in the congenial Broadway soil, for representative inhabitants of America's chief city, which is a libel all round.

Nearly all of us who enroll among Manhattan's stepsons and stepdaughters—she has amazingly few children of her own, considering her size—learn in time to bluff more or less successfully after some fashion or other. Some are born bluffers, to whom bluffing comes naturally; some achieve bluffing by constant contact with the bluffers on every side of them; some have bluffing thrust upon them and take it up by absorption through the pores.

We bluff, when the country cousin comes on to pay us a visit and to be shown the sights, about our knowledge of the city and our acquaintance with its notable citizens. We bluff, by inference, when we establish ourselves in apartments the rental for which is more than we can afford to pay. We bluff when we give tips out of all proportion to the service performed. We bluff because we have the bluffing habit and because we can't help it and because we do not want to help it.

The Rarest Sight in New York

Tony, the bootblack, bluffs about the alleged number of pairs of prominent and influential feet that are—to hear him tell it—included in his regular clientele. Dominick, the pushcart impresario, bluffs concerning the custom he claims to enjoy among the wealthier families on the block where Dominick mainly operates. To win the envy of his compatriots in the vintage garments trade, Izzy, the old-clothes man, bluffs fictitiously regarding the absurdly low prices at which he acquired his stock and regarding the phenomenally high prices at which he means to dispose of it. The immigrant bluffs, and the emigrant; the alien and the native-born. The colored brother, newly arrived from the sunny southland and presently engaged in the pursuit of politics and pork chops, bluffs with the same ardor that the white folks display. The latest millionaire bluffs for the edification of his new butler, and the new butler bluffs right back at his revered employer. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—all and sundry are bluffers.

I sometimes think it is the strain of constantly bluffing as much as the strain merely of living in New York that puts the harassed stress of nervousness in the voices and the crosshatchments of wrinkles in the faces of the city's breed. Be the chief cause what it may, this much I do know: That even the children, who by all the rights of childhood should have innocent little faces as full of dimples as a duck pond in a shower, and wide, innocent, trusting eyes, are, more often than not, little old worldly wise men and women.

At the other end of age's ladder, the woman who has learned the art of growing old gracefully and naturally is almost the rarest spectacle to be found on the streets of New York. Given their share of good health and happiness in their latter years, we expect our mothers and our grandmothers to take on age graciously and sweetly and, unto the end of their days, to wear that look which in the old who are neither afraid nor ashamed is a benediction of peace to all beholders. In New York that expectation is not realized so frequently as one wishes it were.

It is not the overdressed, ultrasmart, ultrasophisticated young woman of fashion that people in New York turn in their tracks to watch as she passes; neither is it the old woman with the dyed locks, and the plucked eyebrows, and the complexion that first was primed and then was top-coated with barber-pole colors, and the school miss's garb, who is fighting the vain and the hopeless fight against her birthday record. Rather it is that infrequent vision of a placid, untroubled old face or a young, natural, unpuckered, unspoiled one that is accorded the tributes of the craned neck and the admireful glance.

From this partial category of bluffers it would not be fitting to exclude yet another generalized group, the same being a class

(Concluded on Page 33)

DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

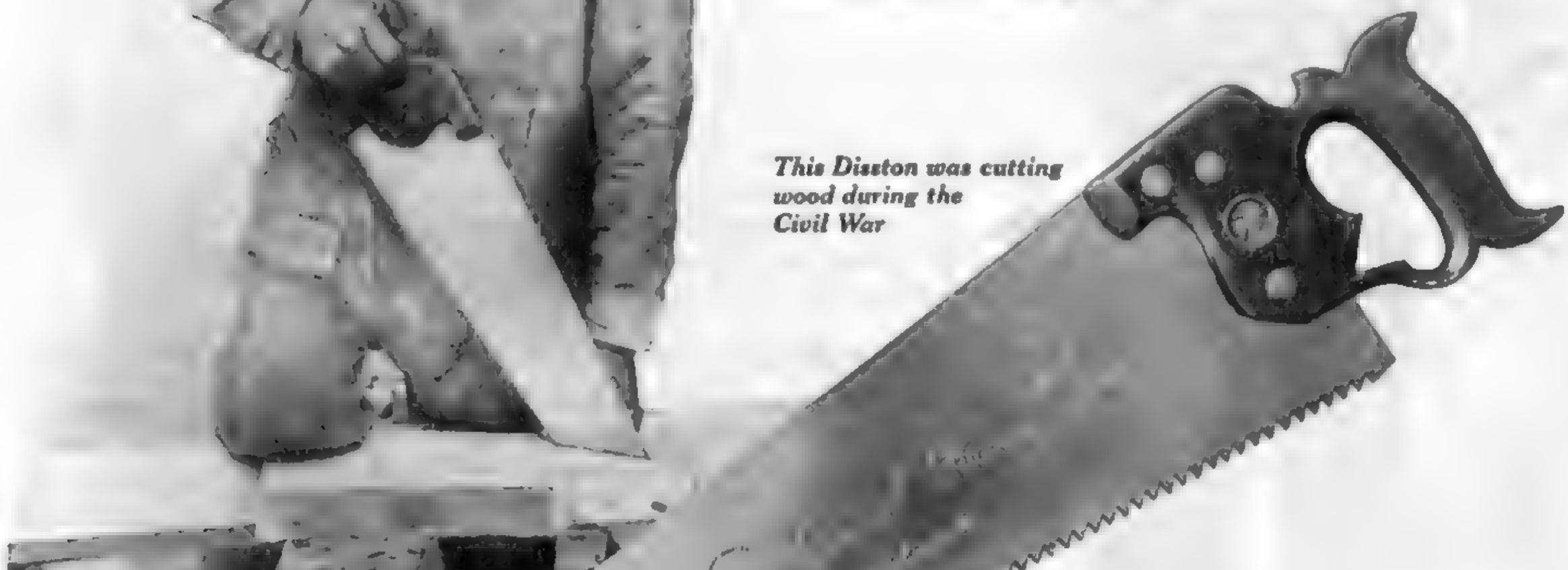
JOHN S. HENRY, a carpenter of Robesonia, Pa., died some fifteen years ago and his tools were sold at auction. The auctioneer read the maker's name on a rip saw. "It's a Disston," he said.

After brisk bidding the saw was knocked down to Jacob L. Ruhl, of Manheim, Pa., who found this inscription scratched on the blade:

"John S. Henry, Robesonia, April, 1864."

When John S. Henry wrote his name and the date on this saw the Battle of the Wilderness was still to be fought, the Alabama was still ranging the seas and the Presidential campaign which re-elected Abraham Lincoln was still months away.

The saw was to serve John S. Henry for the rest of his life—nearly forty years. Then it was to go on building homes in the hands of its new owner and in 1917 be still at work as young Americans by the thousands again rally to the defense of their flag, fifty-three years after the war-stricken Spring in which old Mr. Henry scratched his name upon it.



This Disston was cutting wood during the Civil War

This is the kind of service the Disston name stands for. Ask your carpenter. He probably is still using one or more Disston saws with which he began working at his trade.

Disston trowels, files, screw-drivers, levels and other tools are all of the same Disston quality.

Send for free Hand-Saw Booklet

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Canadian Works: Toronto, Canada

CHICAGO CINCINNATI BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO
MEMPHIS NEW ORLEANS SEATTLE PORTLAND, ORE.
VANCOUVER, B. C. SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

The Union-All Way

Which?

The Old Way

THERE is but one UNION-ALL—THE LEE. Ask for it. Demand it. Look for the Trademark stitched on the back and embossed on the button. Don't say merely UNION-ALLS—specify LEE UNION-ALLS, the name that stands for higher quality and better service in work clothing. Insist on the original, complete, work suit—shirt, trousers and jacket combined in one compact piece—the suit that dominates in quality of material and workmanship and is made to endure the hardest kind of continuous daily use.

LEE UNION-ALLS have become the universal uniform of the nation's workers not merely because they are more comfortable, more convenient and far more desirable in appearance and fit but because they lessen the danger of accidents, increase the efficiency of the wearers and *substantially reduce the increased cost of living.*

THE UNION-ALL WAY COSTS *NO* MORE THAN THE OLD WAY AND THINK WHAT IT SAVES

LEE UNION-ALLS are made of Khaki, blue denim, express stripe, pin check or white drill.

LEE UNION-ALLS for children are made "just like Dad's."

Remember! There's Only One UNION-ALL That's THE LEE

Lee UNION MADE Union-Alls

INSIST ON THIS TRADE MARK.

Demand LEE UNION-ALLS Sold By All Good Dealers

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE CO.

FACTORIES AND BRANCHES AT KANSAS CITY, MO., KANSAS CITY, KAS., SOUTH BEND, IND., TRENTON, N. J., SALINA, KAS.

Concluded from Page 30

which is more deserving of sympathy perhaps than are any of the lay bluffers. I have in mind now those young people for most of them are young people and, moreover, inexperienced young people—who are lured to town under false pretenses that mainly are of their own creating.

These for the most part are the coming actors, artists and singers that never arrive. A young woman takes first prize in the Jasper Center School of Expression. A second young woman executes a still-life painting of a dead fish that receives honorable mention at the Polk County Fair and Races. A youth who was by nature designed for the glebe and the plow delivers Spartacus' Address to the Gladiators at the annual commencement exercises of the Jonesville High School with such effect that his auditors are thrilled to their several and respective cores. A girl sings with more shrillness than any other member of the choir of the First Congregational Church of New Southperrybunkport. Thus are the seeds of ambition sown. If Gertie and Hector have done so wonderfully well in the little town, how much more excellent will be their chances for winning recognition, not to mention the fame and fortune that go with genius—or should go with it in the great city!

For some reason a popular impression prevails in the country at large, especially in remote parts of the country at large, that New York is a sort of forcing bed for latent ability, where, through certain mysterious agencies, the magic touch of a Whistler or an Abbey may be grafted upon the fumbling fingers of the greenhorn; where the domestic larynx is miraculously and speedily endowed with the tones of a Melba; where Duses and Bernhardts, Maxine Maddern Fiskes and Edwin Booths are turned out from the raw material while you wait.

So the money that has been saved, a sweaty dollar at a time, to buy that desirable forty acres adjoining the lower lot, or the money that was being husbanded to add to the business or to pay off the mortgage on the homestead, goes to the vocal teacher with the expensive Italian name or to the dramatic school or to the art school; and so presently Gertie and Hector find themselves enrolled as pupils, and living at boarding houses on side streets in the Fifties, with the high hopes of parents and friends back home centered upon them and their futures.

Lights That Go Out In New York

Of course, once in a blue moon, a real genius is developed; the chances are, though, that this genius would have found a way to the top, anyhow, without the advantages of the New York experience and the New York training. But for every one who succeeds there are bound to be hundreds who fail; the great law of human averages so decrees it. The light that shone so brightly in the little town is but a feebly flickering candle in the big one. A glowworm grows powerfully pale when it has calciums for its opposition. It is the lack of competition that makes the lightning bug conspicuous in the peaceful night.

A few succeed; their success is as a heady wine that intoxicates the great horde of less gifted young people who have not the divine spark within them; veritably, it drugs them as with poppies. So perforce, when disappointment and disillusionment begin to grind their gallant young souls, they bluff. For them is left nothing to do except to bluff. They bluff in their letters to the home folks; they bluff among their fellow bluffers, who bluff back; they bluff to keep their courage up; they bluff in order to get the remittances that enable them to keep on bluffing their way along the halting journey through art class or school of acting or course of singing lessons. They spend the husbanded money of their own people that might have been put to better purposes; they continue desperately to bluff on and on, after repeated rebuff and repeated backset should have proved to them the shining pathway of fame is not for their feet, and an unkindly destiny never meant that they should have careers, but only that they should have plain, useful lives. These are the living tragedies of bluffdom. New York is full of them.

Some eventually drift back to their starting points, spoiled and embittered perhaps by their failures, and in most instances unfitted for the commonplace rôles they must thereafter fill. Others stay on in the town that denied them the delectable cravings of their dreams, bluffing until the end of the sorry chapter. For the lure of New York has got them as the lure of New York gets most of those who abide for long in the shadow of the brazen monster. There is this to be said for Manhattan—about the time you think you are getting under her skin you find she is getting under yours; you find that she has branded you with her brand, turning you from a wandering maverick into one of the town herd. You may flee away from her, but inevitably she draws you back again. With all her faults you love her still—only she is never still!

Even the crass vulgarity of her bluffing is part and parcel of her manifold powers of fascination. Of all the cities that men have reared she, to my way of thinking, is the most alluring and the most hateful, the most consistent and the most contradictory. She is the most indifferent and the most childishly naïve; the richest in some things and the poorest in others; the most open-handed and the most niggardly; the kindest and the cruelest; the most perfect and the most unfinished; the most provincial and the most cosmopolitan.

Father Knickerbocker's Family

She has the finest sunsets and the fewest persons willing to pause long enough to comprehend their glories, the most beautiful of the great thoroughfares—which is Fifth Avenue; and the least beautiful of the great thoroughfares—which is Broadway. She has the best municipal government in some regards and the worst in some regards; the most splendid buildings stuck upon the most inappropriate and the most inadequate sites. She has a pleasure parkway—I am thinking now of Riverside Drive—for which Nature has done so much in magnificent vistas of water and shore that not all the barbarity of the adjacent architecture has been able to ruin or even seriously to mar the abundant wealth of its views or the prodigal splendor of its environment or the unapproachable grandeur of its setting. She gives more for nothing and less for something than any of her sister cities upon this or any other continent, I do veritably believe.

As for the millions who make up her population, they are at once the least disciplined and the best natured of all the hiving breeds of this earth; the readiest to give and the greediest to take; the most skeptical and the most credulous; the most deceiving and the most deceivable; the most disorderly on the surface and the most docile at bottom; the quickest to appreciate and the readiest to cast aside; the most fickle and the most generous. Scoffers out West call her the most un-American of the major-sized American communities, but what did she do in June for the Liberty Loan subscriptions? And what did she do in July for the Red Cross fund?

By their bluffs ye may know them, but it is by their works that they prove themselves when the emergency rises. By yet another sign also ye may know them: Condemn their town as they will, lacking though they seem to be in local pride, yet are they in reality enamored of her. They worship her and they adore her the while they hate her. It is as though their patron saint, that insular, bigoted, self-satisfied figure of an old gentleman in knee breeches and a wig, each morning wrote to each one of them a love letter that concluded:

"You remain,

"Mine truly,

"FATHER KNICKERBOCKER."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb.

Patrician
"Cravenette" Caps
IT it rain! Your Patrician Cap is safe. Its famous "Cravenette" finish makes it weatherproof so that it keeps its shape. The Patrician is the only cap that looks good after it's been wet. It doesn't shrink.
And the Patrician has that imported style. It's cut right, draped right and made of right fabrics. You'll never know how becoming and comfortable a cap is until you try on a Patrician.
Sold at the best stores. $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00.
If your dealer can't supply you, write to the factory:
Spear & Co., Manufacturers, Ozone Park, New York City
"The Cap That Stays Stylish"

Frantz Premier
ELECTRIC CLEANER
NEARLY three hundred thousand women are unanimous in their choice of the Frantz Premier. Their testimony represents a highly unusual recommendation for this cleaner. Surely, so many thinking housewives would not be of one mind without good reason for their selection.
Nine Pounds of Sterling Quality!
We have branches and dealers nearly everywhere. Our price is modest—time payments if desired. Booklet on request.
The Frantz Premier Co., Cleveland, O.
The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd
28 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

The Hammering Blows of the Road

Like a steam hammer pounding a forging into shape is the incessant crushing impact of road and tire.

The resulting stress and strain on the tire-carcass calls for a kind, as well as a degree, of strength and endurance which it is hard to believe is latent in rubber and fabric.

* * *

It calls for the kind and degree of strength and endurance which have made *United States Tires* supreme,

—supreme in resiliency, or the ability most completely to absorb the hammering blows of the road,

—supreme in endurance, or the ability to give maximum mileage at a minimum cost per mile.

* * *

Only the vast experience of the *largest rubber manufacturers in the world* has made the dream of such tire strength and endurance a reality.

More than perfect materials alone,

—more than correct scientific construction alone,

—more than master workmanship alone,

—go to make tires of such tremendous strength and endurance as *United States Tires*.

* * *

Only the exact union of the supreme quality of materials, of construction, of workmanship, has made *United States Tires* the synonym of low mileage cost.

The tremendous and consistent sales increases of *United States Tires* are the indisputable prpof of their supremacy.

Make your next tires *'Royal Cords'*.

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Royal Cord' 'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

THE SOURCE

(Continued from Page 23)

"Dad," she cried. "Langlois—the battery—there!"

Suddenly Yard and his men broke cover and charged.

"Quick, Dad, that battery," Svea pleaded, and Nord started again to run. Svea followed, but now she could not equal her father's pace.

She saw him plunge down the face of the dam, run toward the threatened danger. She saw him pause an instant near a pile of wood, and then run on, an ax in his hand. Breathlessly, her hand pressed to heart, she watched—watched, too, the approach of Yard and his men.

At every step they might stand above that explosive; any instant Langlois' waiting hand might throw the switch. But she could not shut her eyes. Her father was close now, unobserved. All eyes were directed to the charging men. Fifty feet, thirty, ten, Nord had still to go. He was there, leaped tigerishly on Langlois, struck him mightily so that he staggered, tripped and fell. Svea cried aloud in exultation.

In that instant she was proud of her father. For the wrong he had done he was making payment—handsome, manly payment. Her eyes glowed as she saw him stand over the battery, legs braced, ax swinging about his head. A circle of men formed about him, not approaching too near. She saw him move with his foot the wires that led to the dynamite—he was spreading them apart. Then he brought down his ax twice, once for each wire, swung it aloft again, and the sound faintly reached her ears as he demolished battery and switch with a blow. That danger was gone now—and her father had accomplished the thing. Her father!

She sank to the ground trembling, watching the advance of Yard's men and also watching her father. Something flew through the air—a stone. Her father staggered, but remained menacingly erect. Another missile found its mark; then a billet of wood, hurled from behind, brought him to his knees. Then he disappeared under a mass of men.

XXIII

AS YARD descended upon the gatehouse with his men at his back he took stock of the visible defenses. These were simple, consisting of half a dozen strands of barbed wire supported by stout posts which circled the gatehouse. This would prove an unpleasant obstacle, narrow enough in its diameters to permit adequate defense by fifty men.

He saw Nord, without recognizing him, run down the face of the dam. What he did there was hidden from Yard by surrounding figures, but these hurried away, sent by some order, and entered the stockade. From what cataclysm he had been saved Yard did not know.

The fifty from Camp Seven burst into the open, and it became a headlong race for the honor of reaching the barrier first and striking the first blow. There was no time for generalship here, Van recognized with regret. No order of his would stay his men, for the lust of battle was upon them. With a joyous tumult of war cries in more than one tongue, the Roughnecks roared down upon the mercenary defenders and battle was joined.

Over the barbed wire club met club, fighting man met fighting man, and the advantage lay with the defenders, for their numbers were adequate to the space occupied, with a small reserve. Yard's men impeded one another, for none would stand back to give another a chance. They did themselves more damage than they did the defenders, who fought methodically, in a businesslike manner, and well earned their pay.

That the attack was futile Yard recognized, but he could not call his men off—not yet. They were being punished, but were taking their punishment greedily, struggling, snatching one another back to get closer to that barrier of wire.

From the dam above Svea Nord looked down on that swaying, shouting, seething ring, then to the inert body of her father lying at a distance, and wondered how men could cast off in a moment the inherited traditions of centuries, and become heartless, pitiless, fighting creatures, bringing the aid of every nerve and sinew to the task of battering, beating to the ground other creatures of like form and semblance. Her anxious eye could single out Van Yard, fighting with the rest, and she did not strive to repress the thrill of exultation she felt in the prowess of her man.

Slowly, grudgingly, Yard's men were driven back from the fence to the length of a pick handle. They were beaten; could not reach their prey, safe behind that seemingly frail entrenchment. They were not joyous now, but savage.

"If you've got enough of it for a minute," Yard shouted, "draw off."

But it was not to be done without another charge. Again they beat vainly against that inner circle of men and wire; again they were forced to give up the effort.

"Here!" shouted Yard, putting command into his voice. "Here! To me!"

This time the men obeyed. Brute force was defeated; generalship might try its hand now.

"We can't get 'em while that wire stands," Yard said as they gathered about him, some bleeding, all tattered, bruised, bearing marks of the *mêlée*. "Got your mouths full of it? Ready to take orders, are you?"

"Let her rip," said the leader of Camp Seven's fifty.

"They can hold us as long as that wire's there. A dozen of you scatter and find planks or timbers—a couple of six-inch tree trunks'll do if you can't find anything else. Get a move on."

The men hurried off on their errand with jeers and cat-calls following them from the ranks of the victorious defenders.

"Garrity," said Yard, "when we get the stuff you go with your gang to the opposite side. I'll take 'em here. If they get a plank we can use it to flatten the wire down, and the timbers for battering rams. Line up a dozen men to a timber and go at them where the wire's out of the way. Don't bother to stop to fight; your fellows back of you will 'tend to that. Smash through to the gatehouse—it's the gatehouse we want—and open the gates."

"Good man!" said Garrity. "'Tis a love of an idea. 'Twill wor-rk."

Curiously, jeeringly, the defenders watched the dozen men return with half a dozen two-inch planks and a couple of six-by-six sticks of good length.

"Slam your planks down hard," said Yard, "and stand on them. Hold them down. Don't let those fellows throw them out. Then the men with the timbers rush it. Go to it now."

Yard waited for Garrity to get into position, shouted "Now!" and went at the wire again. His men slammed down their planks, ripping the wire clear of the posts and beating it to the ground. Then, obeying orders, they planted their feet firmly on the planks, holding them against the efforts of the defenders to heave them up and cast them away.

"Give it to them now," Yard shouted, grabbing a place at the front of the gang holding the timbers. "Run!"

Ten feet of hardwood protruded in front of them, a compelling ram, and there was no jeering from the defenders when it bore down on them. Straight through the opening Yard charged and into the midst of them. There was no withstanding the rush, and a way was opened for them; but instantly the ram was past the defenders closed in, fighting mightily.

Yard's one thought was to scramble through the scrimmage to the clear space inside the circle, toward the gatehouse. Clubs rose and fell, men grunted and cursed. More than one man was down, in danger of being trampled on by friend or enemy. Yard fought single-mindedly to force his way through. He did not care if he inflicted damage or not: to get through was his business, and with fist and pick handle he strove to accomplish it. It was hard fighting, and the men at the center were squeezed breathless. It was all but impossible to move, to raise arm or to kick with foot—as impossible for those who tried to hurl out the attack as for those who attacked.

It was breast to breast, a jostle, hot breath mingling with hot breath. Fair play, the rules even of rough and tumble, which knows few rules, were cast aside. Men gouged, lifted knees wickedly against opposing stomachs, lashed out with heavy boots at exposed shins. Slowly, very slowly, Yard wriggled and buffeted forward, was conscious of an urge behind him, and knew that the full weight of his fifty was thrown into the breach in the wire. They were pressing him on.

At last he shot out of the seething mass, as a log will dart out of a breaking log jam, out on the side he had fought to reach. He stumbled, fell headlong, leaped to his feet unnoticed for the moment, for all behind him were occupied, and hurled himself toward the gatehouse. Across the ring he saw that the other attack had failed, was halted, the ram thrown to the ground.

The door of the gatehouse was shut, locked, but his caulked boot sent it from its hinges. Inside he saw the engine that operated the gates, saw switches and levers; but, now that he had arrived, he did not know which one would work his purpose. There was a single guardian, Pete, the Jumping Frenchman, and Van recalled his peculiarity.

"Pete," he shouted imperatively, "open the gates!"

"Pete, open the gates! Pete, open the gates!" repeated the man mechanically, and mechanically threw a lever.

In an instant Yard was upon him. One blow disposed of the man for the day, and Yard stood waiting, listening. There was a roar as of an explosion, a rumbling, a swishing, the babel of pent waters suddenly released. From above Svea Nord saw a mass of yellowish white foam thrust its nose from the mouth of the tunnel, filling the channel from bank to bank, thundering, roaring downward. The gates were open, the waters released. The thing Yard had come to do was accomplished. She gloried in his achievement.

Yard stood until he was certain, then with a huge wrench he attacked the mechanism, smashing switches, controls, disabling the engine. When he was through no injunction issued by any court could close that dam; defeat of his men could not close it. Whatever the outcome of the battle that roared outside, the objective had been reached. The gates of the dam would not close again for many a day.

Relief is unnerving after long strain. Suddenly Van felt tired and weak and steadied himself against the wall. Sulphate pulp was safe; the fight was over, and the drive would go on. Pulpwood would ride to the mills on the breast of that flood, bringing safety to the enterprise, certainty of success.

He had done it—he! A deep breath of gratification, of realization, filled his breast. He stood erect before God and man, knowing that his work had been well done.

Then he plunged out again to do his part in what remained to be done. What followed was brief, not easy of accomplishment, but certain. Gradually, fighting well for their wage, the hired toughs gave way, their numbers decreased as man after man was put out of the scuffle. Then they broke and ran. The fight was over.

Van wasted no words on it.

"Good job, men!" he shouted. "Garrity with his fifty stay here. The rest of you back to the railroad. The train's waiting. The drive's on. There's a day's work ahead."

There was no reason now why the men should not shout, and they did shout, those who were able, those who were half able, and even the wrecked men on the ground tried to add their bit to the sound.

"They won't be after comin' back," said Garrity. "Lave me twenty-five men for good measure and take the rest. You'll be needin' thim."

"Right!" said Yard. "Get a move on."

As he moved away Garrity gazed after him with eyes that glowed out of a battered countenance.

"Hain't he the boss, byes, eh? Hain't he the boss?" he said exultantly.

Following his men Yard moved toward the railroad. He halted suddenly at the sight of a woman bending over a man's motionless body. She raised her face. It was Svea

"You!" he cried.

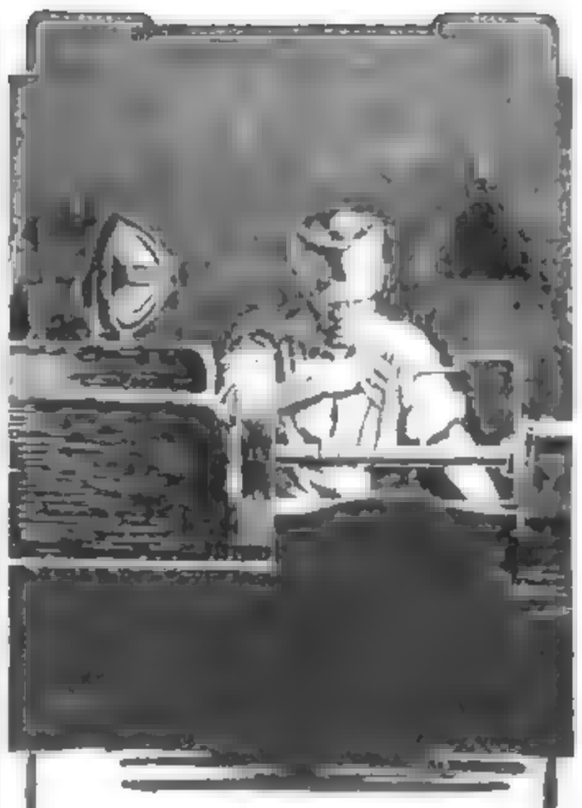
"Dad's hurt—not badly, I think, but he's unconscious." She spoke calmly. She was her old, dependable self.

"Garrity," shouted Yard, "man hurt here. Have him carried in and see to him."

"Mr. Yard," said Svea, hesitating over his name. "I—I want to say something to you. I ——"

"Sorry, Miss Nord," said Van, "I can't listen now. The drive's on. I've got to get there." He hurried on.

(Continued on Page 37)



Accurate Workmanship requires good light—good light requires good insulated wire.

Thousands of people are discovering the full benefits of electricity.

People who can have electric light won't use anything else.

But they are just beginning to understand many other uses for electric current about the home and in business.

In every city there are men engaged in the electrical business—men who have grown up with it—men who understand electricity and the various ways of using it.

Electrical contractors are these men of service.

You will find them ready and willing to show you how to make electricity more and more useful to you.

It will be well worth your while to call one of these men into your home or place of business, and get the benefit of his expert knowledge.

You will be surprised to know how much added convenience and utility you can get from such a man at very low cost.

Furthermore, having the work done by a good contractor insures its safety and permanency.

Frequent inspection by a contractor will save you a lot of money and trouble in the long run.

If you don't know a good contractor, write us today and we will introduce one to you.

Remember also that if you are putting up a new building of any kind, it is essential that you have a good architect. He will employ electrical engineering advice and a good electrical contractor for the job.

THE ELECTRIC CABLE COMPANY

Makers of ECCO Wire for every purpose where rubber covered wire is used.

10 E. 43rd St. New York

ECCO

Dependable Insulated WIRE

—the kind good architects specify and good contractors use.

The Capital Fixture

THE NEW MISSOURI STATE CAPITOL
Note the style of the building and then study the illustration showing the type of Brascolite to be installed. It has just that dignified beauty of design best adapted to the architectural nobility of the building.

BRASCOLITE

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

However you spell capital it is true of the Brascolite. It is capital (with an a) because it stands at the head and front of the entire lighting fixture field for all purposes of illumination. And it's the capitol fixture (with an o) because nowadays when new State Capitols go up, Brascolites go in.

Texas put Brascolites in her capitol. Pennsylvania did the same. And very recently, against nation-wide competition, Brascolites won out in Missouri: The new $3,500,000 Missouri State Capitol will be Brascolited.

In each of these cases this fixture was selected only after exhaustive comparative and competitive tests for efficiency and quality of illumination.

For whatever lighting purposes and wherever a comparative test is made the Brascolite is adopted.

These points of superiority win for Brascolites. Better illumination—lower current expense—a pure, soft, white light, best suited to the eye—no glare—lower cost of maintenance—lamps last longer—bulbs blacken less readily.

And, as to beauty and harmoniousness—there is a design of Brascolite for every taste and for every class of structure and style of architecture—office, store, factory, church, theatre, public building, club and home.

Let the experience of others in their search for the most satisfactory illumination lead you to investigate the Brascolite.

ASK ANY FIXTURE DEALER—write us for photographic reproductions of many kinds of installations, explaining the Brascolite principle and illustrating the infinite variety of designs.

LUMINOUS UNIT COMPANY, St. Louis, U. S. A.

New York, 30 Church St — Chicago, 19 South Fifth Ave.
San Francisco, 619 Market St. — Philadelphia, 1007 Land Title Bldg.
Boston, Old South Bldg.
Canadian Distributors: Northern Electric Co., Ltd.
International Import and Export Company Shanghai, China, Distributors for the Far East

TEXAS STATE CAPITOL
Brascolites were installed following comparative tests for efficiency.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE CAPITOL
Brascolites give daylight at night to this fine structure.

(Continued from Page 35)

She followed him proudly with her eyes.

"Yes," she said, "you must get there. It's your place to-day. Some other day will do for what I've got to say. It will keep—for it is eternal."

XXIV

BIG John could not stay in his office, but went out alone to the point where the East Branch flowed into the millpond, and there he paced up and down restlessly. He was like a boy waiting for a promised gift. To stand still was impossible; to think coherently was not within his power. He fidgeted, whittled wands and placed them at the water's edge; he walked to the first bend and peered upstream.

An office boy, aware of his location, came hurrying with the word that a gentleman had arrived off the train to see him.

"My compliments to the gentleman," snapped Big John, "and tell him to go to the devil. I'm busy."

Ice in plenty remained along the river. Extending out from the shores were shelves of frozen snow the perpendicular edges of which rose six feet above the surface of the dwindled stream, a miniature gorge. The stream itself was not clear, and farther upstream Beaumont knew there were jams and heaps of ice that could still account for themselves unpleasantly. But the warm sun and the spring rains had honeycombed it. Ice was no longer the blocks of adamant manufactured by months of weather that did not consider itself really doing its duty unless it forced the mercury to at least twenty degrees below zero.

Big John sat down on a rotting log, and because he was not trying to draw his mind away from the river, it drew itself away. Van Twiller Yard was the subject of his reverie. If Yard succeeded this day, Beaumont would be potent to give due reward, and the manner of it was now determined; if Yard failed Beaumont would be impotent to reward, but he and Yard would start again at the beginning and would fight up together to win jointly new and different rewards. Of one thing he was certain—from that day forth Big John Beaumont and Van Twiller Yard would be joint endeavorers in whatever might offer for their hands to do.

It was a sound that aroused him, a new voice from the river, a *crescendo* attained by its rippling. He leaped to his feet and hurried to the brink. The water was lapping at his wand—not covering its foot, but lapping at it. Was it rising? He thought so; was uncertain. Excitement, the excitement of a man holding a lottery ticket at the moment of the drawing, took possession of him.

"Come on!" he cried. "Come on, you!" The element of the race track entered into the thing now. "Come, you river, our money's on you! Stretch your legs! Get a hump on you!"

Then round the bend came a line of white—boiling, rolling, foaming. Big John watched it with hands clenched. It raced toward him, a wave of water two feet high, forerunner of the rush of waters to come.

A meaningless, exultant shout burst from Big John's throat. "He's done it! Bully for you, boy! She's coming! He's got the dam!"

Upon the crest of the oncoming wave was something dark and cylindrical that rolled and tossed and bobbed about crazily. It was a bolt of pulpwood, the first bolt of the drive. Big John leaped out ankle-deep in the icy water to seize it, his purpose to hold it forever as a memento of that day, and of what had gone before to make that day possible. But it danced merrily away to float in lazy security on the still breast of the big pond.

The water came up with a surge and a rush, rising, pouring itself down its miniature gorge like some huge serpent, undulating, hastening to a destination.

Now it was dotted with bolts of pulpwood. They came in shoals. Big John had never seen such a sight. All day he watched that stream of pulpwood leap from the tongue of the flood into the placid pond, to ride there in security. Hourly he estimated in cords the quantity that had arrived, and as his figures mounted, as hundreds of cords grew to thousands, he could scarcely contain himself.

He would have tried to reach Van Yard, to shout congratulations in his ear over the wire of the telephone, but he well knew where Yard would be, that Yard would welcome no interruption. So his thanks remained pent up in him.

At seven o'clock he called Yard at Camp Four. No one responded but the cook.

"She's not here. Dose men she's all on dat drive, by gar!" said that functionary. "She's stick by heem till hell freeze, I t'ink. Me, I make coffee. *Oui.* He orders it. Barrels, maybe hogsheads, of coffee I made dis day."

They were still at it, not pausing; not satisfied to have done three days' work in one, they were stretching it to four.

At nine o'clock Big John called again.

"She's work wit' lantern now," said the cook. "I t'ink she's never stop, me."

It was half past ten when he succeeded in getting Yard on the wire, and Yard was weary.

"Boy"—said Big John, and stopped because adequate words wouldn't come—"I—oh, come down here where I can say it to you. I can't do it without seeing you. Come to-morrow morning."

"Can't do it. Got to finish the drive," said Yard.

"Come when you can then, but make it quick. I want to tell you how you stack up with Big John Beaumont. And I want to hear all about it. Think I haven't any curiosity?"

"Day after to-morrow," said Yard. "Good night."

Next morning Svea Nord called Big John from Woods' Headquarters.

"When—when will Mr. Yard be through? When can I see him?"

"To-morrow. He'll be down to-morrow. Something special?" he asked quizzically.

"Something very special," said Svea, and Beaumont recognized the happiness in her voice.

"To-morrow's the day for settling things up with him," he said gayly. "I got a few things to say to him myself. You're invited, but you can't have him till I'm through with him. Come to the office and I'll give you a comfortable place to wait."

"Thank you," she said. "I'll wait till—till you can give him to me."

"For keeps?" Big John chuckled.

"For keeps," she said softly.

"Hurray!" Big John almost shouted. "I'm going to do something for him myself; but I'm afraid he won't think much about it when I turn him over to you. No gift of man can equal what you will give, I know," he said gravely. "But you can't have all of him; I want some."

"All," she responded. "Every bit. I won't give up a speck of him. Good-by."

"Good-by, my dear," said Big John, feeling somehow as if a son had brought him a lovable new daughter.

Presently a caller was announced, a man whose purpose and identity astonished Big John, and whose business kept him much occupied throughout the day.

Late next morning Van Twiller Yard came diffidently into the office. His work was done for this emergency; success had been his. And now he dreaded to face the thanks he knew would be offered. What awaited him more than thanks he did not know.

Big John sprang up at his entrance, planted a heavy hand on each shoulder, and held him away so that he could look squarely at him. For a moment he did not speak. Words were no readier than they had been over the telephone.

"How did you do it all, boy?" he said at last. "How did you do it all?"

Yard smiled diffidently.

"Somebody had to do it, you know."

"You rained down from heaven," said Big John. "The emergency demanded the man—and, by heck, it got him!" Then he added whimsically: "But you didn't look like manna when you landed, boy. I can see you now as you looked that first day. But even then you had something in you none of the others had."

"Not in me," said Yard. "It wasn't there when I came; but I came, without knowing I was doing it, to the Source of the thing you mean. From the first I drank from the Source. It was the woods, the hills, the real things, that gave me what I got out of it."

"The Source," said Big John; "that's it. And I saw the miracle! But didn't the Source have help—a little help—from somebody?"

Yard's face clouded.

"Great help," he said. "Without her even the Source could not have done it."

"Um!" grunted Big John. "Now, son, sit down and tell me about the row at the dam. I'll bet it's a bully yarn."

So Yard told him the thing succinctly, in a businesslike manner, as one would recount a feat of salesmanship, a mere incident to the day's transactions; but Beaumont

HOTELS STATLER

EVERY—every—room has private bath, circulating ice water, and many other unusual conveniences. Morning paper delivered free to all guest rooms. You get more for your money—unquestionably—at any Hotel Statler.

SCHEDULE OF ROOM-RATES

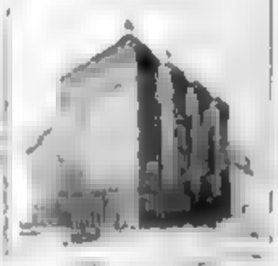
SINGLE ROOM, with shower bath, $2 and $2.50; with tub and shower, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4 and $5

DOUBLE ROOM with shower bath, $3 and $3.50; with tub and shower, $4, $4.50, $5.50, $6 and $7.

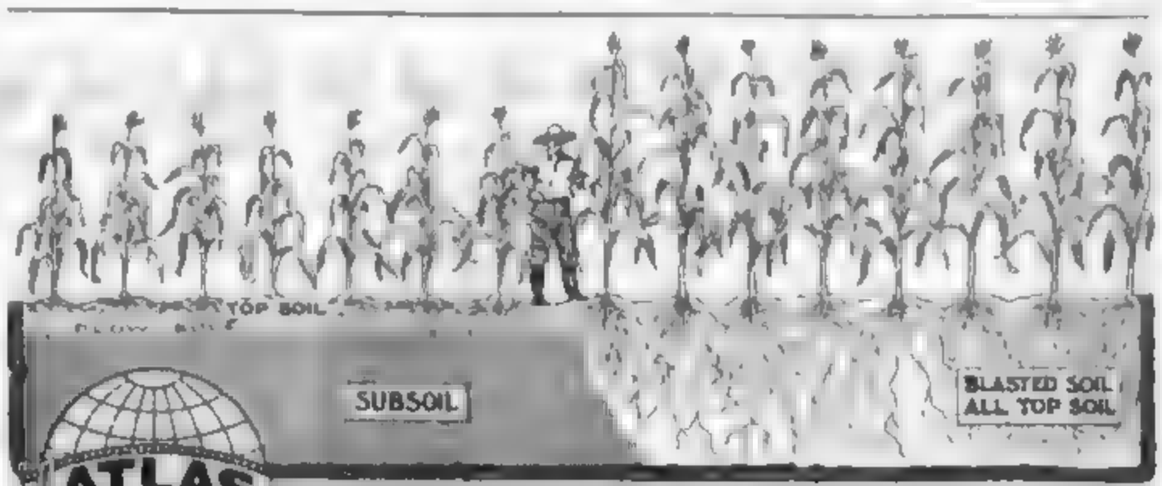
PARLOR SUITES, $6, $8, $10 and $12.

SAMPLE ROOMS, $2.50 to $6

NEW YORK



Hotel Pennsylvania will open in July, 1918—the world's largest hotel.



ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

Blast the Subsoil—Get Bigger Crops

Below the plow-sole the soil is rich in mineral plant food. Make this subsoil productive! Break it up with Atlas Farm Powder and get four or five feet of crop-growing fertility. The extra profit from one year's *increased* yield will more than pay the cost.

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

has made thousands of worn-out farms rich, fertile and profitable, and thousands of good farms better. Punch holes into the subsoil, load, fire and the work is done! Ask the Atlas dealer near you.

Any one can use Atlas Farm Powder without experience or risk. It is the cheapest and fastest farm hand for blasting stumps and boulders, digging ditches, etc. Trees in blasted beds bear two years earlier.

Get "Better Farming" Book—FREE

"Better Farming" illustrated tells how you can make more money and protect your crops from drouth by using Atlas Farm Powder. It shows the economical way of doing many kinds of work on the farm. Mail the coupon and get it FREE.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY
General Offices: Wilmington, Del.
Sales Offices: Birmingham, Boston, Chicago, Houghton, Joplin, Knoxville, Kansas City, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis

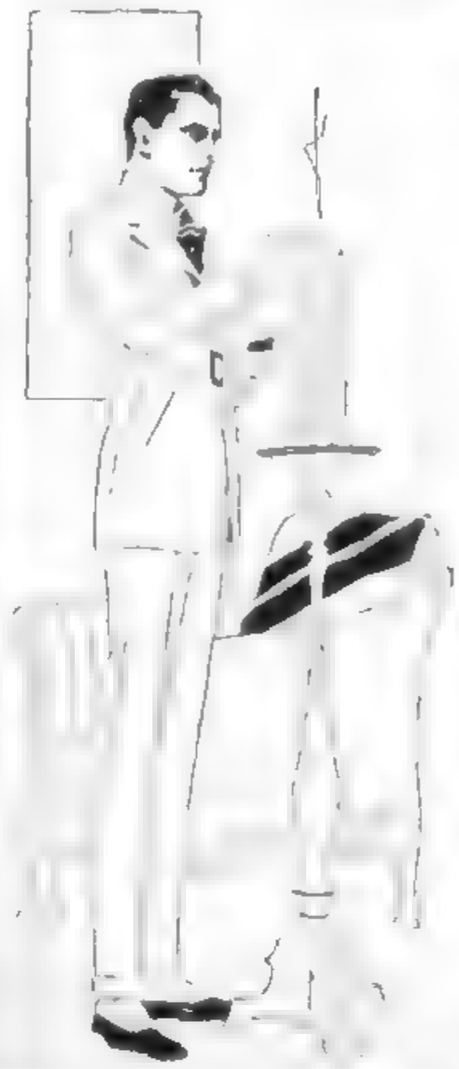
FREE BOOK COUPON

ATLAS POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.
Send me your 74-page book "Better Farming." I am interested in the use of explosives for the purpose before which I mark X.

Stump Blasting | Ditch Digging
Boulder Blasting | Quarrying
Subsoil Blasting | Mining
Tree Planting | Road Building

Name
Address

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes



The Beltaron

The smart utility of the military cut shows its influence in this design. Short, high lapels, patched breast pockets and slashed side pockets, a back without vents and with belt. The belt can be visible or not in front, as the wearer chooses, and buttoned or unbuttoned the back of the coat is held trig and trim.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Tailor Shops at Rochester, N. Y

Pull-U-Out
The little thing with the big pull

Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 40 ft of steel cable, two 7 ft chains, 3 stakes. Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes in space 4 x 8 x 14 in.

Would have saved real money and trouble

If the ex-mayor of Chicago had had a Pull-U-Out in his tool box he would have been out of trouble and on his way rejoicing in a few minutes—and the money he paid for help would have been saved.

No motorist, however careful and experienced, can tell when he will get stuck in the mud, skid into a ditch or overturn. Such accidents come suddenly—*without warning*, generally when you are miles from help and on roads that *look* perfectly safe and sound.

But with powerful and inexpensive little Pull-U-Out in your tool box, you are independent of road conditions. You can go wherever you please without *fear* of consequences. When trouble comes you will bless the day you bought a Pull-U-Out, because you have immediate, efficient and money saving help at hand. Simply drive the 3 small stakes into the ground—leaning towards the auto—hitch on, turn the crank and out you come without delay, expense, trouble or damage to car or clothes. Pull-U-Out combines a rescuing device and a tow line—two things *every* auto should carry. Don't wait for an accident to make you wish you had bought a Pull-U-Out—*buy one to-day*.

A Wonder in Factory, Garage, Repair Shop

Saves time, labor, trouble, money. Does the work of several chain blocks, costs less than half, has longer reach, works in any position, easily moved to the job, pulls almost any weight on wheels; lifts 2,000 lbs. Larger sizes have greater capacity.

Guaranteed to make good or money back

Write for FREE interesting book. Tells all about the amazing things Pull-U-Out does.

PULL-U-OUT SALES CO., 1425 Syndicate Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

was able to visualize it all, to see it as it had happened, and to respond to it with the fighting spirit of him.

"Bully!" he said. "Now for a little necessary business. Our Board of Directors met yesterday and inquired into your conduct of the woods. We did considerable business—considerable! Here's a resolution we adopted." He read from a paper on his desk: "'Resolved, That in consideration of the services of Van Twiller Yard, woods foreman of this company and its present treasurer'"—Yard bent forward suddenly and stared—"'a block of stock of the par value of one hundred thousand dollars be transferred to him on the books of this company and the certificates handed him at the earliest opportunity, together with an expression of this company's thanks for his efficiency and ability when efficiency and ability were most needed by it.' They were darn unanimous about it too," added Beaumont.

"I—treasurer—a hundred thousand!" Yard stammered, nonplused and blushing.

"Treasurer and general manager, that's to be the title. I'm going to sit in a private office and loaf and smoke and watch the wheels go round. You're it."

"But a hundred thousand ——"

"Suppose you dropped a bundle of bills—a million dollars—on the street, and somebody worked like the devil to get them back to you, wouldn't it be worth a ten per cent commission? You're shoutin' loud it would! Besides a young fellow needs quite a pile to marry on these days." Big John chuckled.

"I'm not going to be married, Mr. Beaumont," said Yard dully.

"Huh!" grunted Big John, but added nothing to it. "We've got to see a man for a minute, and then I want to show you your new office—it's right through that door."

He pressed a button and an office boy responded.

"Ask Mr. Withey if he will step in now," he said.

Presently a man past middle life, with an intelligent, whimsical, shrewd face, appeared in the door. He was tall, though a little rounded at the shoulders, very neatly dressed in garments made by no tailor's apprentice. Yard looked at him, found something vaguely familiar about him, but could not give him a place in his memory.

"Mr. Withey, Mr. Yard," said Big John.

Withey's eyes twinkled. "Calc'late"—he said in a voice and diction manifestly not in keeping with his exterior—"calc'late I'm doggone glad to see you again, son. Hain't got any new magazines, have you, eh? Need some powerful bad. Read up all I got. Last one had a dum good yarn in it too. I sat alongside the stove and read off that story from the pictures as easy as anythin'. Dunno what I'd do, son, if 'twa'n't for them lit'ry pursoots."

"Sim-sam!" exclaimed Yard, and their two hands gripped.

"Mean trick to play on you and Mr. Beaumont, wasn't it? But I couldn't very well tell you. Government had an eye on your business, you see. Since the war we've had a load of trouble with hyphenated gentlemen of different breeds, and have got so we keep a pretty close eye on them. Wouldn't have got this thing, though, if the postmaster hadn't spotted it and written letters about it. Shrewd old codger. So they sent me on the job."

"You mean ——"

"Work for Uncle Sam, yes. And between the postmaster and me—and you—we've landed 'em. Got Holmquist now and Langlois on that little dynamite matter. Ekstrom is, or will be to-day, under indictment for conspiracy and other small matters. So you don't have to worry about that crowd any more."

"I feel," said Yard slowly, "as if a good friend were dead."

"Not a bit; he's just changed his skin. I hope you'll find Withey's as good a man as Sim-sam was."

"I'll miss him," said Yard.

"Now," intervened Beaumont, "Yard's got to be shown his office. There'll be lots of time for you men to talk after that. Right through this door, Yard."

Big John opened the door, shoved Yard through and closed it again. Then he and Withey waited with such expressions as men wear when they've done something that pleases them very much.

Svea sat near the window. Yard was looking into her eyes before he realized she was there. He stopped abruptly. Svea arose and came toward him.

"Oh, Van!" she said softly. "Van!"

He stood uncertain, not moving, not speaking.

"I know—everything," she said. "Why, oh, why, didn't you tell me? Why didn't you defend yourself?"

Still he made no reply, only stood staring at her, not able to comprehend, not able to realize or to believe.

"Have I got to say it, Van? It's hard for a girl to say." She put her hands on his shoulders and looked up into his face. "Don't you want me? Won't you take me? I don't know what will become of me if—you send me away, because I love you, Van, I love you, dear!" Her arms had found their way round his neck and her face was hidden on his shoulder.

It was not by words that Yard responded, but presently he found his voice.

"All the rest of it wouldn't have mattered without you," he said.

"Poor boy!" She touched his cheek with light fingers. "I made you suffer when I should have known. Instead of trusting you, I believed—what I believed. True and trustworthy! It makes me want to cry; but there mustn't be any tears to-day, dear."

"Nor ever for you."

"You will never cause me one," she said simply.

Suddenly he picked her from her feet and held her up before his eyes. His face was alight, and Svea's heart leaped with gladness to hear the care-free joyousness of his laugh. She knew it was his first attempt at a laugh for months.

"I must tell somebody," his voice sang. "I want everybody to know. I can't keep it. Oh, Svea! Svea! It can't be true!"

She struggled away from him, laughing, and opened the door.

"Tell them," she said; "but it won't be news, I'm afraid."

Yard drew her into the other room, holding her close as if in fear she might slip away from him. Big John and Withey stood grinning at him.

"Boss," said Yard, "thanks for that hundred thousand. I'm going to need every cent of it."

"Sort of figured you would," chuckled Big John. "Isn't it a thing to see?" he demanded, turning to the man who had been Sim-sam.

"The finest sight in the world!" said Sim-sam; and Van Twiller Yard was in perfect agreement with that estimate.

(THE END)

No Tidings at All

OUT in a little town in Nebraska was a youth who aspired to rise in the railroad business. So, while still in his teens, he got a job at forty dollars a month. By industry and faithfulness he worked his way up until at the end of twenty-two years of constant service he was the entire staff—ticket seller, depot master, train dispatcher and janitor—of the station, and was still getting forty dollars a month just as regularly as the months came round. Despite his success in his chosen profession, there were times when to his fellow townsmen he seemed soured and morose.

One hot day he was clicking his telegraph key in his baking little cuddy-hole of an office when the local minister dropped in and, shoving his head in through the ticket window, said in his best pulpit voice and manner: "Brother, what tidings of the noon train?" Without raising his head, the sweaty pessimist made answer: "Not a goldarn tiding!" he said, and went on clicking.

"---I have never seen anything in print that really describes this wonderful car."

(A Cadillac owner in Cleveland, Ohio.)

THE foregoing comment was not prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment for a new car.

It was penned by the owner after an intimate acquaintance with his Cadillac covering a period of two years.

The longer he drove it the more he realized that he had never seen anything in print which really described it.

And it is because of the absence of anything with which to compare it that comparisons are not possible.

It is because its performance is so unique and so fascinating that it is difficult to describe.

It is difficult to describe a sense of motion where one becomes almost forgetful that he is borne along by mechanical means.

The quickness of pick-up, the instant response, the sustained power, are things which mere words cannot portray.

Likewise it is difficult to express in words the impression of smoothness which rough roads seem to possess when traversed in a Cadillac.

Nor is it possible to express in words the feeling that hills seem almost to melt away as the car surmounts them.

Again, it is difficult to describe the feeling of rest and relaxation which Cadillac motorists enjoy —even on long journeys.

And the sense of security, the peace of mind, the freedom from apprehension of annoyance, are thoughts not easy to convey.

It is only when you have ridden in and driven the car, that you can know and understand the differences between the Cadillac and merely "a motor car".

The performance fascinates you on your thousandth ride no less than on your first.

As your Cadillac experience broadens, your enthusiasm increases—the charm intensifies.

You begin to understand the feelings of the owner who said: "I have never seen anything in print that really describes this wonderful car".

And then it will dawn upon you that the best description of the Cadillac is that words cannot describe it.

The Cadillac Type-57 Chassis will be available with the following body styles: Standard Seven-Passenger Car, Four-Passenger Phaeton, Two-Passenger Roadster with Rumble Seat, Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria, Five-Passenger Brougham, Four-Passenger Town Limousine and Town Landaulet, Seven-Passenger Limousine, Landaulet and Imperial.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO DETROIT MICHIGAN

(1893-1917)
Twenty-fifth Successful Year

HAYNES

"America's First Car"

One mile per hour on high gear—and then

—a velvety pick-up to 30 miles per hour in 7½ seconds
—up a steep grade quietly, gaining speed
—on to the level and up to a smooth 60-mile pace
—or a steady pull without vibration through hub-deep mud, sand or snow.

You're *not* in a "demonstrator." You're in some friend's Haynes. Every day it performs this way for him. That's why it's "America's Greatest Light Six"

Perhaps he has driven it 30,000 or 40,000 miles, as many have. The power is still there, you will note.

That's why, since 1914, no radical changes in this engine have been found necessary. No stock 6-cylinder engine of comparable size excels it. We have yet to discover its equal.

3½c per mile for tires, fuel, oil and repairs is all it averages for 17,000 Haynes "Light Six" owners—unsurpassed economy for big, powerful cars.

"America's Greatest Light Six" is the car for *you!* Catalog on request.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana, U.S.A.*

HAYNES
"America's Greatest Light Six"
$1595—$1725
Wire Wheels Additional

HAYNES
"America's Greatest Light Twelve"
$2095—$2225
Including Wire Wheels

THE SUCCULENT FREIGHT CLAIM

(Continued from Page 16)

The face of the young man who examined the claims of the potato shipper overspread with a broad grin almost as soon as he had glanced at the documents. Handing the tray of papers back to his superior, he remarked:

"There's a man you ought to hire. He's some worker! He has sworn to personally resorting and resacking seventeen carloads of potatoes on one and the same day. Any man who can sort and sack almost ten thousand bushels of potatoes a day is certainly a cyclone!"

The claim department may be easy money—but not quite so easy as that! There are few crooks sufficiently accomplished to keep their operations free from inconsistencies—and consistency is the one jewel for which the claim agent is always searching.

Another experience of the freight claim bureau manager illustrates this point. Last year he was called upon to investigate claims for loss on two cars of vegetables from California. They were from the same shipper, to the same consignee, and were sent out in the same train under identical instructions to keep iced to destination.

While they were en route the thermometer dropped to twenty-eight. Instructions were wired to cut out the two cars and keep them in a warm roundhouse until the weather moderated. This was done with one car, but the other escaped, through the carelessness of the crew. On this car, which went on to its destination, a claim was made for two hundred dollars' damages on account of freezing; while on the other, three hundred dollars' damages were asked on account of delay.

Crooked Claimants' Pets

"You can't heat and refrigerate the same shipment at the same time," was the comment of the claim expert, "and you can't be fined for an attempt to protect the shipper's goods against his instructions and at the same time be soaked for damages resulting from following instructions. The road may be stuck on one of these counts—but not on both of them!"

Eternal vigilance at both ends is the price of protection from dishonest and unfair freight claims. If goods are carefully and intelligently inspected when shipped and again when delivered the crooked claimant has little chance, as a rule, to soak the road. Of course the great bulk of loss and damage claims comes from shippers of perishable goods. Probably more unfair claims are given the color of plausibility by getting the road to accept goods not in condition for safe shipment than by any other means. Eggs furnish constant illustration of how this principle operates.

Not long ago a large egg-storage concern that had been making extensive shipments ordered another car from a road that had determined to reduce the claims arising from the acceptance of goods that were not up to the standard of quality that a clean receipt—a bill of lading bearing no comment of off condition—would presume them to be. Therefore this carrier had the eggs inspected by the representative of an inspection bureau known to do very thorough work. The inspection indicated that they were the checks that had been eliminated by the candling of an immense quantity of eggs from which previous shipments had been made.

The shipper was compelled to accept a receipt on which was noted the fact that the eggs were checks. They could not be sent over another road as first-class eggs for the reason that the inspecting bureau represented all the other roads at that point.

What would have happened had not there been special inspection at point of shipment is indicated by another incident: In this case carelessness on the part of the shipper or his employees accidentally accomplished for the road what proper inspection before the acceptance of the goods would have made certain.

The claim agent of the road over which a car of eggs had been shipped received notice that the consignee refused to accept the eggs because they were spoiled. Because a carload of eggs in these days is worth quite an impressive sum of money the claim agent went in person to give the rejected goods the once over.

One glance at the tiers of cases brought a smile to his face. Pointing to the words chalked on the cases, he remarked to the consignee:

"I was brought up to believe that there is one thing in the world that can't be spoiled—that's a rotten egg!"

The telltale legends scrawled on the cases were checks, rots, spots and dirties.

When the consignee began to insist that he would not accept the shipment and that the railroad would be held liable for the condition of the eggs, the claim agent remarked:

"You take them away and drop the matter or we'll make an example of you. The next time you egg men hook up to sting the road for a car of rots, spots and dirties you'd better see to it that the cases are not so marked."

Though eggs take first rank as crooked claimants' pets, fresh fruit is a close second. The trick is to get a clean receipt for a shipment that is virtually certain to be delivered at destination in bad condition.

In a certain Northwestern city a sudden severe cold snap in the fall resulted in the receipt of a shipment of frozen apples. As the carrier was following the practice of having an inspecting bureau give all important shipments of highly perishable goods a careful examination at both ends of the route, the claim was disallowed. When the consignee declined to accept the car and indulged in considerable strong talk about the gall of a railroad that would not settle for a car of frozen apples the claim agent quietly remarked:

"The next time you try to rig up a game to unload a car of culls and squeezed-ends on the company as first-grade fruit you'd better tell your packer not to send the apple press back in the same car with the culled stuff."

The consignee had ordered a large shipment of apples delivered at another city. Here the squeezed-ends and the bruised fruit—to the extent of about thirty barrels—had been repacked into barrels that plainly showed they had been recoopered. The presence in the car with these culls of the press used in reheading the barrels was a bit of circumstantial evidence showing quite clearly what had been done.

Often the conniving shipper is betrayed by his own carelessness, as in the case just described, but more frequently he is able to put his scheme through and make the railroad pay the bill. Scores of carloads of potatoes, damaged by frost in the field have been settled for by the roads receiving them. The only trick necessary is to get them past the agent who receives them and secure his unqualified receipt for them.

One Hundred Per Cent Inspection

The average railway station agent at the typical country shipping point generally has enough to do without attempting to become a specialist in freight inspection. Ordinarily he has small temptation to overexert himself along this line, because he wishes to cultivate a good standing with the shippers of his locality. He is after volume of business, and to get this he must avoid giving his freight patrons the impression that he is too particular about their shipments. Quite naturally he is inclined to the attitude that it is better to take an occasional chance on giving the claim department a little work than to allow the men who bring the best business to the road to get the notion that he is suspicious of his shippers and disposed to side with the big corporation for which he works. His natural inclination is to maintain a liberal attitude toward its customers, who are his neighbors and friends.

One claim agent, who is recognized as an authority in his specialty of damage claims, sketches the situation in these colors:

"There is no doubt that the amount paid out by the railroads of this country in settlement of crooked, unfair and unwarranted freight claims could be cut down immensely—possibly to the extent of two or three million dollars—if one hundred per cent inspection of all shipments before acceptance and before delivery could be made.

"Then why not go to it, give proper inspection and clean up the curse of crooked and unfair freight claims? Because the gulf between available inspection and ideal inspection is several million dollars wide! Proper inspection—the sort that would really do the business and work the desired reform—is an expert job, and only a few of the station agents in the country districts are capable of discharging that task. If all were they would not be tending country stations, but drawing salaries as freight experts double those they are now receiving. In short, if the roads gave rigid freight inspection at both ends of the haul the expense would be so great that a lot of them could not stand up under the drain. The best they can do is to give such inspection in cases where the need is greatest and trust to that to throw the fear of detection into those who would gladly attempt to mulct the carrier by means of the stuffed or crooked freight claim.

"In other words, the railroads cannot afford to maintain a force of the size and kind capable of keeping all the crows out of their cornfield. The best they can do is to bag an occasional marauder and decorate the field with scarecrows in the shape of examples of those who have come to grief by trying to soak the company once too often.

"When you consider that there are several roads that settle more than a hundred thousand loss and damage freight claims a year—some of them more than two hundred thousand—and that the number of claims is trifling in comparison with the number of shipments of perishable goods alone, it will be seen that anything approaching one hundred per cent inspection at both ends of shipping transactions is almost a super-task. Again, the cost of railway brains is every day increasing and the supply becoming smaller. Besides, all costs of operation and maintenance have increased immensely, while the roads have not been permitted to increase their incomes by raising freight rates."

It's the Railroad That Pays

"It is true that some relief in the matter of adequate inspection has been afforded by the work of the well-organized inspection bureau, acting for perhaps all the roads at an important shipping point. If it had not been for the results accomplished by this means we should not know, nearly so well as we do now, to what an extent right inspection at both ends of the shipping transaction is capable of cutting down freight claim abuses.

"Though this kind of service is not unreasonable in its costs—which really reflect in many instances the economies of pooled work—the fact remains that to-day few roads can afford to avail themselves of this protection to the extent that they would like. They must use it as a scarecrow, a net in which to catch an occasional example that can be exploited with general salutary effect. They cannot afford inspection so thorough that it will be practically an insurance against being worked."

The manner in which this expert inspection is made use of may be illustrated by the practice of a road serving one of the largest strawberry-growing sections in the Middle West. It has four men on field duty who flit from one point to another in this locality, according to the demands for cars. They inspect the berries in the field, see that they are properly handled between the field and the car and supervise the loading.

Detailed reports on the condition of every car and shipment go at once to headquarters, and to the expert inspectors at the big market where the fruit is received.

As the situation is seen from the viewpoint of the freight claim agent it is safe for him to assume that every shipper makes a choice between two customers for the merchandise covered by his bill of lading. The man in the trade to whom the goods are supposed to be sold, and the common carrier who is given the job of hauling them. Of course the majority of shippers do not actually consider the carrier as a customer excepting when the delinquency or misfortune of the road so dictates, but so many premeditated and manipulated sales to the carrier are made in this manner that the claim agent must, as a matter of course, take this possibility into consideration.

On a falling market there is a notable tendency to attempt a forced sale to the carrier by means of the freight claim department. Expressed in the slang of the street, the rule of practice is "In case of a slump stick the carrier."

Fruit shippers have long since learned that loading gangs, as a rule, are not consumed with interest as to the quality or condition of the goods they are stowing. They are generally hurried, and their chief concern is to clear the platform and fill the car. Consequently the men who pick up fruit in less than carload lots at the auctions are often experts in getting past the loaders with shipments that are unfit for transportation and a menace to the sound fruit in the same car. When fruit of this kind gets past at the point of shipment it is almost automatically sold to the carrier—and for the price of the stuff in good condition.

Claim agents declare that their troubles are almost entirely with the smaller shippers and that the big concerns—the large fruit companies, for example—seldom place a higher estimate on their damages than do the claim agents themselves. An agent of wide experience sums up the situation thus:

"The most common method of beating the carriers—by means of stuffed freight claims—is in charging them with the inherent defects of perishable goods. For example, fruits and vegetables from the South and from the Pacific Coast are subject to attack by a host of enemies in the form of fungi and diseases. These attacks are not apparent to the eye of the layman at the time of shipment, but they develop in transit, through no fault whatever of the carrier. Though some large and progressive shippers have themselves fought these enemies and reduced their ravages greatly through scientific research and the right selection and handling of the fruit, the railroads cannot, from their present revenues, employ the specialists and the scientific talent necessary to reduce this drain to a reasonable volume.

"The carrying of cattle is another unfailing source of claim trouble. No matter why or how an animal dies in transit the railroad is supposed to pay for it—and generally does pay! To all practical purposes the bill of lading is an insurance policy on the life of every animal in the shipment. The only known method by which this virtual livestock-insurance game can be broken is for the carrier to hire a veterinarian to make a post-mortem examination on every animal dying in transit. As this will cost about eight or ten dollars each time it is done, regardless of the findings or of their results in the settlement of the claims, the roads have considered it cheaper, in the long run, to pay the claims with little reference to their intrinsic justice—at least so far as the matter of the carrier's responsibility for a loss is concerned."

Hauling Livestock

"There is still another phase of the business of hauling livestock that the freight claim agent is called upon constantly to face. This is the question of shrinkage. If there is delay in the delivery of a load of livestock a claim for shrinkage is certain. If the same shipment had been originally sent to a destination requiring a run according to schedule of just the time consumed by this trip plus the delay, and the run was made on time, there would in the shipper's opinion be no shrinkage! The fact is that a certain amount of shrinkage in the shipment of animals is inevitable, owing to the excitement and heat incident to loading. This cannot be avoided—yet the railroads have to pay for it if a shipment suffers any decay in transit.

"Again, there are the unavoidable shrinkage and loss in the carrying and handling of grain. When a fair system of tolerance or allowances is worked out with reference to the shrinkage of livestock and grain that shall cover the variations of the scales on which they are weighed a big chronic leakage for the roads will be stopped."

On the score of livestock claims one expert makes the observation that this leakage is especially hard to check because of the difficulties of inspection. Accuracy of inspection is difficult when the railroad agent at the point of shipment is working with the utmost good faith and energy to that end. Often, if not generally, the loading is done at night and under conditions making it difficult for any save an expert to spot a weakling that has been run in for the purpose of selling it to the railroad.

"Cattle chutes," he remarks, "and loading pens are rarely to be located quite a little distance from the railroad stations, because they are objectionable to the residents of the town. This fact has no small

(Concluded on Page 43)

BLUE BUCKLE Overalls

"STRONG ALL OVER"

TRADE MARK

UNION MADE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Men Who Do the Nation's Work

Men at the plow and men at the throttle—men who perform the heavy-duty tasks of the Nation—wear Blue Buckle Overalls, and they find in them all the rugged strength and long service that their work demands.

Made of genuine Indigo Denim, cut full for perfect ease of movement, with seams of double strength to resist pull and strain, Blue Buckle Overalls answer every requirement of the hardest workers. Every genuine Blue Buckle Overall is fashioned by a Union worker whose aim is to make garments worthy of the Blue Buckle Trade Mark and the Union Label.

Your dealer probably sells all sizes of Blue Buckle Overalls—or can get them for you. It's worth your while to insist on the genuine Blue Buckle Overall—and it's sound business judgment for your dealer to supply them.

Price list, detailed information, and sample garment will be sent to merchants who do not now handle Blue Buckle Overalls. Kindly give your jobber's name.

JOBBERS' OVERALL COMPANY . . . . . Lynchburg, Virginia

(Concluded from Page 41)

influence in stimulating carelessness in inspection. The agent at the shipping point finds it more difficult by reason of this fact to be at the chutes to inspect every shipment as it is being loaded. Then, too, he is likely to feel the pressure of leniency of inspection on the part of the road that is trying to take the shipper's business away from him. 'Why be fussy,' he asks himself, 'with a heavy shipper who knows he can take his cattle to another carrier that will accept his livestock without question so long as it can scramble up the chute and into the car?' An apparent law of livestock shrinkage is that when delay in transit lands the cattle on a better market than they would have reached had the run been made on schedule time there is no shrinkage."

Not far from thirty-five million dollars is annually paid by the railroads of this country in settlement of freight claims. The face value of the claims is many times that amount. Therefore, the question of how to cut down this heavy outgo is a matter of importance—especially in these war days, when the value of almost every commodity hauled is increased over normal times.

This being the carrier's innings, let a railroad official state the case for the roads:

"War pressure," he declares, "has immensely increased the difficulties of transportation—especially as law limits our income by barring increased rates of earning, though our expense is increased in every particular in spite of all that we can do. This means that we must often deny ourselves the benefits of thorough inspection on account of its cost. The best that can be done is to meet the situation with compromise measures, to use the agencies we have as best we can—which is to say, a little more intelligently and industriously than we have used them in the past!"

Cutting Down Claims

"For example, there is not an important road in the country that is not making a sincere and energetic effort to get better inspection from its station and freight agents, to arouse these men who receive freight for shipment to a keener interest in preventing losses and claims by exercising greater care as to the quality of the merchandise that they accept for shipment and as to the forwarding of such merchandise. Again, the roads are educating their agents in the principles of better inspection and safer handling of perishables and coaching them in the methods by which losses may be avoided. One or two roads are getting remarkable results from their campaigns along these lines.

"This is practical preventive work. Though it does instruct the agents in the best means of meeting the crooked schemes by which the roads are 'worked' through the claim departments, its main protective drive is to cut down the volume of just claims. There are so many more shippers who are on the square and are quite as anxious as we to reduce the nuisance of loss and damage to goods in transit than there are who see in the freight claim a means of crooked profit that we have among freight shippers an army of men who are eagerly giving our educational campaign loyal support.

"This coöperation is especially valuable in the constructive work of standardizing certain elements that enter into a great volume of claims. Grain and livestock shrinkages come under this head. A system of tolerances is being worked out that will help in eliminating the debatable element in hundreds of thousands of claims."

As an indication of what can be accomplished when the management of a big road determines to put its organization on its toes in the matter of reducing its loss and damage claims take the case of a certain Western line serving an immense livestock country. There was no difficulty in locating the trouble: Delays-in-transit was the name of the disease. But the remedy was not so easily found. Finally, however, the plan of placing before the general superintendent every day a detailed report of the movement of all stock trains on the line was hit upon by those responsible for working out a cure. The report showed the movement of each train and its average speed. At a glance this official could see where there had been lagging and delays. As a result the division superintendent was promptly called for the delinquency, and he naturally got after the operating organization and put the spurs in where they would do the most good.

Each division superintendent was sent a copy of the stock train report at the same time that it went forward to the general superintendent. Often the result of this was that the responsibility for the delay had been located by the time the division superintendent was called by his superior.

What was the result of this practice? In one year the road reduced its livestock claims by $99,304.72—a very tidy little saving! This amounted to a reduction of almost fifty per cent at one stroke.

The same road went after its grain claims. Here the plan was to have a complete record on every car regarding weighing and inspection. The report showed the kind of scales and weights used and the name of every agent, conductor, inspector or other employee having anything to do with the weighing, handling and observation of the car. The result was a general overhauling of grain scales and the discovery that many of them were faulty and incorrect. There was a saving of twenty thousand dollars in grain claims on this line in the year when this campaign was started.

Educating the Station Agent

This line also took a new twist in the education of the station agent. Before, he had received only orders as to the inspection and handling of freight. Under the new plan, he was sent instructions and then given a surprise party in the form of an examination. He had ten days in which to answer about twenty questions based on the instructions previously sent. The examination papers must be mailed to the general superintendent, and every agent or clerk answering the questions knows that he will be marked on his answers as carefully as if he were after a civil-service rating.

The results of this correspondence course in freight inspection and handling are not so easily and definitely traced as were the results from the plan used to cut down livestock delays, but they have been clearly beneficial in a high degree. At the start there were few who received a good rating on their examinations. The average mark was low. But when the agents and clerks found that the marks of all were made public in the organization their answers improved, until now more papers receive a rating of ninety than fall below that grade. The questions and the instructions on which they are based cover almost every essential in inspecting and handling freight.

Before this correspondence school in freight work was started the printed orders from the superintendent's office were evidently looked upon, to a large extent, as so much junk sent out by officials and their clerks who must do something to make a showing against their salary checks. They were read carelessly, if at all, and were consigned to the discard as soon as possible.

But that has become ancient history under the new plan. The examination papers show that the instructions are at least read. Though this correspondence has cost something, its expense has been small.

It is fortified by a limited amount of personal instruction on the part of inspectors traveling out of the office of the general superintendent of each district. The calls of these itinerant instructors are never announced and are as irregular as possible. The transportation inspector generally contrives to drop in at a moment when the station agent least expects him. There is nothing in the condition or the affairs of the station that does not interest him. He goes through its records and its correspondence looking for astray waybills, for "overs," for delayed correspondence, and for indications of lax methods in dealing with draymen and truckers.

Then he noses about the freight rooms, platforms and yards and takes notice of the manner in which packages are marked, cars cleaned and cargoes stowed and braced, the stacking of heavy freight upon other freight unable to bear it, the stowing of way freight so that it cannot be handled quickly when its station is reached—and all other failures to do business according to the instructions.

If the station is the shipping point for a manufacturer or a jobber whose goods are not properly marked, boxed or crated the transportation inspector goes with the agent to the shipper and carefully explains to both of them the reason why losses and damages occur as a consequence of the deficient marking or packing.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that these inspectors can be trailed by improvement in the service of the stations visited and by the higher markings secured by their agents on the next examination papers. The officials of this road declare that the combination of the correspondence course and the transportation inspector is the hope of the claim department—which is determined to work itself out of a job, so far as that is humanly possible.

Other unannounced travelers on this road who are bent on keeping down the loss and damage total are the train riders—the plain-clothes police of the railroad, who are always sent on the runs that are the favorites with car robbers and pilferers. These flying squadrons are extremely effective in discouraging depredations.

The road on which these progressive plans have been put in practice has accomplished so much in meeting the pressure on the loss and damage check book that the rather doleful view of some claim agents as to the practical correction of abuses under present conditions seems hardly warranted. Though it may be granted that one hundred per cent inspection is not practicable under present limitations of freight revenues, this line has given a lively demonstration of the fact that much can be accomplished without adding greatly to present organization or expenses.

THE AVIATOR'S SIXTH SENSE

(Continued from Page 20)

he become familiar with the kinds and qualities used in aëroplane construction? What sort of men had he handled and how many at one time? What was the nature of the inspection work he was now engaged in and what previous occupation had fitted him for the position? Why had he not held his last position longer? And so on.

The applicant came through the test with flying colors; and at the end of the interview he was given a memorandum to appear before the examining unit at the university hospital, near by, to undergo a physical examination. His replies had been full and quick and clear; he had sat quietly in the chair, with knees crossed. It could easily be seen that his answers had been given without mental reservation. When the captain handed the memorandum to him he did not ask for directions, though he was a stranger in the city. He had the name of the hospital and he would find it.

"That's the sort of man we like to have present himself for examination," remarked the captain when the recruit had departed. "He is dependable, clear-headed. When he is sent out on reconnaissance he will get the information he goes after. He can think for himself, and that is a quality which no university can teach a man. The reason we prefer a man who has had college or high-school training is that the accepted applicant must undergo the most intensive sort of training for six months or so; must be able to assimilate technical and semitechnical information in large amounts; and he must be able to bear up under the strain of practical and theoretical instruction for ten hours a day if he is to bear up under the vicissitudes of his new calling.

"We much prefer the thoroughbred—the man of nerve—and yet without nerves. These men must be gentlemen, for they are to be officers when they have satisfactorily completed their studies at the ground and flying schools designated. They will be commissioned first lieutenants after approximately six months of study; whereas it takes four years of plugging for a lad to be graduated from West Point and get the same sort of commission. If I were a young man looking for a bargain the aviation service would appeal to me, for the recruit is paid while he is learning. He should have imagination, too, for he is asked to navigate a strange medium, of which we know very little. True, we have meteorologists; but none of them has made first-hand studies of the upper-air strata. And he must have the sixth sense of a hawk."

"Would you mind telling me what this sixth sense is?"

Flyers Without the Sixth Sense

"It would take too long; and, anyway, the examining surgeon at the university hospital can do it better. I will give you a note to him. Briefly, however, it is a sense of equilibrium, which every man we accept must have to guide him when he is flying out of sight of the earth. Why, we have been compelled to disqualify, physically, well-known exhibition aviators, simply because they did not have this essential qualification. They couldn't understand our reasons for this; in fact, they were quite skeptical. But, as a matter of fact, we saved their lives by rejecting them, and as many good aëroplanes. Just so long as they fly at low altitudes and in clear daylight they are all right; but they never could have carried out a night bombing attack and returned safely. A military aviator, you know, must also be something of a cartographer, a mathematician, a navigator, a meteorologist, a topographer, a wireless operator, a chauffeur, a gunner, a photographer and a mechanician."

"I rather expected you to ask the applicant whether he used either tobacco or intoxicants," I interjected.

"It wouldn't have done any good; besides, our examining surgeons will find that out soon enough. It is really pathetic to see how eager some of these young men, of excellent family and sometimes holding good executive positions, are to get into the aviation service. Some of them so badly want to make a good impression on the board that they stretch the truth a wee bit. The main purpose of these interviews is to check up the applicant's written statements and to get into close personal touch with him.

"Usually a board of this kind consists of from two to five commissioned officers of the Regular Army or of the Signal Corps, one or two of whom may be medical officers. This board consists of three—the chief examining surgeon, with headquarters in the university hospital, who holds a commission as major; a young specialist, with the commission of first lieutenant, who correlates the work of the two places and acts in an advisory capacity in passing upon each recruit; and myself, as president.

"Each applicant, after receiving instructions from the chief signal officer to present himself at this office for examination, is interviewed in the manner just shown, sent to the city for thorough physical examination, and then returns here for a final interview. If accepted he is sworn in, his finger prints are taken by the post surgeon, and he is told to return to his home and await the action of the War Department, meantime going about his regular business as if nothing had happened.

"At the end of from four to ten days he is usually called upon to leave for one of the numerous ground schools; and his progress there depends entirely upon his former training, his adaptability and the amount of time he devotes to study. We have neither time nor machines to waste on the unfit; we want men who realize the seriousness of the present situation and who will willingly shoulder responsibilities; who can act in emergencies without having someone do their thinking for them—men with nerve, poise, muscle balance and courage."

Men That Will Make Aviators

"Recently a report to the effect that there was an oversupply of recruits was brought to my attention. This was untrue. No attempt has been made, you know, to get aviation recruits through advertising; it has not been necessary. At the present time they are coming in at just about the right rate; but the standard of the men is not quite so high as formerly. Some extra-good material for the aviation branch of the service is, through one cause or another, being diverted into other branches. The ambulance service already contains hundreds of good men who could be made into military aviators, and many of them already have asked to be transferred to the aviation corps."

"Do you believe the lack of college or high-school training has kept suitable men out of the aviation service?" I asked.

"No; because we have always tried to make it clear that a man with the proper

(Concluded on Page 47)

Victor
VICTOR
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The
Sign of
Supremacy

So the public may know

Victrola is the Registered Trade-mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.

The use of the word **Victrola** upon or in the promotion or sale of any other talking machine or phonograph products is misleading and illegal.

Ask any Victor dealer to play for you any kind of music you wish to hear and to demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$10 to $400.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized by our special processes of manufacture, and their use, one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect Victor reproduction.

Victor Supremacy

NOT ONLY A BETTER BATTERY BUT BACKED BY PREST-O-LITE SERVICE

A Better Battery Builds a Bigger Business

A LITTLE less than a year ago we announced the Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery to the motoring public.

The achievements of this year of battery history are one of the greatest proofs of the superiority of Prest-O-Lite.

The demand among discriminating owners, dealers and manufacturers caused us to double—to triple—to finally build the battery factories at our great Indianapolis Main Plant to six times the floor space occupied a year ago, and with this increase in capacity has come a proportionate increase in the production of Prest-O-Lite Batteries.

In the engineering laboratories great strides have been made in substituting precise, inflexible, efficient standards for the old "rule-of-thumb" methods inherited from the storage batteries of the past.

In manufacturing—new processes and new standards—have given to motorists a storage battery capable of greater endurance—longer life—increased value in everyday service under any and all conditions of road and weather.

You who know the meaning of grids, cells, terminals, sulphation, active material and other of the "inside facts" of the storage battery, will be interested in the tests which show the results of this exacting care in the manufacture of every Prest-O-Lite Battery.

In the past year Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries have been adopted as standard equipment by manufacturers of representative cars in every class.

And in keeping with the great, ever-increasing demand for these better batteries—the Prest-O-Lite System of Service, founded with the dawn of the automobile industry, has, in the past year, doubled, and doubled again, in the number of its battery service stations, until today you will find honest, intelligent, expert service awaiting you wherever you drive your car.

These are the results of a year since Prest-O-Lite announced its Storage Battery.

The reasons are contained in the storage battery itself and the great, growing organization which backs it up.

For the coming year, and years to follow, it will pay you to know the Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery. There is a correct size for your car. It means the beginning of the end of your battery troubles.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc.

[illegible] Main Office & Factory, Indianapolis, Ind.
[illegible] General Office & Factory, Toronto, Ont.

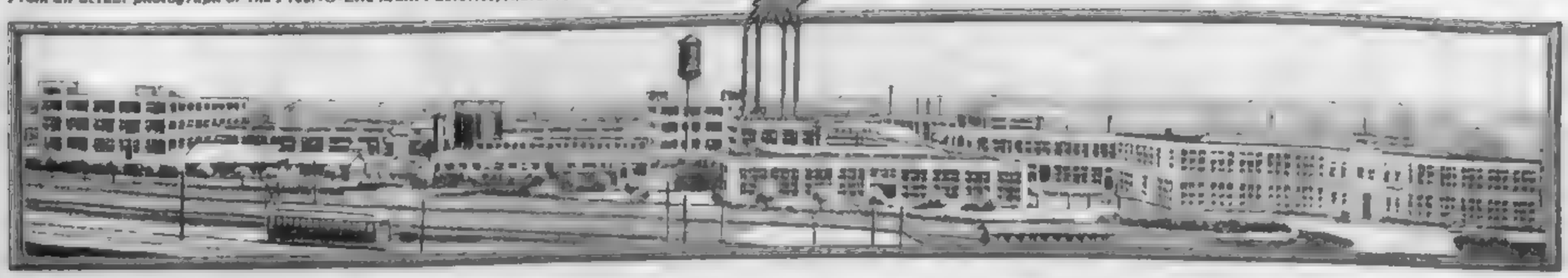
DIRECT FACTORY BRANCHES

Atlanta	Des Moines	Montreal
Baltimore	Detroit	New York
Boston	Indianapolis	Omaha
Buffalo	Jacksonville	Philadelphia
Chicago	Kansas City	Pittsburgh
Cincinnati	Los Angeles	San Francisco
Cleveland	Memphis	Seattle
Dallas	Merritton, Ont.	Syracuse
Davenport	Milwaukee	St. Louis
Denver	Minneapolis	St. Paul
San Antonio		Winnipeg

—and more than 600 specially appointed Prest-O-Lite Battery Service Stations in all parts of the country

Prest-O-Lite STORAGE BATTERY

From an actual photograph of the Prest-O-Lite Main Factories, Indianapolis, Indiana



(Concluded from Page 43)

qualifications would be accepted. I should say, rather, that it has kept out men who haven't it in them to become good officers. Understand, please, that an applicant is never disqualified by the board through a mere whim; we wish to see men pass, but they must have the qualifications!"

The interview was at an end and I had learned that all army officers were not ogres. Here was a man who had the best interests of his country, and of the men who wanted to fight for it, at heart. His was a most delicate position, for upon him rested the responsibility of choosing the men who were, in the words of his chief, to "sweep the Germans from the sky." He was able to understand the keen disappointment with which a recruit received the news of his rejection, for he himself had been a pioneer aviator.

It was a short ride to the historic old city in which the university is located, and immediately upon our arrival Johnny and I sought out the chief examining surgeon. The captain, in allowing me to be present during an interview with applicants, had created one precedent for me; and now another was to be created—that I might witness the actual examination of aviation applicants. Here I should see how the equilibrium test unerringly separated born birdmen from ordinary mortals by the application of artificial stimuli to the semicircular canals of the ear, where the sixth sense is located.

I asked the chief examining surgeon to give me an explanation of this test and tell me how it was made.

"The equilibrium of the body is maintained by three things—our muscle sense; the sense of sight; and the sense of equilibrium, or sixth sense," he began. "Normally every movement of the body necessitates a movement of the lymph contained in the semicircular canals of the internal ear, and the impulses thus created are carried to the brain centers and translated into equilibration. Our position in space, or our equilibrium, is due to a combination of impulses from these semicircular canals to the brain centers.

"The four reactions obtained by artificial stimulation of these spirit levels of the ear are as follows: nystagmus—rhythmic rolling the eyeballs from side to side; falling; vertigo; and 'past pointing.' The latter is the objective sign of vertigo. A recruit, with eyes closed, is turned to the right in a special revolving chair ten times in ten seconds, because this formula has been found to give the best results. Suddenly he is stopped and the chair is locked in position. The lymph in the ear keeps moving to the right, thus leading the individual to believe he is traveling to the left. With eyes still closed, the recruit is asked to put his arm straight before him and touch a fixed object; then to raise his arm high above his head and return slowly to the object. The vertigo produced by the revolving motion, however, induces him to believe he has turned a certain distance to the left; therefore, when he brings his finger down to where he believes the fixed object to be, it isn't there, but just so far either to the right or left as he has made allowance for in his mind. The absence of vertigo positively indicates that there is a lesion preventing impulses from reaching the proper brain centers."

"How long does the complete examination require?"

Johnny Scores in Initiative

"Working in absolute harmony to a common end, and with the best of facilities, the examiners now make it possible for a recruit to arrive at the captain's office in the morning and to know by evening whether he has been accepted or rejected. Before the work was standardized the complete examination required from two to three days.

"Medical science is now so complex that one man cannot be competent in all its branches. Therefore, the advantage of having an examining unit located in a university hospital becomes immediately apparent. When the chief examining surgeon is in doubt as to the condition of an applicant's heart, for example, he calls in a heart specialist from an adjoining floor or room, or a lung specialist if there is the least doubt regarding the condition of the lungs. In this way both the recruit and the aviation service get a square deal.

"Sometimes it happens that an applicant suffers from acne of the face and back in such severe form that he would be objectionable to his fellow officers if he were accepted. A skin specialist is sent for and gives an expert opinion as to whether the condition can be remedied to such an extent that the recruit can be accepted. The same applies to the eyes; there are a dozen different specialists at the university hospital who are eager to do their bit whenever the opportunity offers."

Johnny and I entered the room set apart by the hospital for the examination of applicants. It was about twenty feet square. Already seven physically splendid specimens were lined up against the wall, completely stripped. Without disturbing the examining surgeon, Johnny also stripped and joined them, thus winning a nod of approval from the surgeon. Later I found it entered on his paper under initiative.

Making Equilibrium Tests

First, his weight was taken. It was one hundred and forty-eight pounds—well above the minimum of one hundred and twenty and below the maximum of one hundred and ninety. These weights, the surgeon informed me, are not arbitrary if the recruit possesses other qualifications that indicate he is fitted for the service. Neither are the height requirements—five feet four inches, minimum, and six feet one inch, maximum; in fact, in this day of large and speedy machines an aviator's height and weight do not cut so much figure as they did in the days of the purely one-man machine.

Johnny's height was then measured, and he was thumped on the back and chest in search of lung trouble. His chest expansion was found to be well above the minimum, and his bones were found to be in good order, as well as his joints and skin. The rate and quality of the pulse were then taken. A great deal of time was spent in taking the blood pressure, as it is of vital importance that this condition be of the best if an aviator is to fly at an altitude of three miles or more, as is often necessary in war.

One of the recruits standing at one side became restless as this was being done.

"How much chest expansion does a fellow have to have, doctor?" he asked.

"Young man, we are here to ask questions—not to answer them," came the rather caustic reply; "but, since you are very young and inexperienced, I will tell you. Two inches and a half is the minimum for a man of your height."

The recruit subsided. As the surgeon looked up to give his answer he noticed that one of the recruits had not taken off his socks.

"Why don't you remove your socks?" he asked.

"I wanted to keep my feet clean."

"But I don't want you to; I want to see whether or not you have flatfoot."

Then he returned to the examination of the condition of Johnny's surface veins. All the recruits were then put through what are known as setting-up exercises, to stimulate circulation, after which two heart specialists circulated among them, stethoscopes in hand, listening for murmurs and other indications of impaired heart action.

The condition of each man's teeth and tongue was then noted, and each was asked to stand with feet—not merely heels—touching and eyes closed for one minute while the surgeon noted how much they swayed. An alert young sergeant, familiar with the routine, noted each result on the recruit's examination sheet.

Next came the dynamic test, in which each recruit was required to walk in a straight line, with eyes closed, from one corner of the room to the opposite corner, and backward to the starting point. Each applicant was then asked whether he had ever been affected by ear trouble, dizziness or seasickness, or had ever suffered an injury to the head or ears.

"Now don't be bashful about seasickness; it's perfectly natural for a person to be seasick and you can't fool us," the surgeon said.

But two of them denied ever having suffered from that malady. The sergeant noted it on their sheets.

Johnny was next seated in a chair while the surgeon stood at arm's length.

"Close the opposite ear and both eyes, and let me know when you can hear this watch tick," he said; he had no watch, but Johnny didn't know this. "Can't you hear it?" the surgeon asked.

"No," truthfully replied Johnny.

Then the sergeant handed the doctor a watch and measured in inches the distance it was from the applicant's ear when he finally did hear it. Both ears were so tested. Then the surgeon retreated as far as the confines of the room would permit.

"Repeat after me just what I whisper," he said. "Sixty."

"Sixteen," said Johnny. The sergeant noted the error.

"Sixty-four."

"Sixty-four."

And so the examination proceeded until the surgeon was sure the candidate could hear a whisper at twenty feet with each ear. With the aid of powerful reflecting lights the noses, throats, and particularly the tonsils, of each recruit were carefully examined.

"You may dress now," said the surgeon at the conclusion of this last ordeal, "and the sergeant will take you to the Ear Dispensary."

"That is the room where all equilibrium tests are made," the sergeant said after his superior officer had departed. "Take my tip and go through the tests down there as if you were a patient and didn't care what they did to you. Don't try to fool the surgeons; it can't be done! An attempt to fake may result in disqualification."

Slowly we filed downstairs to the room that was known to contain the mysterious chair. The chief examining surgeon already had arrived, and the small room was crowded with physicians who had come from all parts of the state to witness the equilibrium test.

The first thing that caught the eye and compelled attention was a medium-sized white enameled revolving chair, smaller than a dentist's chair, in the center of the room. At the base was a locking mechanism. From the head rack jutted upward a handle, for use in revolving the chair slowly and evenly. The visiting physicians were on the *qui vive*.

"What is the percentage of rejections?" one of them finally asked.

"Well, I have never had time to figure them out," the examining surgeon replied; "but yesterday I examined—to all outward appearances—nine perfect young men. Only three of them passed. The day before I examined eight and four of them passed. So there you are! Our standards are higher than those of our Allies can possibly be—because we have more men to draw from."

In the Revolving Chair

He stepped to the door and called out Johnny's number. Johnny came in and was placed in the chair. His head was tilted forward about thirty degrees, to bring the semicircular canals of the ear on a horizontal plane. Bracing himself with feet and hands, and with eyes closed, Johnny was whirled to the right ten times in twenty seconds. The instant the chair stopped he was told to open his eyes and fix them upon an object in front of him. This happened to be a rain pipe on the opposite side of the court, and Johnny told me later that this appeared to be jumping back and forth at a great rate. In reality his eyeballs were furiously moving from side to side; so rapidly, in fact, that the movements could not be counted.

As the chair stopped the surgeon's stop watch clicked and every person present eagerly bent forward to watch the eyes of poor Johnny. When the fluttering of his eyes caused by the whirling movement of the chair had ceased, the surgeon again clicked the watch, and the ready sergeant noted the duration of the nystagmus. The result was not given out; so none of us knew whether the test had been favorable or the reverse. Johnny was then given the same test to the left.

This ordeal over, he was told to sit upright and close his eyes while being whirled ten times in ten seconds to the right. As the chair was stopped by the brake Johnny's right index finger was placed in contact with a fixed object, and he was told to raise his arm straight above his head and let it drift slowly back to the fixed object. The same was done with the left arm—four times for each. He was then whirled ten times in ten seconds to the left and the same test applied. The surgeon made no sign, but called out to the assistant some cryptic fractional numbers; so again we did not know whether Johnny had passed.

"How do you feel?" the surgeon asked.

"Pretty rocky!"

Next he was told to place his clenched hands on his knees and to bend forward, resting his forehead, with eyes closed, upon them. He was turned to the right—five times in ten seconds; then told to sit upright. This was for the falling test. Immediately he began to struggle to right his aëroplane—seemingly. With eyes closed and hands gripping the chair arms, Johnny straightened his lithe young body and swerved sharply to one side.

"Open your eyes!" the surgeon commanded. "You're all right!"

Johnny opened his eyes, grinned sheepishly, and obediently bent forward to undergo the same number of spins to the left.

"That's all!" The surgeon smiled at the conclusion of this test. "Report to the Eye Dispensary."

I followed Johnny out to the office of the specialist. Here the history of his eyes was thoroughly inquired into and they were searched for visible lesions. He was in doubt regarding the test to determine his stereoscopic vision and admitted as much when questioned by the specialist.

"Which figure seems to you farthest away? And which seems nearest?" Johnny was asked.

"I'm not sure," came after a moment's silence.

A Square Deal for the Service

"You don't know? Suppose Black Jack Pershing sent you out on a scouting trip and on your return asked you which troops were nearest and which were farthest away! And suppose you told him you didn't know! What do you suppose he would say?"

"I don't know; but ——"

"Well, it's hardly likely he would give you another trial, as I am going to do, or that he would be so polite about it."

The question of stereoscopic vision finally settled, there was some talk of ocular movements, pupillary reactions, intraocular tensions, and nystagmus. His field of vision was tested, and also his color vision. A couple of drops of euphthalmine were placed in each eye by an assistant for the purpose of dilating the pupil, and later each eye was searched with an electric ophthalmoscope.

The acuteness of his sight at twenty feet and the muscle balance of his eyes at the same distance were then determined. The reason for the last test was rather obscure until the specialist informed me that on long flights the aviator's eyes were under such a sharp strain that almost perfect muscle balance is insisted upon. The vicissitudes of the calling were great enough ordinarily, he said, but they were complicated tenfold by long flights in all weathers.

I had witnessed all the tests and had not seen any revolvers shot off behind the ears of recruits; no needles had been shoved into their flesh.

The two applicants who had failed had taken their medicine like men and had thanked the examining surgeons for their consideration. It was impressed upon me that the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps was a highly desirable body of men to belong to; so I lost no time in enlisting, even though my lack of a sense of equilibrium would bar me from active flying.

That evening, in the quiet of our room, Johnny and I came to four conclusions, which I should like to set forth here, invested with all emphasis and sincerity:

1—That the tests to determine an applicant's mental and physical fitness are as severe as a board of civilian and army surgeons, in consultation with Signal Corps experts, can make them; and that the men accepted for aviation service will be as nearly normal as men can possibly be.

2—That the severity of the requirements will be the direct means of saving the lives of hundreds of men unfitted by Nature to navigate the air, especially at high altitudes; and that valuable aëroplanes and time heretofore lost in training unfit recruits will be saved.

3—It is not essential that an applicant for a commission in the Aviation Section, Signal Officers' Reserve Corps, shall hold a college or high-school degree, though college and high-school graduates are preferred, mainly because they have shown an aptitude for intensive study, and because they already have a good foundation in mathematics, and so on. But the aviation service wants men who can think for themselves and who can take care of themselves; who can assimilate information of a semitechnical sort; who can act in an emergency; who have nerve poise and courage.

4—That passing the aviation censors is impossible for one who does not possess the sixth sense of a hawk.

Absolute Sovereign of

THIS country has seen in the last swift year what is easily one of the most magnificent tributes ever paid an automobile tire.

It has seen the motor racing fraternity of America—drivers, mechanics, enthusiasts and all—swing over to Goodyear Cord Tires almost in a body.

This action appears all the more remarkable when it is remembered that prior to fifteen months ago a Goodyear Cord racing tire had not been seen upon a track.

Their overwhelming popularity in this field sprang into life with their first appearance in a race, and has carried steadily onward ever since.

This year, *every major race driven on the speedways and tracks of America* has been won on Goodyear Cord Tires.

More than that, *every place of importance in every officially recognized race* has been won by a car wearing Goodyear Cord Tires.

Most important of all, *the cars of almost every driver in every major race held in the country this year* have been shod with Goodyear Cord Tires.

Goodyear Cords' dominance of the speedways of America is absolute and unrivaled.

* * *

Victories necessarily have piled up for Goodyear Cords this year, in view of the number of drivers using these tires.

It is not alone of these victories that we wish to speak here, nor even of the dominance of Goodyear Cords in this field.

We wish to point out an even more important factor, which bears directly on your own tire problem.

That is the universally remarkable service delivered by Goodyear Cords in all the races in which they have taken part.

In the majority of the races won by Goodyear Cord Tires, the winning car has finished without a tire change.

Race followers tell us that such consistency of performance has never been duplicated by any other tire.

Against the heat and grief of a hundred miles an hour or better, Goodyear Cords repeatedly have gone the whole distance without faltering.

Even back in 1916, when Goodyear Cords were beginners on the track, this element in their performance was conspicuous.

When the intrepid Aitken captured first honors in the Cincinnati Sweepstakes he finished without a tire change.

When he smashed every record between 50 and 250 miles by driving the Astor Cup Race at 104.66 miles an hour on the Speedway Park course, this performance was repeated.

He did not change a tire, and

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

the American Speedway

three of the tires he used had been used previously at Cincinnati.

Nor did a single one of the seven Goodyear-Cord-equipped cars in the Astor Cup race have an instant's tire trouble.

In the Grand Prix race at Santa Monica last year, won by Goodyear Cords, Patterson, piloting a Hudson to third place, drove the entire 403-mile distance on Goodyear Cords without a halt, and established a new world's non-stop record.

The annals of past-season racing bristle with like instances, and the results this season are equally spectacular.

When Billy Taylor outstripped the field at Uniontown in the initial 1917 speedway event, he did not change a tire.

When Louis Chevrolet took first honors in the International Sweepstakes at Cincinnati on Memorial Day, he had finished the terrific 250 miles without a change.

When Earl Cooper drove to victory in the Chicago Auto Derby a few weeks later, he too flashed home without a change.

And various other drivers in the same races stormed across the finish wires likewise without tire trouble.

Independence Day races this year were a veritable carnival for Goodyear Cord Tires.

In the 150-mile race at Tacoma, the first four places went to Goodyear Cords, with Patterson leading in a Goodyear-Cord-equipped Hudson at 90.4 miles an hour, a new track record, made without a stop.

In the 150-mile race at Omaha, won by Mulford in a Goodyear-Cord-equipped Hudson, the first seven places went to Goodyear Cords, with Milton, Thomas and Taylor, in second, third and fifth places, respectively, finishing without a stop.

In the Uniontown contests, Goodyear Cords took first in the dealers' and in the championship match races both.

And in the Fourth of July match races at Detroit, Goodyear Cord Tires sped to a non-stop victory on Ralph DePalma's aviation-motored Packard.

* * *

The master automobile drivers of the world prefer Goodyear Cord Tires.

They prefer them for their spring, which aids speed; for their stamina, which withstands hardship; for their athletic vitality, which survives under the most drastic and unsparing punishment.

These are the qualities in Goodyear Cord Tires which make them the preferable tires for *your* car.

These are the qualities which make Goodyear Cords higher-priced—and *better*.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

Remington UMC

THE SHOTGUNS OF TODAY
Pump Guns and Autoloading Shotguns

THE STEEL LINED "SPEED SHELLS"
"Arrow" and "Nitro Club" Smokeless

THE MODERN BIG GAME RIFLES
High Power Slide Action and Autoloading

THE "BIGGEST LITTLE RIFLES IN THE WORLD"
.22-caliber Slide Action, Autoloading and Single Shot

THE METALLIC CARTRIDGES OF THOUGHTFUL SPORTSMEN
Calibers and Loads for Every Standard Make of Rifle, Pistol and Revolver

YOU men of affairs who find a bracing day's hunting or trap shooting the greatest relief from nervous tension—no one can appreciate better than you the *sincerity of Remington UMC.*

In every branch of shooting, these earnest times throw the spotlight on Remington UMC—the *modern idea* in sporting arms and ammunition, with its hundred years' record of starting every practical forward step in the shooting field and being *right.*

In the big game country, no rifles are more sought after than Remington UMC.

For small bore shooting, the Remington UMC .22's are conceded to be in a class by themselves—both rifles and cartridges.

And the *Red Ball Mark of Remington UMC* in a dealer's store is admittedly the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

And now a word as to the *Boy*—

If he has not already arranged to shoot for a N. R. A. Medal or Boy Scout Marksmanship Badge, *write us* and we will tell him how to go about it. He will start *right* by contesting for these worth while *National Shooting Honors*

THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Inc.
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
Woolworth Building, New York — Remington UMC Ltd., of Canada, Windsor, Ontario

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

By Everett Rhodes Castle

IN THE flush of early achievement with the jingle and rustle of a seven-hundred-thousand-dollar increase still lingering—a most pleasant echo—I sat down and wrote an account of those six months, under the title, Telling the Truth About Merchandise. Subsequently this account appeared in one of the March issues of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Skeletonized—that is to say, with the capital I omitted—it told the story of the purchase of the Mammoth Store in D—— by Jackson Snow, the proprietor of a large newspaper, and my advent as advertising manager. It told of my attempt to write in an interesting way about the merchandise offered for sale, weaving a little story into each advertisement. More important still, we had but one commandment: "Thou shalt tell the truth about the merchandise." It related the fight that followed the introduction of this, between the buyers and the advertising department.

It attempted to show that Mrs. Average Woman appreciates knowing in advance that the preserving kettle she sees advertised is not a full two quarts, in preference to finding it out herself when some recipe goes wrong as a consequence.

As proof of the financial soundness of these ideas the article pointed out the fact that the Mammoth Store made a gain of seven hundred thousand dollars during the six months the plan was on probation. The total gain for the year was one million one hundred thousand, $400,000 being obtained during the six months prior to the introduction of Jackson Snow's policies.

An Eight-Million-Dollar Drive

Shortly after that article appeared I was vastly flattered by requests from various store executives for more details of the workings of the idea. I answered each as best I could—that is, all but one. A small retailer whose letterhead bore the name of a small town in the oil belt of Pennsylvania wrote as follows:

"*Dear Sir:*

"I read with interest your article in last week's SATURDAY EVENING POST. It was a very interesting article, but I cannot apply them to my business for two reasons: The first is, I don't do any advertising; and the second is that if I told the people round here the truth about some of the stuff I have to sell I never would get any turnover at all.

"Yours sincerely,

"————————"

I did not answer that letter, partly because I couldn't quite decide whether he was merely relating a sad truth or boasting of his business shrewdness, and partly because I felt that no reply was necessary. I felt that in either case he knew what he was talking about. In the light of what followed I feel that he deserved not only an answer but an apology as well. If he reads this he may consider it both.

In Telling the Truth About Merchandise our hero, effectively disguised under the capital I, jumped from a position as newspaper reporter to one as advertising manager. In this public reply to the Pennsylvania retailer it is pointed out that truth and business are only coöperative when they are both honest. It is the story of what happened to a man who thought an extra million dollars was worth more than the gentle virtue. It further relates why Moriarity and I are back on the Courier—temporarily. It is a —— But let us go back to a cold winter's morning last January.

The first intimation I had that Jackson Snow contemplated selling the controlling interest in the Mammoth Store came with the characteristic suddenness that featured his every act. A telephone message informed me that Mr. Snow desired my presence at once. Two minutes later I was shaking hands with Mr. Harvey T. Bibker, the new owner of his stock—and by the same token the new boss.

Mr. Bibker was a big man, whose haberdashery inclined you to the belief that he had senatorial inclinations. He had a soft eye and an unusually high forehead that was accentuated by baldness. Later Moriarity, my assistant in the advertising department, christened this impressive point in Mr. Bibker's appearance. It covered Mr. Bibker's forehead, inside and out.

"White space," said Moriarity; "very ornamental, an' all that, but it don't tell you anything."

But after the period of introduction Mr. Bibker was pleased to be very gracious.

"Ah, Mr. McKenzie," he said in a voice that made you feel sure that he was about to add "and fellow citizens." Instead, he said: "I have been listening to a most interesting account of your—er—ah—work here. Most interesting indeed—er-r—especially in view of the results returned."

It was easy to see that the word "results" was a most important one in the Bibker Business Vocabulary. He resumed:

"I hope that you will continue along in the future as you have in the past—er-r—holding straight to the line."

I said, rather grimly perhaps, that I would.

"Mr. Bibker will be a much easier man to work with," Jackson Snow interposed; "he is a much more experienced merchandise man and will be very much closer to the business than I cared to be."

"The present executives ——" I began.

"Will remain the same," Mr. Bibker interrupted. "I am bringing with me only one man, Mr. Elkins, to act as merchandise manager."

"The store policy ——"

"Will remain exactly as before, except that we shall follow out a few of the ideas Mr. Elkins employed so successfully elsewhere. We shall set a definite sum as the total gross business for the year—and then go out and get it."

"And that amount ——"

Mr. Bibker ran a fat thumb and index finger up and down the silk cord of his glasses before answering.

"Eight million," he said.

"An increase of one million dollars over the amount estimated by Mr. Snow?"

The fingers continued to toy with the black silk cord.

"Easy, easy," he continued; "we have already worked out the general plan."

These plans made their début at a meeting of the buyers, called to tell them of the change in management. A week later I think it was. Mr. Snow, Mr. Bibker and Mr. Elkins spoke. It was a meeting with many pleasant things said and promised. Included was the announcement of the drive for eight million dollars for the year; in fact, the only unpleasant feature of the meeting was the plan to acquire the extra million of increase.

Selling Goods, Regardless

Now in D—— approximately fifty-five million dollars is spent each year among the larger department stores, and so closely was each store's dole apportioned that any increase beyond a natural growth must come from competition. According to Jackson Snow's figures, estimated prior to the sale of the Mammoth, a million-dollar increase was a fair amount to work for. To this Elkins proposed adding another million, making a drive for a two-million-dollar gain. Indeed he went so far as to intimate that the extra million would be taken from the coffers of the Economy Center Store, a huge popular-priced store that was neither economical nor particularly central, being located at the extreme west end of D——'s principal business street. It made claims of wonderful values, spent over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars each year in advertising—and still paid a neat dividend at the end of each quarter.

All this was in direct opposition to the policies of the Mammoth Store as inaugurated by Jackson Snow—with one exception, the dividend feature. The Mammoth had acquired a reputation for honesty—absolute honesty—whose value could not be estimated in money. The advertising, newsy, easily read and assimilated, pulled in a most gratifying manner, but both were totally inadequate to the task of bringing in that extra million. It meant stimulation. Mr. Herman Elkins, with his dark little face wreathed in smiles, did not say so, but we saw a hard row ahead for the gentle spirit—did Moriarity and I.

"With the smiles and the soft stuff out," whispered Moriarity as we left the meeting, "he purposes to sell that extra million of merchandise, regardless."

For the first month things went along much as they had so far as the routine of selling was concerned, but from buyer to buyer ran a whisper that things were opening up—that a fellow could drop over and grab a job or a consignment of seconds without drawing down the ire of the office, if he sold them without marking them too plainly. Or—"This man Elkins believes in results—and say! after all, business is business, ain't it? . . . What's the use of all this altruistic stuff if it don't scare competition. Yeh, they even laugh." These and other whisperings showed, however, that things were stirring below the dead line. A week or so later the first ventured over the line.

Mr. Smith's Raincoat

Elkins met in New York the buyer for the men's clothing section and bought four hundred raincoats at a price that allowed them to be retailed at $7.75 and still leave a fair profit. At the time the shipment arrived at the store we were not aware that Elkins had been active in their purchase. As soon as the coats were out of the receiving room we ran a large sale. The coats looked serviceable and well made, so we frothed a bit in advertising them. Among other things we said: "These coats are the genuine Hardnut Brand." "They shed water like a sailor's sou'wester." "They always retain their stylish lines." "Defy spring showers with one of these well-made, serviceable coats."

Snow—it was early March—featured the first day of the sale, and only forty or fifty of the coats left the house.

A week later the boy at the gate brought in the card of Mr. William Smith. Mr. Smith had told the boy that his business was most important and pressing, so he came in. He was a large man, well dressed and comfortable of face, and he carried a large bundle. "You are the advertising manager?" he questioned.

I nodded and said that I was.

Slowly he opened the brown paper bundle he carried and brought forth a dark brown article, wrinkled and creased beyond all possibility of recognition. Then he reached into the capacious depths of his dark gray business suit and produced a copy of our recent Hardnut Raincoat advertisement. Holding the brown object aloft, much after the fashion of a youngster with a deceased tabby, he started to read from the advertisement. As he held the object up, however, a few of the wrinkles straightened out and I discovered that the object was one of our Hardnut Raincoats. In many ways it resembled a deceased tabby, adding, however, the suggestion that drowning was the probable means of death. It was so wrinkled and so creased that the Hardnut label was the only means of identification. Further, it exuded an odor that was most unpleasant.

"'These coats are the genuine Hardnut Brand,'" he quoted, then stopped for a moment the better to emphasize the next sentence. . . . "What must the imitations be like if this thing is genuine! Don't tell me that any sane manufacturer would imitate that!" . . . Again he scanned the paper and his face grew a deeper vermilion as his eyes passed from word to word. . . . "'They shed water like a sailor's sou'wester.' . . . Did you ever see a sailor's sou'wester?"

"No, I ——"

"Of course you never did! A sou'wester is waterproof. Does this thing look as if it were waterproof? Does it look dewproof?"

"But ——"

"Does it look as if it still retained its stylish lines?"—again referring to the advertisement. "Don't it look more like a dishrag?"

"Please let ——"

But there was no denying him the floor.

"'Defy spring showers with one of these well-made, serviceable coats.'" . . . This he took up in detail. . . . "You fellows talk about the truth of your advertisements. How much truth is there in that advertisement? How much truth is there in the last line? Let us see. In the first place it doesn't defy the spring showers; in the second place it isn't well made; and thirdly and most decidedly it is not serviceable. Aside from these glaring falsehoods that last sentence is true."

"But if the coat is not perfectly satisfactory we ——"

"Perfectly satisfactory!" . . . The thought seemed to render him incapable of further speech, and in those few moments I managed to have the girl at the switchboard summon Mr. Beck, the adjuster. He arrived a few minutes later and the irate Mr. Smith was led away to the adjustment office. Another hurried phone call summoned Mr. Fox, the assistant clothing buyer.

"Fox," I said, "I should like to know your professional opinion of those Hardnut Raincoats"

My method of approach, carefully baited with that word "professional," brought an honest opinion in spite of his loyalty to Frieshman, his chief.

"Mr. McKenzie, that lot of coats is rotten. Positively rotten! They are poorly made and the fabric, I am sure, is improperly cured. They look all right, but that is all you can say for them."

"Both you and Frieshman know the regulations governing our advertising," I said. "You know that any department caught misrepresenting merchandise will not be allowed to advertise again until this department is satisfied that they are willing to be good."

Beck looked round quickly to see if the girl in the outer room was within listening distance, then came round to the inner side of the desk.

"You know how I stand on this proposition, Mr. McKenzie," he whispered. "Frieshman has had so many complaints about those coats that he started to make adjustments himself—out of stock."

Business Indigestion

"Another thing this store doesn't stand for," I began.

Beck hunched forward.

"What does he care about the regulations?" he continued. "He's got Elkins in back of him. Why, Elkins was in back of him when he bought those coats!"

"He was?"

"Yeh."

Which made it much more serious, because the merchandise manager of a store takes orders from one man only, the general manager. For a moment I tried to think of some plan to nip this fresh insurrection in its early stages, but Elkins was too big a man to dispose of offhand.

"Go back to the department and don't say a word about this talk with me," I directed. "Forget all about it until such time as I yell. In the meantime get the names and addresses of all those that asked for adjustments on this particular sale of coats."

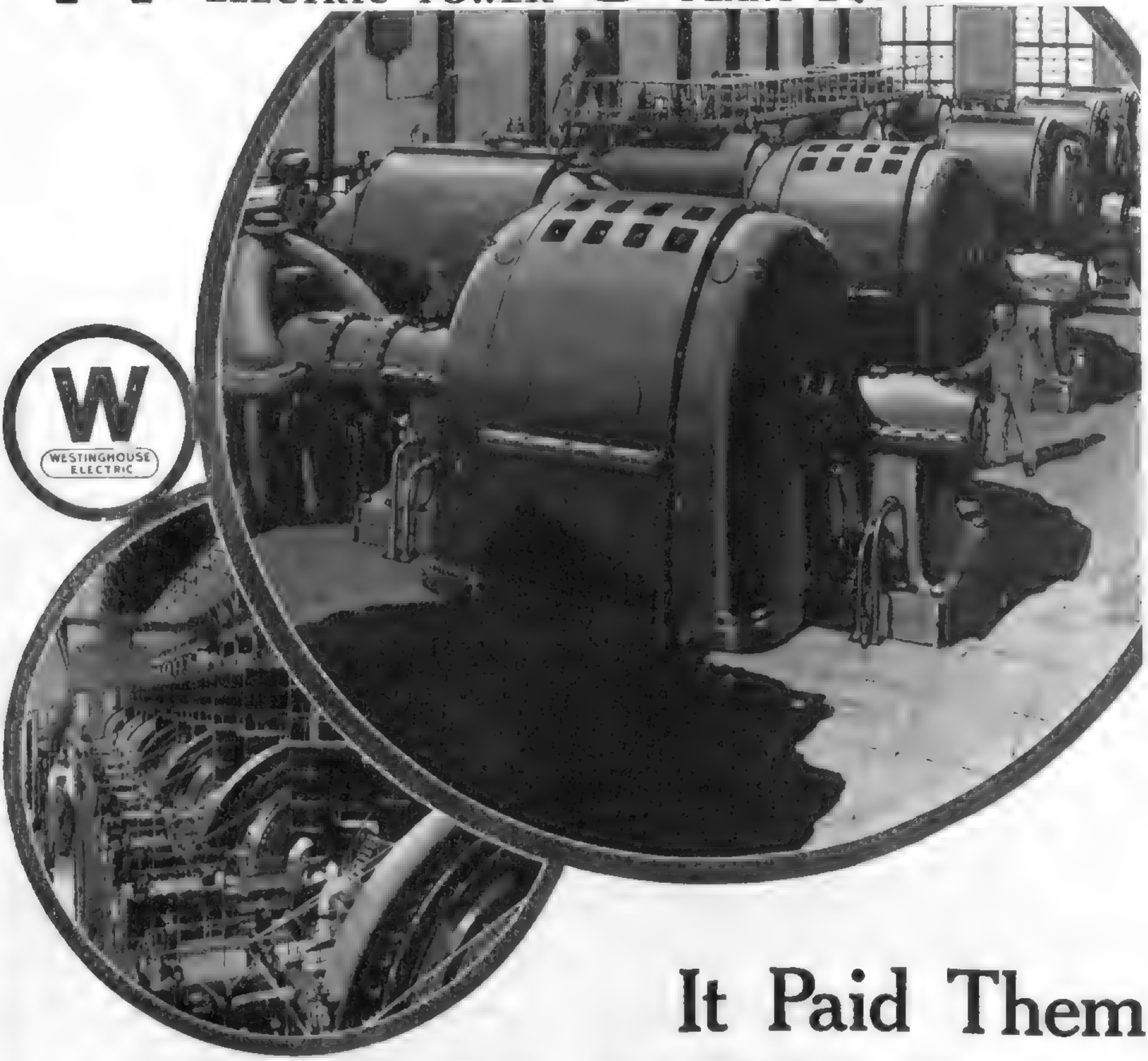
And so it began, this drive for an extra million-dollar increase that was justified neither by the size of the store nor by increased stocks; by adequate delivery system or by better and increased selling facilities. Briefly stated, it was a case of a seven-million-dollar capacity and an eight-million-dollar appetite. In my opinion the result could only mean a bad case of business indigestion.

Hoping against hope that, after all, the raincoat episode was only an isolated case and that Elkins in his campaign for the extra million would recognize that his greatest asset was the reputation of the store for absolute, uncompromising truth, I hesitated to step in and go to the mat. Truly he who hesitates is lost. I sparred until but one thought dominated the entire buying personnel, three or four of the older men excepted. It dominated every purchase made in ninety-five per cent of all purchases made by buyers. It grew to such proportions that the mark-down book was rarely out of a buyer's hands. It destroyed much of the missionary work done under Jackson Snow. Instead of making

(Concluded on Page 54)

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC POWER PLANT EQUIPMENT



It Paid Them

It takes courage, vision and business confidence to replace thousands of dollars worth of old equipment with new.

But just such vision by American business men has made possible the industrial supremacy of the United States.

Carnegie and other pioneers in iron and steel, over and over again spent vast sums to save minutes in operating time, or pennies in operating cost.

They knew it would pay, and it did.

The Pennsylvania, the New York, New Haven and Hartford, and other great railways have built and electrified terminals at millions of dollars of expense, and the event has justified their judgment.

No greater illustration of this foresight exists than in the electrical industries, where central stations, power and lighting companies and other producers of electricity have discarded valuable machinery—still in good condition—because the old generators driven by reciprocating engines could not keep pace with Westinghouse Electric Turbo-Generator equipment in output and economy.

For the world moves so fast in this electrical age, that tomorrow is always hard on the heels of today. Much as it costs to discard the obsolete—it is far more costly to retain it.

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC MOTORS AND CONTROLLERS

It Will Pay You

Increased output, greater efficiency and economy in operation are in the present national crisis not merely advisable but *imperative*.

It behooves every manufacturer to study his power costs as never before.

There are still innumerable cases where economies can be effected in power generation and distribution.

Westinghouse Electric engineers are experts in analyzing power costs and installing profitable equipment. They will be glad to help you solve your problem, if you wish.

Sometimes it means individual motor drive in place of line shafting and belts; sometimes it means modern turbo-generators in place of reciprocating engines and generators.

Sometimes it means a prime mover dependent on coal, sometimes one dependent on water power, gas or oil.

Often it pays best to buy electric power from those who can produce it at lower cost.

In any case, the experience of Westinghouse Engineering may be helpful to you, covering as it does every type of electric power application to industry.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Concluded from Page 51)

the advertising department an accomplice before the fact, as in the old days before the advent of Jackson Snow, and whispering with a knowing wink: "Say! Give us a good spiel on this stuff, will you? Lay it on thick; I gotta get rid of it some way. Say anything about it that comes into your head," they resorted to trickery. "Here is the best value I have ever been able to offer from my department," one would say, and because the advertising office could not in every instance qualify as experts they got away with it—sometimes.

Get the Million was a slogan that was sending the Mammoth Store along at a spanking gait. It was the sole judge of results. Sale after sale followed in such rapid succession that one would barely finish reading about the reductions in the May Sale of White when he was confronted with the June Sale of Furniture, Rugs and Draperies.

Competition did not stand idly by and let the procession of buyers pass along either. They met price cut with price cut, and the Mammoth buyer, in order to sell his merchandise and make his figures for the week or month, had to take more markdowns—this or offer inferior merchandise. But let it be said to the credit of many of the men that until the pace grew white-hot they took mark-down after mark-down in preference to the alternative.

Get the Million was the slogan that each man felt that he was judged by—and each laid his plans accordingly.

Relying on the word of the portly Harvey T. Bibker, we had quietly cut the men's clothing department off the list of the departments to be advertised, saying nothing either to Frieshman, the chief, or to Elkins. But as the spring was wet and cold it happened that Frieshman didn't ask for any space for nearly a month following the raincoat episode. In the meantime I had thought of an antidote—a potential business-indigestion cure-all that I felt would make those million-mad executives see the light. But it was so unbusinesslike—almost unethical, if there can be such a thing in the merchandising world. Another reason made me hesitate: If the little idea did not show them the light it would most certainly show me the door. But I felt sure that the plan could not fail. Wasn't it backed by honesty and truth? But then, somehow, I was never much of a prophet.

About that time another incident took place that convinced me that the raincoat episode was not a lone case. For some time Elkins had felt that the men's shoe department had not been doing the business its space entitled it to. He had a conference with Filkens, the buyer, a man who had never forgiven the advertising department for its rigorous censoring of his own advertising. That night he left for Rochester. Three days later he was back, and the following morning found a large consignment of men's oxfords arriving by express.

Backing Up Weak Values

"The best little values in the old town!" he bubbled to Moriarity as he opened the first case and held up a pair of dark brown calf oxfords.

"How much, retail?" Moriarity asked.

"Four forty-five; and with the leather market where it is every pair in the lot is worth eight dollars."

"I have no objection to beating the leather market," Moriarity told him. "I'll take a pair myself—size nine, about a B width.

A week later all the shoes were in stock, and Elkins, accompanied by Filkens, came to the advertising office to arrange for space for a sale. After the size of the advertisement had been decided upon I said:

"Of course these shoes will be sold without any comparative, inasmuch as they have composition heels."

"Who said they had composition heels?" yelled Filkens.

"Just a minute," I told him and rang for Moriarity.

A minute later a pair of neat, dark brown oxfords occupied the center of the desk between us. For a moment the eyes of all three probed the shoes, then Filkens picked one up, and after examining this way and that remarked:

"Kinda run down at the heel."

"Yes," said I. "Do you know why?"

"Weak instep?" he suggested innocently.

"No, weak value," I said. "Those heels are constructed of some composition, and the top layer is all that ever came from a cow. You can see for yourself how fast the counter went when the heel became worn. It was lucky for us that Moriarity goes over on his heels."

Filkens changed his front.

"But with leather as high as it is they can't put leather everywhere," he defended.

"Probably not; but the man who is buying the shoes is entitled to know it."

And so the argument ended. Elkins made no comment one way or the other, but Moriarity said later that he held a long conference with Harvey T. Bibker in the latter's private office about an hour afterward.

The pace grew faster, more hectic, and as someone remarked during the reign of one of the early Georges of England, "cold were the shadows of those who lay without the pale," or, as Moriarity put it, didn't bring home the bacon in the shape of heavy sales.

But Elkins was putting the increase over. December business in April, as the result of forced sales, brought the increase—or, more correctly, the extra amount—up to over four hundred thousand dollars for the first five months, leaving us only approximately sixty thousand dollars for the remaining month. This was a certainty, based on the previous returns.

Business That is Not Business

In the meantime Moriarity and I worked out the final details of the plan on which we were to stake our future with the house. Then we took John Alpert, the treasurer, into our confidence and worked out a corking finale for what Moriarity called What Shall it Profit?—the only business drama ever written. Whether it was comedy or tragedy was to be decided by the audience, an innovation that we felt would probably pass unappreciated.

The work on the cast took many a night of hard work and tramping about, but we felt that the effort was worth while, even if it brought something more than a burst of applause from the heavy presence of Harvey T. Bibker. Finally all was ready, the cast complete, the stage ready, the footlights glowing. Then like two barn-stormers we glued our eyes to the hole in the curtain and awaited the signal. It did not come for two weeks, but finally it arrived. Elkins came into the advertising office, accompanied by Frieshman, and said:

"McKenzie, that last raincoat sale didn't pull worth a cent."

"No, it didn't," corroborated Frieshman.

"Isn't it a mighty lucky thing for the store in general that it was a flivver!" I said.

Elkins arched his brows and quietly—too quietly—asked why.

"Because it saved the house at least five or six thousand dollars!" I told him.

This time it was Frieshman's throaty voice that proclaimed the why.

"Simply because," I said, wheeling my chair round the better to face them both, "those raincoats might have been a good buy. As far as our end of the deal is concerned there might have been a tidy little profit attached to each—there probably was—but as far as the customer who bought one for a raincoat—well, every one sold cost the store five or six times the cost of the coat."

"You mean that ——?"

"I mean," I interrupted, "that those well-made, serviceable, waterproof coats were neither rainproof nor serviceable—that they were, and are, gold bricks; and this office will under no circumstances advertise that brand of merchandise."

There was a moment's silence as we three stared at each other; then Elkins' low, quick voice broke the silence:

"Do I understand you to say that over my official O. K. that this merchandise is all that it should be—for $7.75—you still refuse to advertise it?"

"You do. Under no circumstances has it been the policy of the house to spend good money advertising poor merchandise."

Another moment of silence; then without a word Elkins rose and left the room. Frieshman followed.

As I expected, a half hour later found me hurrying toward the private sanctum of the big boss.

Mr. Bibker was sitting behind the glossy mahogany of his desk and matched its gloss in sartorial array. Elkins sat in a chair on the left. As I entered, Mr. Bibker's face wreathed a heavy smile—evidently the mailed fist was not yet.

"I understand from Mr. Elkins that there has been some slight misunderstanding over this lot of $7.75 raincoats," he said after a few words of greeting and an invitation to take a chair.

"No misunderstanding whatever," I said. "The raincoats are not any of the things that we advertised them to be—so, following your instructions on the day of your arrival, I am holding straight to the line."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment, broken only by the soft swish of Mr. Bibker's fingers against the silk cord of his glasses. Then he coughed.

"Of course—er-r-r—we must have the truth, Mr. McKenzie," he said; "but we can't be altogether altruistic"—here again he smiled, to take the curse off the words perhaps—"and business is business. It is sometimes necessary to fight the devil with fire—eh?"

"On the contrary ——"

But he insisted on following up what he considered an advantage.

"Now you don't doubt that the Economy would advertise those raincoats, do you?"

"No, I don't!"

"Then how shall we make headway against this competition? We have invested nearly fifteen hundred dollars in those coats. What would you do—throw them away?"

I told him that I didn't think that was the point.

"You are selling fake oil stock on a national-bank reputation," I added.

For a moment it appeared as if this last argument had borne weight—but for a moment only. Then the low, quick voice of Elkins interrupted:

"How shall we ever get our increase, following those tactics?"

The mention of the increase seemed to revive the big boss like new wine. Increase meant profit—and, after all, business is business.

But before he could put his thoughts into words I played for time.

"Let us leave this proposition just as it is until to-morrow morning at ten o'clock," I suggested, "and if you and Mr. Elkins will have the kindness to come to the advertising office I will give my objections in full."

And so the matter was left, but not without several vigorous objections from Elkins. That same afternoon the advertising department stenographer sent to the senior buyers, the men under whom all the other buyers worked, a notice to come to the office at the same time.

Barnstorming for the Boss

"The orchestra has started to tune up," said Moriarity as he sealed the envelopes.

The next morning the advertising office was busy with a bustle that was unusual, even in that place of many bustles. The large room where merchandise was examined before going into the advertising columns held a row of many-shaped objects covered with sepulchral-looking dust cloths; four strange men occupied the little adjoining room that Moriarity used.

Soon the audience began to arrive. Elkins came with the big boss; the buyers straggled in one at a time. Mr. Bibker frowned as he realized that his principal executives were to be present. Then as the men gingerly took chairs his voice, no longer mellow but sharpened with irritation, inquired:

"Now then, gentlemen, what does this mean?"

The little red light blinked twice—the curtain went up. The thought brought a smile to my face as I stepped forward and lifted the cloth from the first object. It was labeled Exhibit A and occupied a stand borrowed from the window trimmer. It was a Hardnut Raincoat. I grasped a short pointer.

"This, gentlemen, I know is unusual. It is not businesslike, and we pride ourselves on being businesslike. But I ask your indulgence for a few moments."

The door from Moriarity's room opened and a middle-aged stranger walked in and took a chair Moriarity placed for him. The big boss stared hard, but offered no words.

Purposely I made my questions as curt and lawyerlike as I knew how.

"Your name?" I asked.

"William G. Trebbinger."

"Your occupation, Mr. Trebbinger?"

"Treasurer the Ajax Manufacturing Company."

"You have an account with this store, Mr. Trebbinger?"

"I did."

"Will you give us the total for the year past?"

"Roughly, one thousand, one hundred dollars."

"Is that account open now?"

"It is not."

"Will you tell the gentlemen why?" I asked.

And in a clear, quick way Mr. Trebbinger did. He had bought a raincoat—Exhibit A. He had worn it once during the first wet weather . . . unsatisfactory . . . it wrinkled like the face of an aged darky . . . his faith in the store word broken . . . bad business—very.

In closing, Mr. Trebbinger said that he had been prevailed upon to come here for a few moments by the advertising department.

As he left the room, Moriarity chalked up a large eleven hundred dollars on a blackboard arranged for that purpose. Then he ushered in Mr. A. B. Judson. After the cloth of Number Two had been removed Mr. Judson identified a pair of shoes marked Exhibit B. He said that his account, used by his wife and two daughters, had been closed about a month after he had purchased the shoes. The account usually amounted to about seven hundred dollars, he said.

The Play That Failed

Mr. Judson was a lawyer and compared the selling of such shoes to obtaining money under false pretense. False pretense—it brought a slight movement forward and a tightening of the lips from the big boss. The seven hundred dollars was marked up under the other amount on the board.

The next man, a salesman, said that thing hanging up there—with a finger pointed toward Exhibit C—had been sold to his wife under the assurance that it was all exactly the same color—even if it was in remnant lengths—and would make up into a beautiful skirt.

"And you don't need any horn-rimmed glasses to see that the silk in the front panel is lighter than that in the back—it cost seven dollars and fifty cents to make up," he concluded.

Moriarity chalked up another amount—four hundred and fifty dollars.

As the fourth man came through the door the cloth was removed from Exhibit D, a kitchen table; but the story never came. The audience interrupted. Quietly, with the anger showing only in the twitching of the muscles about the mouth, the big boss said two things. One was "Enough of this!" and the second was "Can I have both your and Mr. Moriarity's resignations?"

"Won't you wait until we finish?" I pleaded.

"No, there ——"

"Mr. Alpert, the treasurer, has some pertinent facts that he ——"

"Let him keep them!" was the final word as Mr. Bibker walked out and left us in a curious anti-climax. We knew then that our drama was tragedy.

But the fourth act was finally played, when the authors were back on the Courier with Jackson Snow. John Alpert was the big man in the scene too. It happened at the end of the first six months of the big drive for the extra million, when amid cheers and yells Elkins announced that the first part of the drive had succeeded—that, after all, business was business.

Then Alpert, as treasurer, read the figures; then he added a few of his own, prepared for the drama that failed before the last act. Here they are:

Mammoth stock paid twelve per cent for the year past. Based on a business of six million dollars this amounted to seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

This year, assuming figures for the last half to equal those of the first, the business will amount to eight million dollars. [Loud cheers here, I understand.]

Mark-downs as a result of continued sales increased ninety per cent.

Based on these figures profits for the year will be eight per cent of eight million dollars, or six hundred and forty thousand dollars.

And John Alpert said later that there was no cheering at this statement.

This to the Pennsylvania retailer: Let Mr. Samuel Elkins, late of the Mammoth Store, know how you get away with it.

"I Want to See Paramount Pictures"

YOUR theatre manager will listen to you—be guided by your wishes. He knows that his success lies in pleasing you. Now that he can obtain Paramount Pictures, the stars you want, as you want them, why not tell him who your favorites are?

Paramount were the first feature pictures and they have held in popular esteem the first position for years. They present the greatest stars and the finest productions. Ask for them.

No pictures offer such amusing diversion as the Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies and the "Fatty" Arbuckle, Victor Moore and Black Diamond laugh provokers. The Paramount-Bray Pictographs, "weekly magazine on the screen," and Burton Holmes Travel Pictures are likewise yours for the asking.

Why not cut out and hand to your theatre the box office request coupon below and send us left-hand coupon that we may send you our illustrated magazine, Picture Progress—mailed free?

Paramount Pictures Corporation

Controlled by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Adolph Zukor, President Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-President Cecil B. DeMille, Director-General

NEW YORK

Please mail to Paramount Pictures Corporation, New York

Ask Your Favorite Theatre

Please send me free of charge the magazine "Picture Progress."

Name

Address

Please hand in at your favorite theatre

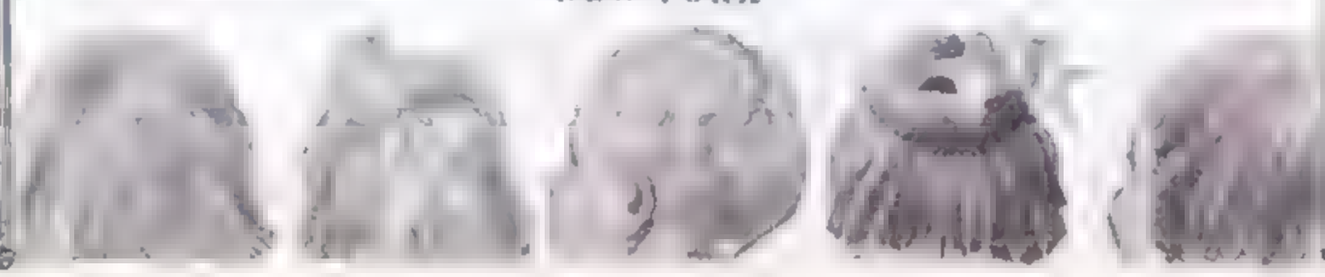
Ask Your Favorite Theatre

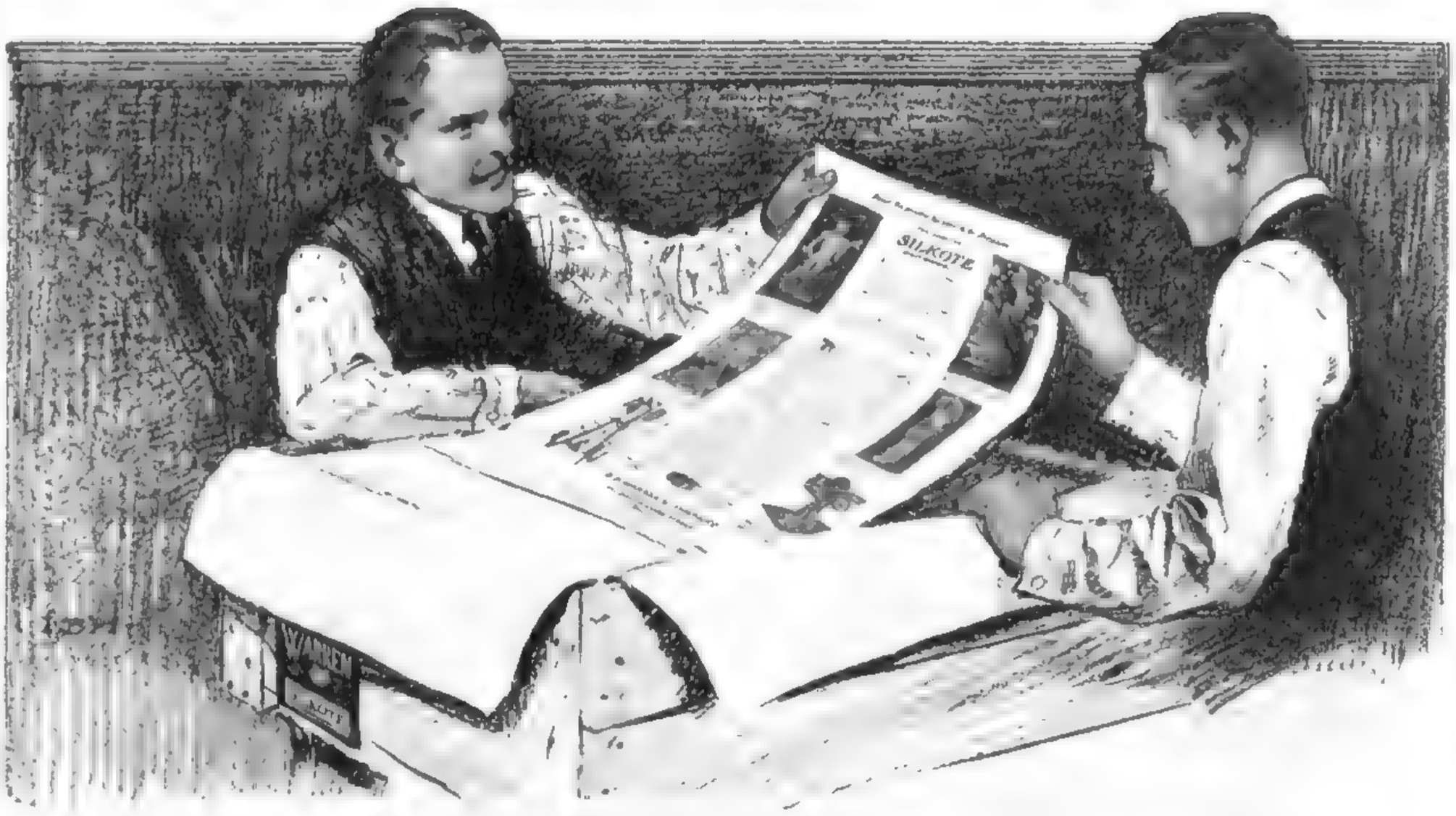
Paramount Pictures

I should enjoy seeing Paramount Pictures and Stars

Name

Address





It Took Confidence to Begin This

Every printer who opens a case of Warren's Standard Printing Papers finds the printed top sheet of paper in every case. This printing is done in the Warren testing shop at Cumberland Mills.

The pictures printed on these top sheets show just what results may be expected from every sheet of paper in that case.

It took confidence to begin this.

But we were showing our complete confidence in the standard quality of the goods we were selling.

It doesn't require any confidence now to print a top sheet and pack one in every case of Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

We feel that we couldn't very well claim to produce standard grades of paper and fail to put the proof in every case.

These Warren Top Sheets are printed under ordinary pressroom conditions in our own testing shop. In order to make every run of paper live up rigidly to a definite, fixed standard of printing quality, a series of tests are made on every run at every stage of the manufacturing process.

When the paper is finally ready for shipping, it is not enough for us to know that it ought to print up to standard.

We do not leave that final and most important test for our customers to make. We make it ourselves on our own Miehle press and put a proof of the results in the shipping case, on top of the blank paper.

If our pressman can't get the result he ought to get, that run of paper does not go out.

The word standardization, as we apply it to Warren's Standard Printing Papers, is packed full of meaning to every paper dealer, every printer, and every buyer of printing.

There is a Warren Standard Printing Paper for every important book-paper printing need.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

To prove this statement to even thoroughly explain it we went to the expense of preparing one of the most elaborate and complete books of printing specimens ever offered to printers and buyers of printing.

This book is by this time fairly well known. It is the Warren Suggestion Book. Sixty-eight pages are devoted to the Warren Standard Printing Papers, a section being given to WARREN'S CAMEO, one to WARREN'S LUSTRO, one to WARREN'S CUMBERLAND COATED, one to WARREN'S SILKOTE, one to WARREN'S PRINTONE, and so on. In all, twelve different paper standards are shown in this book in different weights and colors, and printed on these papers are specimens of the kind of printing for which the paper is standard and suitable.

Write for the Warren Suggestion Book

Let it help you plan your printing

When you are laying out a booklet, a folder, a catalog, or a circular, a brief study of the Warren Suggestion Book will acquaint you with the standard paper for the printing you are contemplating. You will see the paper you want, you will know its name and its use. It can be sent only to printers and to buyers of printing—sales and advertising managers. Write for it on your business letterhead and it will be mailed.

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY, 162 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Constant Excellence of Product—the Highest Type of Competition

HER LAST AFFAIR

(Continued from Page 19)

me when I come. That depends. If the woman you are is as ruthless as the girl you were, you will not have the opportunity of even refusing me."

She certainly would not receive him. She would never speak to him or recognize his existence. Still she had a woman's aroused curiosity to satisfy. And she was offended doubly by this threat. What if the incident closed before she could identify him?

On the last day of April she received this brief note, dated "Somewhere in Woodbridge":

"*My dear Laura:* I came yesterday, but I have been too much engaged with duties here to find time for anything else. I shall always be obliged to neglect you for these larger affairs of life. But you have had enough experience to be able to bear this without the wounded pride of the younger woman.

"I shall see you to-morrow.

"Faithfully yours,

"OLIVER."

She glanced at the date and saw that it was already "to-morrow."

When you are young you take an anguished pleasure in the suspense, the wild uncertainties of love. It is a part of the emotional life, like quick laughter and soon tears. But when you are forty and unmarried, when you call love the buried folly of youth and have become a sensible woman with a prominent position to maintain, you are humiliated by the uncontrollable palpitations of your heart if love stirs the wind in your boughs.

Laura suffered this anguish. She was mortified also by the mystery in which she was involved. It had the reprehensible features of a clandestine relationship. She was innocent, but this nervous excitement that she could not control made her guilty. It was her duty to inform Kenneth of these letters. But she could not bear to make herself ridiculous in the eyes of her family. An old maid's love affair was always a joke at best. She had a morbid dread of her young nieces. Girls were so cruelly thoughtless.

She resolved to remain in her room. It was the only safe place. She sent word downstairs that she was very busy and not to be disturbed on any account. She was not at home to callers. She made herself a prisoner, and between noon and five o'clock experienced all the restlessness of a six months' incarceration. She tried everything but could not occupy herself. Nothing interested her. She paced the floor and listened for the frequent ringing of the doorbell. She flung herself upon the bed. Suddenly she realized that if he did not call, that would be an added insult. It would mean that she was really the victim of some man's malicious humor. She closed her eyes. Tears hung upon her lashes.

Shortly after five o'clock Mrs. Monteath, who had been out since noon, came upstairs carrying some letters in her hand. She thrust the door of Laura's room open and stood astonished at the sight of her sister-in-law, pale and disheveled, reclining upon the bed with her hands clasped as in death upon her bosom.

"Why, what on earth is the matter!" she cried.

"Nothing," the bedridden one answered feebly.

"I thought you were at the Red Cross meeting," she exclaimed.

"No," Laura murmured briefly, as if negatives were the only words she needed.

"You are ill!" Mrs. Monteath went on, fussing up to the bed.

"I'm—I'm—just resting, Caroline," she returned irritably.

"You have fever. We must get a physician at once."

"Don't send for the doctor. I'm not ill. I only want to be—private—and not think," Laura whimpered, closing her eyes wearily.

Mrs. Monteath was sure it was a case of nervous prostration. She had always expected Laura to break under the strain. She would speak to Kenneth when he came home.

Meanwhile she would try to divert the patient's mind.

"The town is full of strangers," she began.

"Strangers!" Laura repeated with startled interest.

"Yes; a whole company of university students came up from the training camp. The girls will have their heads turned with so many military men round."

"I suppose so," the other agreed.

"Betty Calloway started the season with a reception for the regular army officers and their wives this afternoon. I thought she told me you were to help her receive," Mrs. Monteath went on.

"I did promise, but——" Laura did not finish.

"Of course you could not go in this condition," Mrs. Monteath said soothingly; "but I'm sorry you missed it. Such a brilliant affair. You never saw so much khaki and manners! And a lot of the officers are not married, which made it pleasant for the girls."

She was one of those hen mothers with marriageable daughters who cannot see an eligible man without dangling him like a squirming worm offering to her young.

There was a letter on Miss Monteath's breakfast tray the next morning. She tossed it aside. She had her coffee and toast without glancing at it. She said to herself that she would never read it. She felt more like herself after the night's rest. She was not a silly girl to be trifled with by an impudent adventurer.

She took her time about dressing. She pretended to have forgotten the letter. It was not until she was arranging her hair that the struggle began with violence. She could see the reflection in the mirror of the square white envelope on the table behind her, with her name scrawled upon it in a loud voice, so to speak. She brushed her hair furiously. Then she began to arrange it hurriedly. Her hands flew like wings about her head; her fingers were very dexterous. She was impatient, but she would not injure the mirrored image of herself by frowning. She was parsimonious of her beauty. The moment the last lock was in place she flirted round in her chair, snatched the letter from the table, tore it open and read:

"*My Dear:* Though your duties were urgent yesterday you were nowhere to be seen. Miss Monteath, I understand, has a reputation in this town for being always 'in the chair' when something is going on. You are too ridiculously prominent, my dear, to take to cover without some sort of pretext. And you sent no excuse. What could you expect? They talked about you to me, those women, not as the belle of long ago but as the gavel lady of so many clubs and committees, most awfully capable. My impression is that they love you not. No one really loves you, I think, but the man who escaped before you did this violence to yourself. Doubtless I should not be able to hold your image so dear if I had watched you efface it in social service for twenty years. There is no sacrifice so obliterating to femininity as a man loves it.

"You did not preside at the relief society yesterday, or appear at the Calloway house, because you had retired to your 'funk hole.' Do you know what a funk hole is? It is a deeper excavation behind the trench, better fortified, where we hide when no other protection protects. I am encouraged and touched by your timidity. But if you keep it up I shall be driven to serenading under your window. Faithfully yours,

"OLIVER."

Miss Monteath folded the letter. She was not angry. She was coolly and dangerously enraged. From shrinking, she desired only one thing—to face this man, to make him feel the scorn she felt. She would keep her own counsel, she would ask no questions. She understood that while many knew him by his other name they might not know his Christian name of Oliver. He used that like a nom de plume with which to conceal his identity from her. If she discovered him she must do so by asking questions and by displaying an intimate interest that was not becoming. She would save herself this embarrassment. She would act naturally, as if he did not exist, and leave events to take their course. Meanwhile, she would be upon the alert. If he was, as he appeared to be, a person of consequence, he could not long remain unknown to her. But she registered a solemn vow never to betray by word or glance that she recognized him when she did discover him.

For the next two weeks she devoted herself sternly to her duties. She presided over every club meeting in Woodbridge and pushed the Red Cross work as if battles already raged. No one could have suspected her of any interest beyond the good of mankind, and especially wounded mankind.

But she was conscious of having a lover somewhere in the town, and because she could not identify him he became omnipresent. She made the most of her appearance, which was a good deal. When she drove through the streets in her electric she was conscious of every glance in her direction—an exhilarating sensation.

One afternoon she ventured on the roof garden of the Woodbridge Club with the executive committee of the relief society for tea.

More than half the tables were taken by army officers. She knew that Betty Calloway was nodding her head ingratiatingly to many of them, but her own eyes were lifted. She implied by her manner that the place was empty, save for her own party, as she led the way to a table in the alcove.

She trembled with secret agitation when she heard a man push back his chair and approach from somewhere in the rear.

"Good afternoon, young ladies! Having a good time?"

She recognized Willard Calloway's voice—an irritating anticlimax.

"No," she answered with a cool glance; "we are planning a Red Cross window in Maxey's drug store, and we cannot agree about who shall be the nurse."

"Of course Miss Monteath should have that part. She would make a stunning nurse," one of the women explained.

"It's your duty, Laura. Draw a lot of recruits," Calloway urged.

"And we can have Billy Griggs for the wounded man!" Betty put in with a giggle.

"That is arranged," Laura announced, ignoring Betty's thrust. "We sent a request to the commandant of the training camp for a surgeon. He will bring someone along to be the patient."

"And it's all planned, even to the notice in this afternoon's paper. Laura will be the nurse. She cannot refuse," Betty concluded happily.

On the following evening the Red Cross tableau came off as advertised.

An immense crowd gathered on the pavement in front of the window of Maxey's drug store. There was some delay, owing to the fact that the nurse was late. But at half past eight o'clock the shades, manipulated by two orderlies, went up, disclosing the corner of a hospital ward. A tall man, apparently desperately wounded, lay upon the iron cot. His head and face were swathed in bandages. The surgeon, in a long white smock, stood behind the bed. Laura Monteath, clad in white as stiff as wing feathers, and wearing the handkerchief cap of a military-hospital nurse, knelt beside the patient, her dark eyes fixed in merciful solicitude upon his face. She pressed the fingers of her right hand upon his wrist. The Red Cross bound above her brow, the long ends of the cap folded back like sorrowful wings low upon her head, produced a hallowed effect. The spirit of all womanly tenderness knelt here in supplication for another's life.

The tableau was to last three minutes. If the spectators showed enthusiasm it was to be repeated.

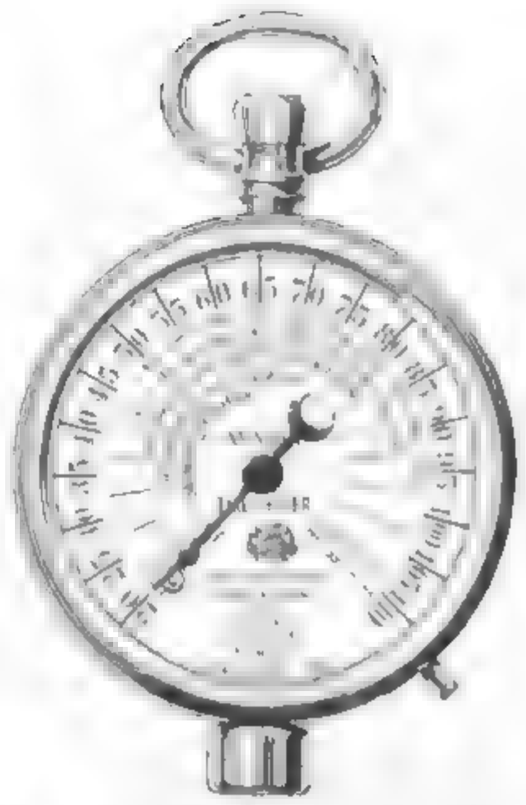
Laura held her pose perfectly. Beneath the hood of bandages she could see the patient's eyes, closed, but the lids apparently tremulous with the anguish of his sufferings. Then suddenly that happened which always happened now when she was in any public place. The consciousness of Oliver took possession of her senses, as if he were appallingly near. As the crowd pressed forward she glanced sidewise through the window. She was sure she would recognize him on sight.

Her head was bent too low. She could not see the faces of those who stared at her.

The patient moaned—which was more than was expected of him. This was a tableau.

Instantly Laura reverted her gaze. To her amazement she was looking directly into the eyes of the patient. They were intimate, challenging, with a lean gray smile of triumph.

She stiffened. They held her, dared her to move. She frowned. They focused instantly upon the pucker between her brows. The fingers she held upon his wrist turned icy cold above the shouting, bounding pulse. She could not bear it. She was going to faint. Would they never draw the shade!



Balk Trouble by Quick Repair

That low air pressure—due to the lack of a gauge—right now is costing you money.

That tread-cut—small and inconspicuous now—some day may wreck your tire.

These are but two of the many causes of early tire failure which might be balked by the timely use of a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit.

For the Kit provides the quick repair for the little troubles which keeps them from growing big.

Everything you will need for the economical upkeep of tires is contained in the Kit—tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and so on, with full directions for their use.

The price of the Kit—$4.50, $4.75 and $5, according to size—is trifling in view of the savings its use means.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Blame Only Yourself for Touchy Corns

BLUE-JAY may be bought at any drug store. This means relief is near if you want it. Painful corns succumb to these inexpensive, wonderful little plasters. Millions of people have mastered corns this way. The treatment is quick and gentle. The first application ends most corns after 48 hours. The stubborn few vanish with the second or third treatment.

Pared corns keep coming back. Harsh liquids are dangerous. Blue-jay treatment is permanent.

Prove tonight that every corn is needless. Get Blue-jay at your drug store. Relief is instant. In 48 hours your corn is gone forever. Try this certain way *once*—tonight!

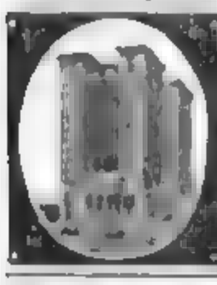
BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns
Instantly Quickly

For Sale by all Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for list of inventions wanted etc. I help you market your invention without charge.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 90-page 1917 Edition Patent Book free.
GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.



BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

NO MATTER how far you live from Cleveland you can open a Savings Account at 4% compound interest with this bank—the Oldest Trust Company in Ohio. Send today for our booklet "M" explaining our system of receiving deposits by mail.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $4,000,000.00

School and Military SUPPLY WEEK

SEPTEMBER 1st to 8th, INCLUSIVE

This week has been set apart for special displays and demonstrations by the army of Parker dealers. To the Army man and the Navy man just going into service—to the student just beginning the year's work—the Parker SAFETY-SEALED Fountain Pen is a necessity. See your dealer's window.

Easy to Fill
Press the Button
PARKER
SAFETY-SEALED
FOUNTAIN PEN
PRICE $2.50 up
Parker Clip, 25c extra
New Parker PARKER Clip
←a WASHER
$2.50 $3 $4 $5
Catalog free
Dip Pen in water
Dissolve in Ink
SAFETY-SEALED The new type no holes in the wall fountain pen. Ink can't get out to soil clothes or person. In event of accident to interior mechanism the pen automatically changes from a Self Filler to a non Self Filler without interruption of service.
PARKER INK TABLETS
for a soldier's "kit" in place of fluid ink.
Ten cents per box of 38

Parker Pen Co., 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin. New York Retail Store, Woolworth Building

They did. It went down with a bang promptly at the end of the third minute.

She sprang to her feet and rushed blindly back through the drug store to the side entrance. She ran out and flung herself into the car that was waiting for her. She could hear the crowd cheering, and someone calling her name.

Then Mrs. Monteath came breathlessly down the sidewalk.

"Go back, Laura! Don't you hear the encores!" she cried, waving frantically.

"Get in, Carolina," Miss Monteath answered coldly.

"But it was to be repeated!" the other exclaimed, obeying indignantly.

"Drive on, William," said Laura firmly.

"Well, anyhow, it was perfectly splendid, and you were wonderful, Laura. I never saw better acting. At the last you turned deadly pale. You couldn't have done it better if he had been actually dying. Really I shan't sleep for thinking about it," Mrs. Monteath added with a sigh of satisfaction.

Laura did not sleep either that night. She experienced a distressing reaction. She was a prey to doubts, and to a horrible conviction at the same time. What earthly reason had she for inferring that the person who played the patient's rôle was that abominable man? She had allowed her nerves to make a fool of her. Then she recalled the manner in which he stared at her brow when she frowned. Then she would flirt over, bury her face in the pillow and weep. Then she was afraid she would look haggard in the morning, and tried to compose herself. She could not do this because she was engaged in the most important question of all. Would she recognize him again? She had seen no more than his eyes. The lower part of his face was partially swathed in bandages. A highwayman could not have been masked more effectively.

The next morning the phone began to ring for Miss Monteath. Everybody, it seemed, wanted to congratulate her. Without exception they mentioned "how pale she turned." And why in the world didn't she repeat the scene. The crowd was dreadfully disappointed. And so forth and so on.

Jean and Nancy alone assailed her with the vital question.

"Who was the wounded man, Aunt Laura?" Jean asked.

"I have no idea. Some soldier from the camp, I suppose," Laura answered irritably.

She was nervous, very unhappy. She became a mystery to her family. She suffered the intolerable inquisition of their solicitude. In vain she assured first one and then another that she was perfectly well, merely overworked. They would not believe her. They soothed her with such attentions as relatives bestow upon a dependable spinster. It was maddening.

Mrs. Randolph Monteath had her suspicions, and said so. She had gone to the Kenneth Monteaths one afternoon for tea. She was alone with her sister-in-law.

"Where is Laura?" she asked.

"In her room. She is not well. We are all so anxious about her," Mrs. Kenneth answered.

"She is in love," Mrs. Randolph announced coolly.

"In love, Margaret!" Mrs. Kenneth exclaimed, horrified.

"If Jean or Nancy had behaved as Laura has for weeks, you'd know well enough what was the trouble, Carolina," retorted the other.

"But it is preposterous at her age! And I never saw a woman more indifferent to men."

"She is in love, I tell you."

"But with whom?"

"Don't ask me. I've never been in Laura's confidence. Besides, she would not be likely to admit such a thing."

"I am sure you are doing the poor girl an injustice," Mrs. Kenneth replied, her thoughts busy with the horror of this catastrophe.

"Did you ever see Laura looking so well?"

"She is growing remarkably handsome," Mrs. Kenneth admitted, as if this was to be expected.

"Growing indeed! She was grown twenty years ago, and not half so beautiful as she is to-day," sniffed Mrs. Randolph. "A woman on the verge of nervous prostration does not grow handsome—she gets haggard," Mrs. Randolph added after a pause.

The evening of the May ball at the Woodbridge Club came, and all Woodbridge society, including a score of army officers from the camp, was there.

Laura made an illumination of herself in one of the remote corners of the great room. She wore a white-satin gown, with pearls. Her dark hair, piled high upon her head and drawn back from her forehead, gave her that air of bravery which women risk only when they have perfect confidence in their profiles.

No one could have inferred that she had more than the half-bored interest of a spectator in the brilliant scene before her. She had never given up dancing, but on this evening she refused to dance. She welcomed her friends. She held a little court, but she would not leave this sheltered corner, screened from the doorway by one of those collections of palms that always attend public entertainments. She accepted the congratulations of the officers presented to her upon her success with the Red Cross work. She allowed herself to be entertained with their compliments and suggestions. She bowed a hundred times to people whom she knew.

She began to be very tired, as if she had waited in vain a long time for something that she knew would never happen. It was still early, half past twelve o'clock. She thought she would tell Carolina that she was going home and would send the car back. She tried to catch the attention of Mrs. Kenneth, who was seated some distance farther down the room. She was bending forward ready to signal when she saw Willard Calloway approaching, accompanied by a man in the dress uniform of a cavalry officer. Calloway was walking with a strut that turned him sidewise at every step in his effort to keep pace with his companion, who was a head taller.

"Laura," he said the next moment, "I present Colonel Chester. Miss Monteath, Colonel Chester."

The Colonel performed a salutation.

"You two must know each other," Calloway went on. "He is the commandant at the training camp, Laura—and Miss Monteath is commander in chief of Woodbridge, Chester. Can't move hand or foot in this town unless she says so!"

"And I had begun to despair of an introduction," the colonel returned, taking the seat beside her with cool deliberation.

During the whole of this time she had not spoken or taken her eyes from his face. She stared with her lips parted, with her heart beating like the wings of a bird.

He was an ugly blond man marching through his forties. He had intimate gray-blue eyes, a confident mouth, and an impudent nose that retained the shadow of a secret smile in the wrinkles beneath the spreading nostrils.

"You may go, Calloway. Miss Monteath and I have a long campaign to discuss," he commanded good-naturedly.

"What! Before she says she remembers you? I wanted to be present at that scene," Calloway protested. "And she doesn't! I'll bet my hat she doesn't," he laughed, smacking his hands together.

"If twenty years have made only beautiful changes in Miss Monteath a soldier may hope that they have left some compassionate recollection of the youth he was," the officer said, addressing her gravely.

"I do not recall you, Colonel Chester," she began doubtfully.

"He was a young whelp in the university, Laura, when you were—— Well, it is too late to reproach you," Calloway concluded, moving off with the satisfied air of a man who has played the mischief.

"I did not know the university students," she said with repellent brevity.

He nodded, as if he approved of that.

"I am certain that I never have seen you anywhere before in my life," she insisted.

Spite, the first and last weapon of a woman in such distress, gave her courage.

He would not be provoked. He covered her with a patient gaze. He regarded her as if she were an orphan star that he had just picked up in the twilight.

"This place is like a furnace—let's get out," he observed, rising as if there was no doubt at all about her accompanying him.

She would not go. Yet, while she resolved, she had risen and laid her hand on his arm.

They passed through the doorway behind the palms. They walked along the terrace in silence beyond the last window.

"You answered all my letters," he said abruptly.

"Who are you?" she cried, drawing back.

"That's what I mean," he answered, facing her. "There are a dozen men of

(Concluded on Page 61)

THE TASK NOW CONFRONTING AMERICAN BUSINESS

TO meet the gigantic demands of a world war upon our industrial resources, with the flower of our man power diverted to military service. To produce and transport more million tons with fewer million men. As President Wilson has pointed out: "It must be evident to every thinking man that our industries, on the farms, in the shipyards, in the mines, in the factories, must be made more prolific and more efficient than ever."

These industries stimulate all other lines of business. There is more activity—more money is spent—than would be possible in ordinary times.

But how can reduced man power be made more productive? By the use of more machinery and better machinery and by a more concentrated use of the equipment in hand. What is true of production is equally true of transportation. It is idle to produce if you cannot transport.

HIGH GRADE TRUCKS MUST REPLACE HORSES

Doing the work of three or four teams and their drivers, one truck would save 75% of the man power. One good truck which does the work of two poor ones will increase this saving. Each unit will be taxed to the limit to save time and men. The truck which is not designed to stand up under high pressure operation, day in and day out, season after season, will fail in the most vital respect—*constant performance*. Time out of service will be extremely expensive.

Even under ordinary conditions, the grinding, straining and pounding of truck service renders the best mechanism the most economical at whatever price. Under the extraordinary conditions before us *none other will take care of the traffic.*

WHITE TRUCKS

For years it has been the White policy to build only the best. There is no short cut to efficiency and endurance in a truck. Only the pick of material and the most refined construction will produce the White standard of service. The White truck has always been more economical than any cheaper make. In high pressure operation this superiority becomes something more important than economy; it means more days in active service—*a much greater volume of performance.*

The largest users of motor trucks in this country recognize the White value. They buy it in fleets and add to these fleets year after year, based upon experience. They know the real value of a motor truck. Their cost records tell the story.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*

WILSON & CO.

MAJESTIC HAM

The Wilson label protects your table

WE have told you of our insistence that every Wilson product shall be selected, prepared and handled with the *respect* due that which is to be served on your table.

We have told you of the "home influence" in our institution—that we are as thoughtful, careful and exacting as your mother is when she prepares the favorite dish of the family.

We want this story told to you every time you *see* a Wilson product.

So we have adopted the Wilson label—shaped like a W, bearing our "big red W" trade mark. *It is our story*—it is a symbol of our principles and of our guarantee.

We cannot expect your dealer to repeat it to you every time you make a purchase—but we want to be sure that the story is emphasized to you then.

The Wilson label is our standing *promise* to you that the principles which have established our business are being observed faithfully, and that they will be maintained as they *must* be maintained for us to grow and endure.

The Wilson label is *earned*, before it is placed upon Majestic Hams, Bacon, Lard, Jams, Jellies, Catsup, Preserves, Butter, Eggs, and all the varied lines of food products for your pantry and your table.

It is our promise and our *guarantee* in every sense of the words, and we intend that it shall *always* protect your table.

Thos. E. Wilson
President

This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO NEW YORK KANSAS CITY OKLAHOMA CITY LOS ANGELES

Branch houses in all principal cities of the United States

The U. S. Government certifies to the purity and wholesomeness of Wilson & Co.'s Products—
Look for the Government Inspection mark.

(Concluded from Page 58)

your acquaintance who could have told you who Oliver Chester was. But you hid me in your heart like a secret, my dear!"

She regarded him. He returned the gaze and waited. Her lips trembled. Tears threatened her.

"You took an advantage of me that a man does not take," she said slowly.

"A lover takes every advantage but one. The man in him stops at that," he answered, and waited.

A woman can bear so much and no more. Then she will have it out of you even if she treads her proudest pride in the dust.

"Name it—that advantage," she commanded.

"He never wants a woman who does not, will not, love him in return," he replied.

She resisted the impulse to frown. A woman can feel a kiss long before she is willing to earn it; she prayed for herself and saw her prayers answered in the lean gray smile of his eyes.

She recognized the wounded man in the Red Cross tableau. She was incensed by this recollection.

Instantly the kiss fell. She felt his arms about her.

"The white blossom between your brows, my sweet!" he whispered rapturously.

She escaped him. She would not yield to this happiness.

"Oh!" she cried, regarding him through her tears. "You forget. I am no longer young!"

"That is true," he answered, folding his arms.

She felt the chill of this gesture, as if thus he closed the dear door of love to her. She leaned against the column behind her for support. She was helpless, with no one to defend her against the modesty of her years.

"I am not so young myself. But older people than we are have married and been reasonably happy," he offered coolly after a long silence.

"I know about happiness. It is not. It is the mirage that draws us farther into the desert of our years," she answered wearily. "But freedom—the right to live as one chooses—that is another matter!"

"Another mirage," he put in.

"And I could not give up my work," she went on.

He made no reply to this.

"And there is my family ——"

"You have no family, Laura; your family has you!" he corrected.

She looked at him as if with that he stepped behind the doors of her secret consciousness.

"That's it!" she answered tremulously after a pause. "They—they would feel that I have no right to change things—to marry—after everything has been settled so long."

He nodded his head and studied the prisoner. He perceived that she was about to yield to her emotions, if not to him. He knew that she still withheld the chief error.

"I could not bear the—fuss!" she sobbed. Then she covered her face and wept.

"Such a slave, shackled by so many little ties that bind—and babbling tongues!" he said, laughing, as he seized her hands and disclosed the rose she made of her face wet with tears.

"Think, my dear, what will happen if you do not escape ——"

"But I don't think I want to escape," she whispered miserably.

"So low is your courage. But you do love me!"

He affirmed this. She considered it, as a woman considers a dear transgression after she had been too long good.

"Of course you do!" he insisted, folding her close to his breast. "Now listen! We will avoid all these things that trouble you. We will elope."

"Elope!" she exclaimed as if he proposed a crime.

"Yes, we have waited so long to be young together. I have been transferred to the West. I leave here one week from to-night. We will go together!"

"But that—it's too ridiculous to think of!" she laughed with a sob.

"Of course it is, but we shall leave it far behind us—the scandal," he returned, kissing her.

"I couldn't think of doing such a thing!" she gasped.

"But you are thinking of it," he accused joyfully.

"We must go back inside. We have been out here a horribly long time," she evaded.

"You love me," he insisted before he released her.

She was afraid she did.

"Then I am sure of you. I will come for your answer to-morrow," he said.

"Oh, no! You must not do that!" she cried in sudden alarm.

"But why?"

"I couldn't bear it—Carolina, the girls—nobody would understand. Years and years have passed since ——"

"I know, since the other fellows' surrender," he finished with a laugh.

"I will write to you," she entreated.

"Very well, and you might drive out to Bloomfield in the afternoon," he suggested significantly.

She might do that, she concluded doubtfully. But he was not to expect her.

"I certainly shall expect you. We must plan the details of the elopement," he retorted as they entered the ballroom.

You may be baptized and saved for the moment, but it is a miracle, very rare even in the miracle class, if you escape the habits of a lifetime in such a salvation.

Laura returned from the ball that night deliciously redeemed from herself and all her works. She did not doubt that she would consent to her lover's plan. It was so much better than being married in Woodbridge and enduring the sensation the affair would create, especially in the family. She was sure she would marry him. And she was very happy.

The next morning she wakened from this delirium, perfectly sober. She recalled with horror the scene between her and this strange man. Of course he was a stranger. She was appalled at the memory of his kisses, and her submission. She was miserably thankful that she had come to her senses in time. Meet him at Bloomfield, like a silly girl! Certainly not! She had some respect for herself, after all. And that man! The presumption of proposing that she elope with him, leave her family, who cherished her and never questioned her loyalty, and the position she had made for herself over and above her proper place in society. What had he to offer in exchange for all this? A dull life in an army post. The terrors of war and widowhood.

She remembered the letter she had promised. She would write that at once, before her courage failed. After what had happened she could not be entirely sure of herself.

She made haste to write it—a brief note in which she neither explained nor accused. She hoped he would understand the little scene they had acted the night before. "It was an hour she had stolen from her own youthful days of romantic adventures," and so forth and so on. Then—she did not mail the letter.

Kenneth and Randolph Monteath sat opposite each other before a table in the private office of the Monteath National Bank. Their bald heads glistened with beads of perspiration. They were staring at a sheet of paper covered with columns of figures.

"She owns one-third of the estate. Something like four hundred thousand dollars," Kenneth announced dismally.

"What's to be done?" Randolph asked helplessly.

"Nothing. She will spend it on hospitals in France—and Liberty bonds!" he predicted.

Mrs. Kenneth Monteath was prostrated. She lay in a darkened room with Mrs. Randolph Monteath's hand upon her brow.

"When did it happen?" asked the latter suddenly.

"Don't ask me; sometime last night. She—she ran off with him like, like ——" Mrs. Kenneth moaned for a comparison.

"Like a foolish girl!" Mrs. Randolph supplied. "No fool like an old one!"

"But the treachery of it, Margaret!"

"I told you she was in love," Margaret reminded her.

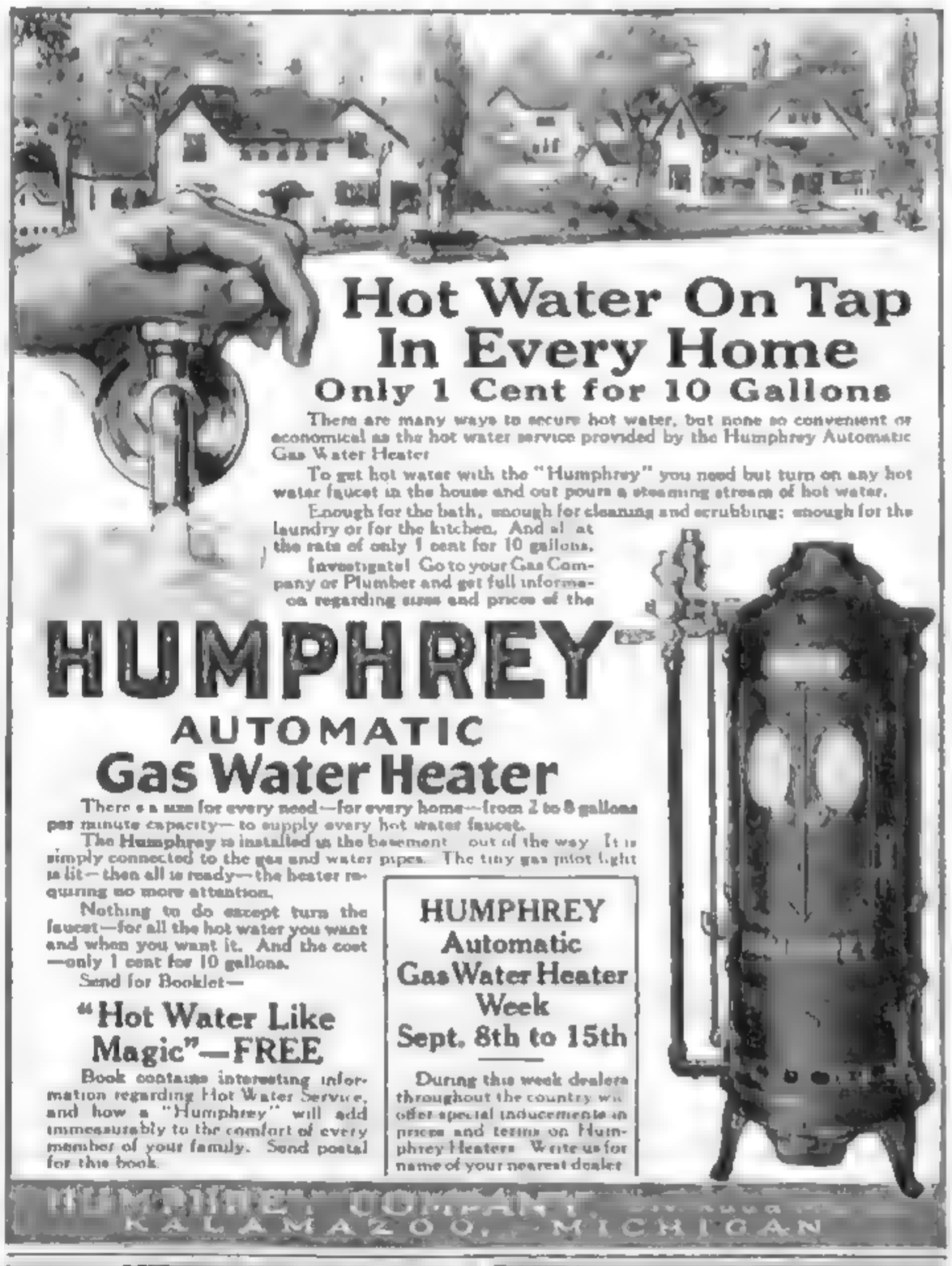
"But how could she make herself so ridiculous! It is perfectly awful!" Mrs. Kenneth wept.

"Didn't she leave a note or any message?" Margaret asked.

"Not a word. Willard Calloway went to the bank this morning and told Kenneth. That was the first we knew of the affair. I thought Laura was asleep in her room. You know she never comes down to breakfast."

"Ungrateful!"

"Willard says they were married at the rectory and that they took the midnight train for Fort Rigby!"



Hot Water On Tap In Every Home

Only 1 Cent for 10 Gallons

There are many ways to secure hot water, but none so convenient or economical as the hot water service provided by the Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater

To get hot water with the "Humphrey" you need but turn on any hot water faucet in the house and out pours a steaming stream of hot water.

Enough for the bath, enough for cleaning and scrubbing; enough for the laundry or for the kitchen. And all at the rate of only 1 cent for 10 gallons.

Investigate! Go to your Gas Company or Plumber and get full information regarding sizes and prices of the

HUMPHREY AUTOMATIC Gas Water Heater

There's a size for every need—for every home—from 2 to 8 gallons per minute capacity—to supply every hot water faucet.

The Humphrey is installed in the basement out of the way. It is simply connected to the gas and water pipes. The tiny gas pilot light is lit—then all is ready—the heater requiring no more attention.

Nothing to do except turn the faucet—for all the hot water you want and when you want it. And the cost—only 1 cent for 10 gallons.

Send for Booklet—

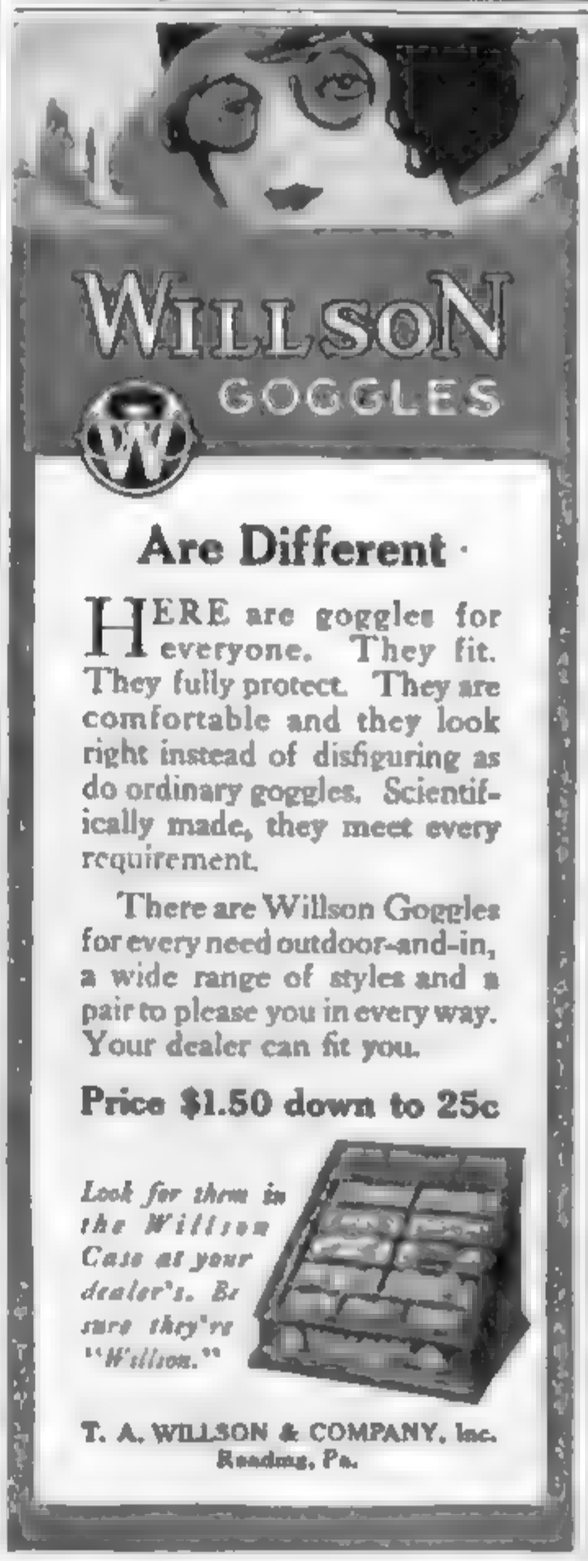
"Hot Water Like Magic"—FREE

Book contains interesting information regarding Hot Water Service, and how a "Humphrey" will add immeasurably to the comfort of every member of your family. Send postal for this book.

HUMPHREY Automatic Gas Water Heater Week Sept. 8th to 15th

During this week dealers throughout the country will offer special inducements in prices and terms on Humphrey Heaters. Write us for name of your nearest dealer

HUMPHREY COMPANY
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



Are Different

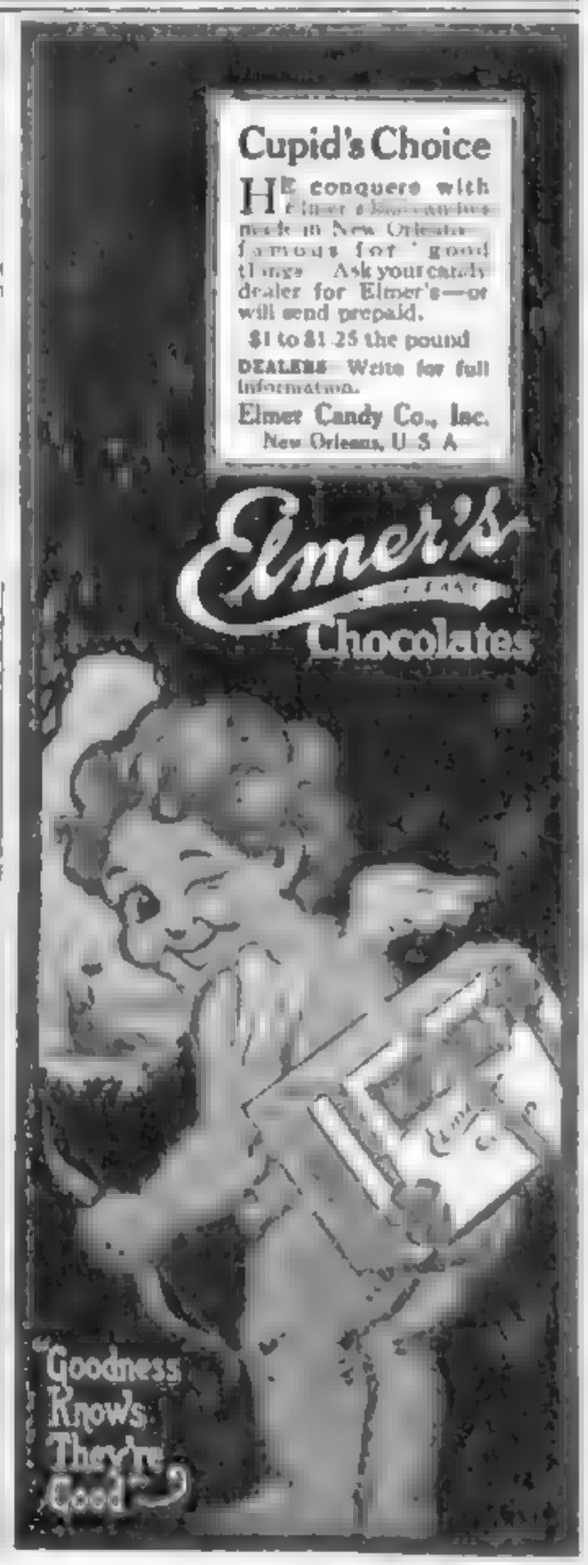
HERE are goggles for everyone. They fit. They fully protect. They are comfortable and they look right instead of disfiguring as do ordinary goggles. Scientifically made, they meet every requirement.

There are Willson Goggles for every need outdoor-and-in, a wide range of styles and a pair to please you in every way. Your dealer can fit you.

Price $1.50 down to 25c

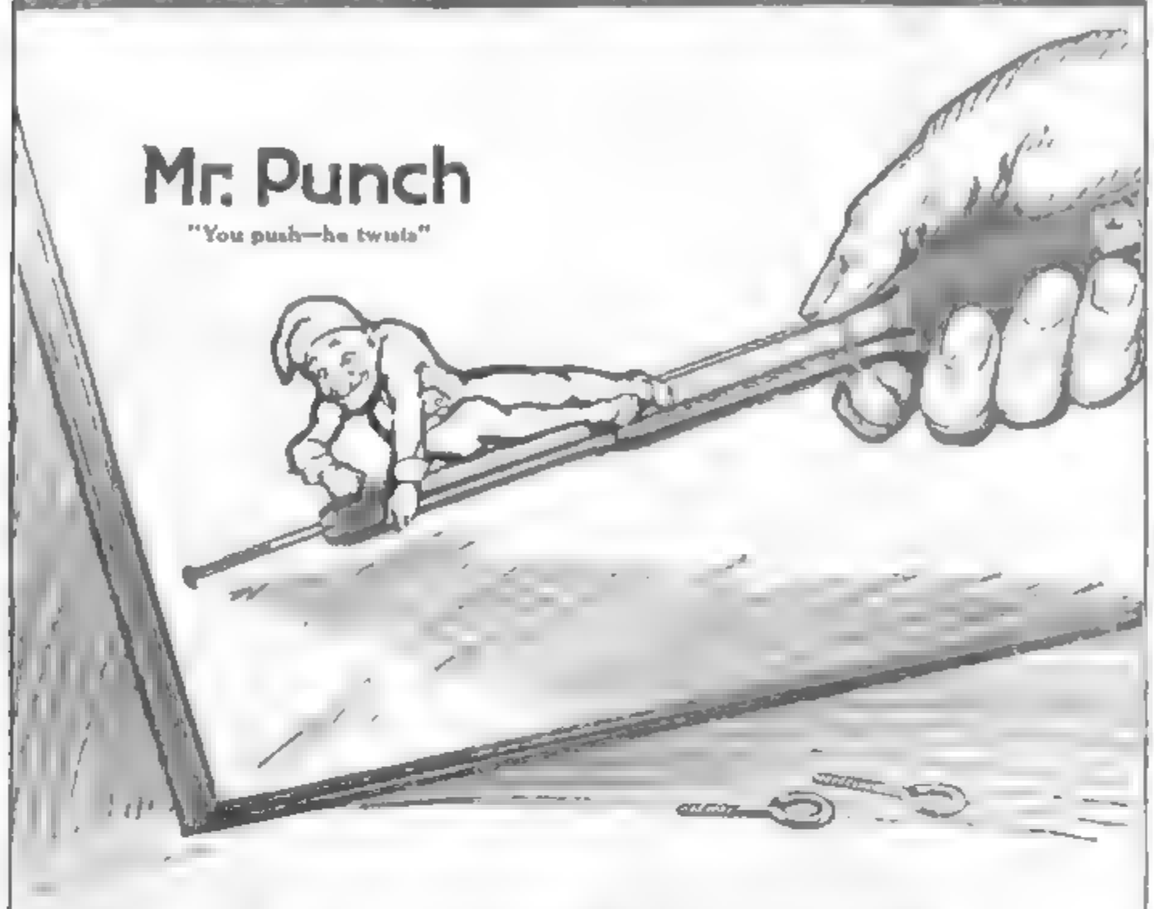
Look for them in the Willson Case at your dealer's. Be sure they're "Willson."

T. A. WILLSON & COMPANY, Inc.
Reading, Pa.


Cupid's Choice
HE conquers with Elmer's Kisses made in New Orleans famous for good things. Ask your candy dealer for Elmer's—or will send prepaid.
$1 to $1.25 the pound
DEALERS—Write for full information.
Elmer Candy Co., Inc.
New Orleans, U. S. A.
Elmer's
Chocolates
"Goodness Knows They're Good"

GOODELL PRATT

1500 GOOD TOOLS



On Hanging Pictures

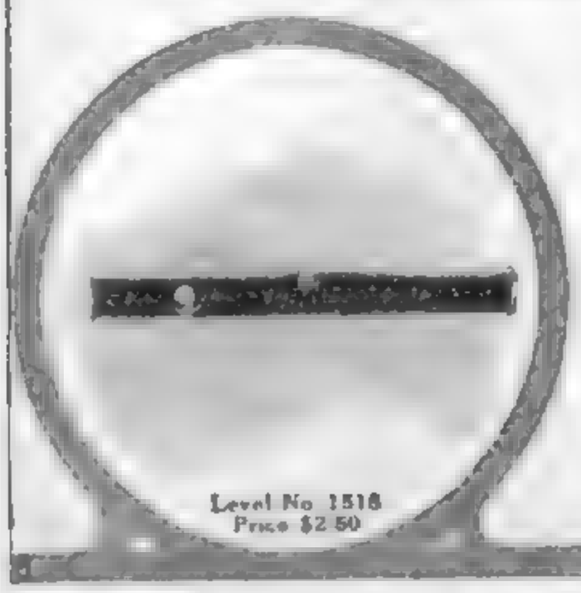
To the household equipped with **Mr. Punch** this has no terrors. This clever tool drills a hole in the hardest wood with ease and precision. It drills a hole just the right size, 8 different sized drill-points in handle, to just the right depth, in just the right place. Then the screw-eye is easily put in place, and picture hanging becomes a job so tame it might quite properly be done on a Sunday.

This is only one of a thousand or two instances where Mr. Punch is useful in any house. Mr. Punch is a constant help to women because it enables them to do work that would be impossible for them without some such easy holemaker.

It costs $1.80, and is worth the money in the small repairs made with it, the conveniences such as hooks and shelves put up with its help.

A small level comes in handy in seeing that pictures hang straight, clocks and phonographs stand straight, shelves are put up straight, etc. You can get Goodell-Pratt levels of all sizes, in wood, iron and aluminum. The one shown here is of mahogany, full brass bound, 18 inches long and costs $2.50.

Send for the little book, "*The House That Jack Fixed.*" *It is an interesting story of what tools really mean to a house.*



Partial List of Tools

Hacksaws	Vises	Mitre Boxes
Saw Sets	Drills	Motor Sets
Gauges	Levels	Bit Braces
Punches	Lathes	Grinders
Micrometers	Calipers	Squares

Goodell-Pratt Company
Greenfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Toolsmiths

THE GREAT ARE SIMPLE

(Continued from Page 10)

"Done great? Of course you have! You're a wonder, George; but you're fired!"

"Wha—what's the matter?" stammered George, bewildered and weak, as the fact dawned upon him that he who this morning had dreamed himself a motor magnate was after all a mere hireling and could be discharged at another man's whim; in fact, was just now going through the process.

"Hard to tell, George," blurted Stevens, still with those sifting blue eyes of his steadily upon the young man. "Hard to tell. You're a wonder, George; but there's something vitally wrong."

"Specifications, please?" demanded George, beginning to rebound.

"A lack of decent respect for the mediocre mind, for one thing," suggested Henry promptly. "Take, for example, this project of yours to build a new factory right over my head ——"

"So that's it!" smiled George, and tossed his chin in air.

"—— this getting of options on land, talking to our own banks about loans and bond issues and financing and all that, without ever taking me into your confidence."

George looked at Mr. Stevens and was sorry for him, sorry that this fine man whom he admired so greatly had so misunderstood him.

"Why, why, honestly, Mr. Stevens—I don't ever come to you with an unripe scheme. I was only getting the data in shape to present to you."

"But don't you see, George"—and the manner of Stevens was fatherly—"your way of going about it creates a bad impression, because everybody's watching you, George, and wondering if you ain't a little too good to be true! You've got so much faith in yourself, boy, that you want to keep some of it under cover. Why, the banks come to me and warn me. 'Look here,' they say, 'this young man, Little, registers like a confidence operator. Besides, didn't he get Morgan into the contracts that are ruining him?'"

"Ruining him?" George threw back his head and laughed. "Mr. Stevens," he said, "there are two executives I've met that are smart enough to put over anything that I could plan for 'em. One of 'em's Walter Morgan; the other is yourself."

"And we both discharged you," Stevens came back promptly. "Likin' you a lot, we fire you for our own protection. Don't that tell you something, George? Don't it shake your confidence in yourself a trifle?"

George was clearly staggered. He smoked half his cigarette in silence.

"I admit that it does," he said at length. "Heck! Is this all a dream?" After sweeping his hand over the chart on the table he struck himself lightly but dramatically on the forehead.

"No more than Napoleon's empire was a dream, my son," said Henry Stevens; "no more. But what busted the empire was that he dreamed one dream too many."

"But why discharge me?" inquired George brightening. "Why not puncture the dream and let me stick?"

Stevens regarded the young man unblinkingly for a moment, but a kind of haze rose before his eyes. Here was the very finest thing about George Little; under all his fine self-confidence there ran a certain substratum of humility. It was that which made him so likable. Dog-gone the fellow! He was making it hard for Stevens to do his duty as he saw it; but the president of the Mogul Truck Company was not a man who wavered much in his purposes.

"It's better to let you go, George—better for both of us," he decided, but with real consideration in his tones. "And don't be discouraged. You've got a great future—as soon as you can learn something nobody can teach you but yourself."

There was a note of the irrevocable about that speech, and George, used to quick decisions, accepted it as final. Without another word he left the president's office and sat down in his own, staring and motionless for twenty minutes. No one had ever seen George staring and motionless for so long during the whole eight months. What put an end to this mood of immobility was the arrival of a girl from the cashier's office, who laid a pink slip on the desk before him. It was a check for five thousand dollars, the amount of his salary for the unexpired four months of the year.

While he still contemplated it Henry Stevens came out and put a fatherly hand on his shoulder.

"I don't imagine that's paying you, George," he said. "We'll vote you a block of stock in the new company."

George glanced up, pleasantly startled. "The new company? You'll go on with it then—the other factory?"

"It's bound to come," said Henry.

A grateful look came into George's face and he stooped to take a distended manila document cover from a drawer.

"Here's the data," he said soberly, proffering the file.

"Thanks," said Henry Stevens, taking it.

George rushed off to Estelle, who heard his story with round, indignant eyes.

"They're jealous of you; that's what they are—Stevens and father both—a pair of jealous old cats!"

George was thrilled enough by the girl's warm-hearted loyalty, though he smiled dolefully at the intense femininity of a mind that could see two gray old foxes like Morgan and Stevens as cats.

"No; there's something the matter," he argued weakly. "They don't throw away money-makers. They don't get jealous of the fellows who are making them rich."

In sheer fear that Estelle, by poulticing his hurt pride, was giving him harmful treatment, George left her, and the balance of the afternoon moped alone on country roads, if any speed his high-powered roadster ever made when he was driving it could synchronize with moping. Anyway, he put himself in solitary, as it were, and, dazed, bewildered, humbled—his confidence for the time being swept away—held post mortem on his hopes. What—what was wrong with him? That one hint of Stevens'—that remark about the dream too many—was the only clew. Yet if they were going on with the new factory project the dream must have been all right, as far as it went; hence the puzzle remained, and George Little worked it out, or tried to, according to the elements of his nature.

The next morning Walter H. Morgan, reaching his desk in advance of his office staff as usual, sat with a confusion of papers before him. Stock lists, production sheets, a notice from a bank and a letter from a firm of lawyers crowded upon his attention irritatingly and portentously. There was not a soul before whom to pose, and yet the old man sat stiffly erect, a sarcastic curl upon his bare upper lip, his eye stern and hard—looking the autocrat he had always loved to play.

A door slammed somewhere outside and glancing out through the glass of his private office the irascible Mr. Morgan was astonished to see George Little coming toward him just as he used to come, first of all the staff. For a moment the old man's heart leaped and his pride made a quick confession. What would he not give if that boy, with the glorious energies of thirty, would just snatch these perplexing problems into his own wizard hands. But the next moment memory had garroted this weak wish for a leaning position upon the breast of youth. With memory came anger. Was it not George Little who got him into this? Had he not heard the rumors, and now, dressed like a card of fashion, did he not come to flaunt his own success in an old man's eyes? Unquestionably. But Morgan, until jarred out of self-control, was too proud to show such anger. He merely greeted George with that air of austere inquiry which belongs to a master who finds himself intruded upon by a discharged employee.

"They've fired me," explained the young man bluntly.

Morgan's eyes blazed sudden surprise and satisfaction, yet in their excitement noted several things. The most significant of these was that, despite the accustomed smartness of his dress, George actually wore a crestfallen air.

"Fired you!" Morgan screamed with hoarse exultation. "I'm surprised they didn't do it sooner. I warned him. I ——"

Abruptly the old man checked the tirade of I-told-you-sos upon which he was launching, for he perceived like a flash that his own embarrassing situation had suddenly been made new for him by the appearance of George Little, unattached. Figuratively

(Continued on Page 65)

Whi-r-r-r! Up it flies!

Get shades made to resist severe strains like this

It is not the mere daily use of your window shades that causes them so quickly to become disfigured with cracks and pinholes. It is these frequent severe strains to which they are put—the sudden "flying up" as pictured above, violent jerking and snapping by the wind, and accidental "jars and jolts" of every description.

The ordinary window shade, because it has a certain basic *weakness* in its construction, cannot withstand such strains. The Brenlin Unfilled Window Shade stubbornly resists them because it does not have this weakness. That is why it gives two to three times average wear, and is the most economical shade you can buy.

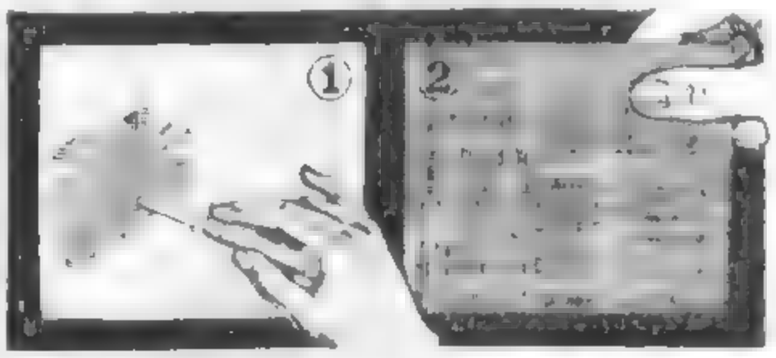
Brenlin—a different material

A coarse muslin cloth is used for the base of the ordinary shade material. To this cloth, before it is tinted, is applied a "filling" of chalk and clay. Note in picture No. 1 opposite how this filling loosens when lightly scraped with a knife.

You can easily imagine what happens when the ordinary shade is subjected to strain. The brittle filling soon loosens and falls out, leaving a "mess" of cracks and pinholes.

Now note picture No. 2 below—a sample of Brenlin Unfilled Window Shade material before the tint is applied.

Note that the cloth is finer, softer, and more closely woven *—and that it contains not a particle of chalk, clay or any other filling.*



The Unfilled Grade of

Brenlin Window Shades

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

What is the result?

In Brenlin, as a result, has been perfected a shade of remarkable durability—a material that really resists the constant strains to which it is subjected—a material that the hottest sun cannot fade nor the inbeat of water spot—a material that is supple, not stiff, that cannot crack, fray or wrinkle—a material that will save you money in added wear because from it has been eliminated that fading which is the greatest weakness of the ordinary shade.

Get City Brenlin dealers' names today—ask for the UNFILLED Grade of Brenlin Shades—*and get it.* It is [illegible] BRENLIN—along the edge of every yard. Look closely for it when you buy and when your shades are hung. Made in many rich, [illegible] DUPLEX—one color on one side, a [illegible] colors of little importance. *Brenlin Finest* [illegible] at its price.

Write for the Brenlin Book today

It shows actual samples of Brenlin UNFILLED Shades in all colors and [illegible] helpful suggestions for artistic window [illegible]. We will send you the name of the [illegible] or tell you how to order direct. CHAS. W. BRENLMAN & CO., 2013 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade [illegible] in America."—Factories, Cincinnati, O., and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches, New York City and Oakland, Cal.

Make a Soldier Happy *for a Whole Year for Only* $1.50

THE crying need of our soldiers in France is magazine reading matter. The same will doubtless be true of the large training camps throughout the United States.

Ask these boys in khaki what publication they would rather have and you know a large majority will say, *"The Saturday Evening Post."*

If you have a son, brother, sweetheart or friend, who has been called for service, what could be a finer thing than to send him a year's subscription for *The Post*—52 big issues at a cost of only $1.50?

No matter where he goes *The Post* will follow him

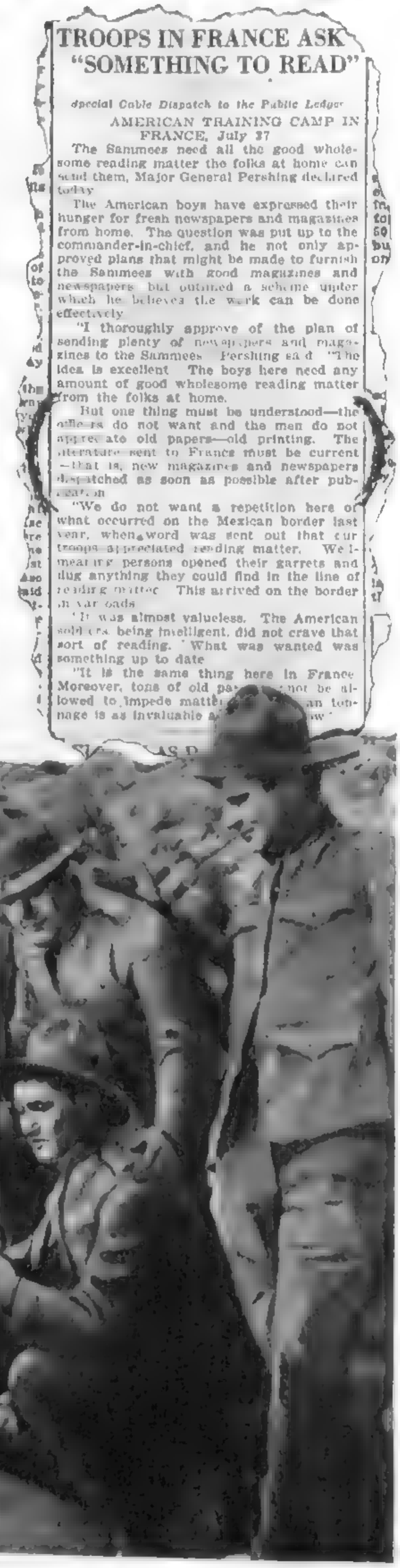
The Government will look out for that, as it does for all mail addressed to our troops. For example, the subscription might be entered for the home address of your trooper. Then when he goes to his training camp it will follow him there, and then to France—all without a penny more than the regular subscription price—$1.50 per year.

Whatever change of address is required on our mailing list will be made as often as may be necessary.

A Gift Card from the Donor

A beautiful engraved gift card will be sent by the Company, without extra charge, to the soldier, sailor or marine for whom you order a gift subscription. This card bears the name of the donor.

One of these gift cards will be the cheeriest kind of a message any soldier or sailor could receive.


TROOPS IN FRANCE ASK "SOMETHING TO READ"
Special Cable Dispatch to the Public Ledger
AMERICAN TRAINING CAMP IN FRANCE, July 27
The Sammees need all the good wholesome reading matter the folks at home can send them, Major General Pershing declared today
The American boys have expressed their hunger for fresh newspapers and magazines from home. The question was put up to the commander-in-chief, and he not only approved plans that might be made to furnish the Sammees with good magazines and newspapers but outlined a scheme under which he believes the work can be done effectively
"I thoroughly approve of the plan of sending plenty of newspapers and magazines to the Sammees Pershing said "The idea is excellent The boys here need any amount of good wholesome reading matter from the folks at home.
But one thing must be understood—the officers do not want and the men do not appreciate old papers—old printing. The literature sent to France must be current—that is, new magazines and newspapers dispatched as soon as possible after publication
"We do not want a repetition here of what occurred on the Mexican border last year, when a word was sent out that our troops appreciated reading matter. Well-meaning persons opened their garrets and dug anything they could find in the line of reading matter This arrived on the border in carloads
"It was almost valueless. The American soldiers, being intelligent, did not crave that sort of reading. What was wanted was something up to date
"It is the same thing here in France Moreover, tons of old papers must not be allowed to impede matters an ton-nage is as invaluable as now"

Make certain that your soldier boy gets a clean, new copy of *The Post* virtually as soon as anyone else can get the same issue, no matter where he may be. So fill out and detach the coupon, enclose remittance for $1.50 and mail today.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

For the enclosed $1.50 please enter a subscription for *The Saturday Evening Post* for one year, beginning with the current issue, for

Name of soldier, sailor or marine_____

Present Address_____

Company_____ Regiment_____ Branch of service_____

Name of Donor_____

Address of Donor_____

YOU move along the pavement with a swinging, springing stride. You turn plain walking into happy *Wingfooting*, hard pavements into pillowy pavements with your jolly, rollicking Wingfoot Heels!

Wingfoot Heels are all rubber, lively rubber. Their patented air cups save slips—give you pneumatic heels. Duller rubber heels often disappoint. But Goodyear Wingfoot Heels last. Their slight extra cost often saves you what you would pay for an extra pair of some cheaper kind.

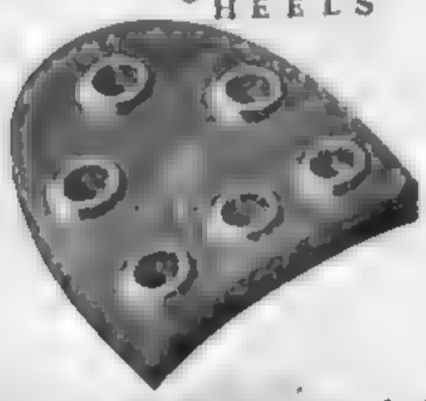
* * *

Remember, Goodyear Wingfoot Heels are guaranteed by Goodyear to *outwear any other rubber heels*. A new pair *free* if yours do not.

In black, white and tan for big and little folks—50 cents—put on by dealers and repairmen.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

WING FOOT HEELS



GOODYEAR
AKRON

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

(Continued from Page 62)

and inwardly W. H. rose in his stirrups, for out of the darkness burned now a gleam of brilliant hope; but he must play his part with craft, and demanded scornfully: "And I suppose you want a job here?"

"Really, I'd like to have one, Mr. Morgan," confessed George in a mood of humility that there was no mistaking.

This mood melted what remained of the old man's anger. For that alone he could have kissed George upon his ruddy cheek had not pride and cunning dictated another course.

"Going to want to run the whole Works this time?" he sneered, browbeating the young fellow with every word; "going to crowd me right off the map?"

"I'll run 'em if you say," said George, spunking up.

W. H. lightened the pressure.

"Getting jobs, it seems to me," he scoffed, "is about the easiest thing you do."

"One of the easiest, sir," admitted George.

"Except losing 'em," twitted the old man brutally.

George winced.

"Well, I don't see as there's anything for a man of your ability to do round here as long as I stay on the job," rumbled Morgan caustically.

George smiled at the sarcasm, but not joyously.

"Beat me over the head if you want to, but give me a job," he urged. "I've got a special reason for wanting to go to work for you."

"What is it?" snapped the old man suspiciously.

"Oh, because I want to find out something about myself." There was really a very serious light in the brown eyes of George as he made this speech.

"Humph!" snorted old W. H., and, swinging round, looked at the mass of sheets and papers on his desk and appeared to hesitate, but finally rose and pointed to the litter. "Young man," he announced pompously; "tell you what I'm going to do: I'm going to punish you. Here! Here's the whole rotten mess you got us into over that die-press contract. I'll turn it over to you. You got us in. Now—you get us out! Understand now, no breeding of new ideas—you breed too many of 'em. That's your great trouble. You just put your nose to the grindstone and drill us out. I'll not pay you any salary—not a darned cent—till this thing cleans up. Oh, you can draw money, you know—all you need to buy gasoline and keep up a front with—but you haven't got any salary or any title—just a job—and between you and me you're eating humble pie. You understand?"

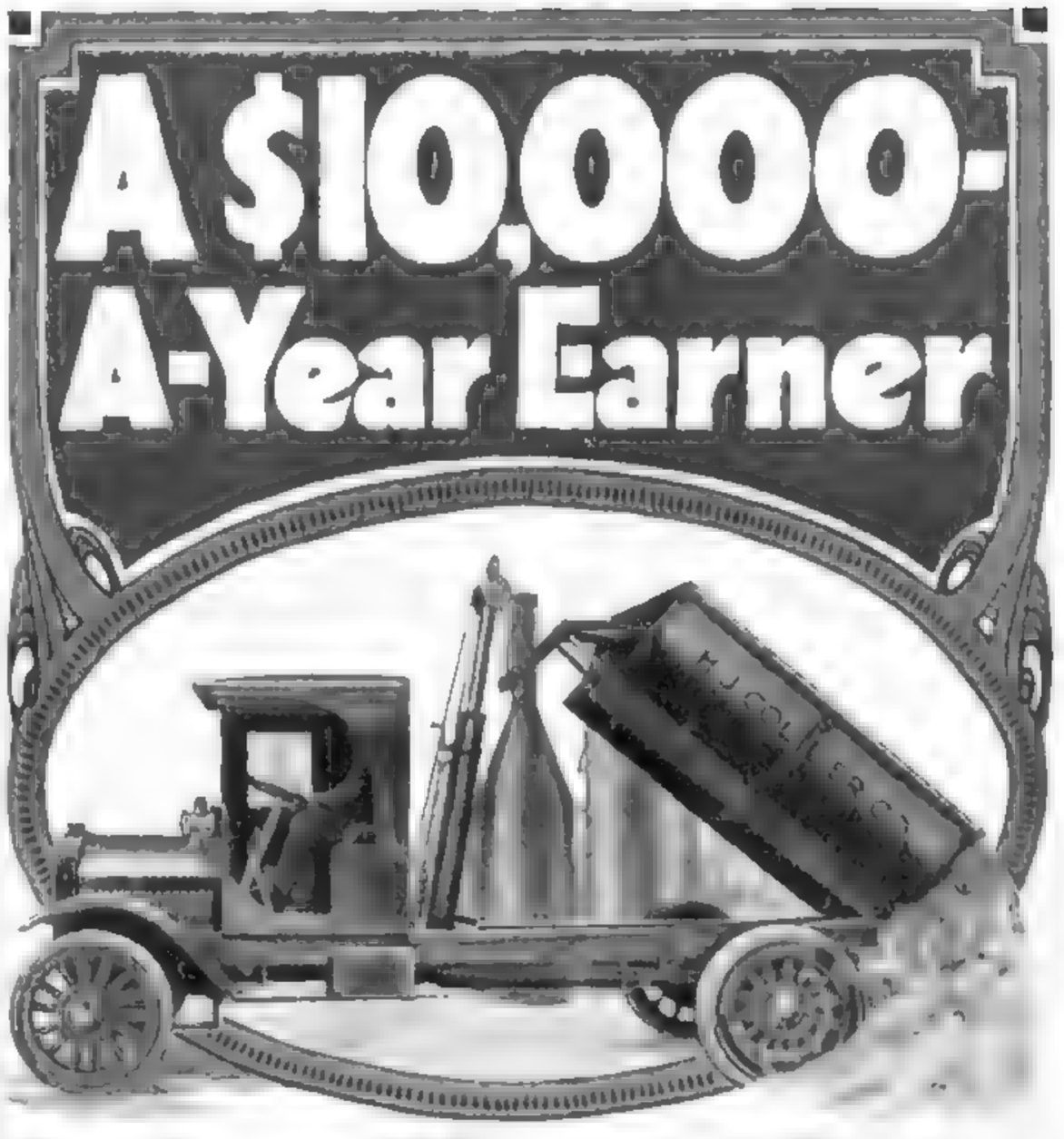
"I understand," said George, gulping down his joy and reaching for the papers on the desk.

"Just to make you realize that this whole darned load is on you," blustered Morgan, "I'm going to take Estelle and go down to the Hot Springs and stay there all winter. If you have anything for me to sign you can send it down there."

The first stenographer coming in met W. H. Morgan going out and was playfully greeted by George Little from the private office. But all playfulness, all exultation, all gulping of joy had ceased before George got through the morning with the memoranda that he found upon the old man's desk. Several things were seriously awry. For one, the die press had been in place three months. Its performance had been entirely up to anticipations, but production had not been pushed. Morgan, it seemed, lacked faith in the new engines. There had been difficulty, too, in determining just the right composition for the metal that was to form the filler between the stamped inner cylinder and the stamped outer case.

These two causes had combined to slacken production so much that now, when huge material bills were due, the Morgan Engine Works had no large supply of finished engines ready to turn into money by immediate delivery to the shipbuilders who were crying for them all over America.

For another thing, that feature of the contract with Rogers which required Morgan to take over all the die presses the inventor could manufacture in the first year had been overlooked at first. Instead of switching Rogers to the manufacture of a lighter press that could be sold to the automobile makers, Morgan had let him go on duplicating the big cylinder press, for which there was no market except to rival manufacturers, who must not be permitted to purchase it. In consequence there was



Replaces 14 Teams of Horses Hauls Ton at 6¾¢ Per Mile

THIS great Indiana Truck has paid for itself at the rate of about ***two and one-half times per annum.*** The owner, H. J. Collier Company, Delaware, Ohio, makes this statement: "Our careful daily record shows that this Indiana Truck has ***made good*** for us, as follows:

"Earned $32.50 a day—saving in salaries, feed, shoeing, etc., for 14 teams replaced by this truck—hauled sand, gravel, stone, coal and cement at ***cost per ton mile of $.0675.*** Mechanical attention in six months' time only $16.99."

"This certainly proves ***extraordinary earning power*** in Indiana Trucks."

We will supply, on request, the ***detailed report*** on this truck—also on other high-earning

Worm Drive

INDIANA TRUCKS

Their dominant ***earning power*** comes from the 112% Reserve Strength built into special heavy duty motor—extra strong crankshaft—connecting rod bearings—80,000 mile axles—bearings and spindles—deep channel steel frame.

Remember—Indiana dealers are prepared to sell you a truck and ***let you pay for it out of its earnings.*** Indiana prices $100 to $1000 lower per truck: 1-ton, $1550; 2-ton, $2250; 3½-ton, $3000; 5-ton, $4000.

Send Your Name for Our Operating-Costs Book

We lay before you in comprehensive tables the average costs of operating Indiana Trucks—taken from many owners' accurately kept records. You can see Indiana Truck ***earning power*** at a glance—given for each truck capacity, from one to five tons. You'll realize the big savings for ***your delivery or hauling work.*** Send for this book.

INDIANA TRUCK CORPORATION

Service Stations in 350 Cities

Dept. 22 MARION, INDIANA, U. S. A.

DEALERS: Put Indiana Trucks on your floor without large financial outlay. Wire for our plan today. Do not give some one else the chance to "close" before we hear from you.

INDIANA Records Prove INDIANA Earning Power

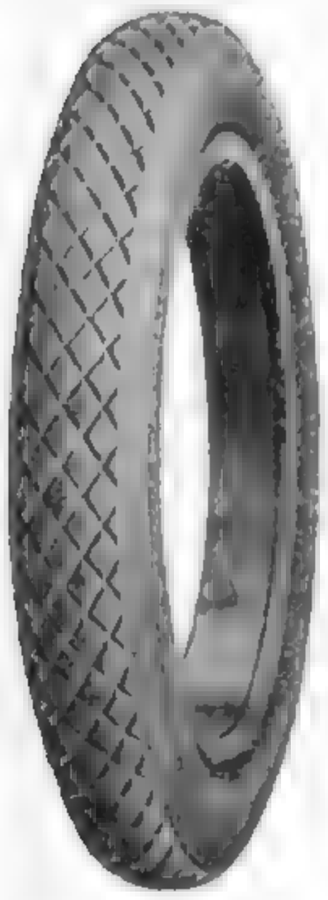
GUARANTEED IN WRITING 5000 MILES

AJAX TIRES

97% OWNERS' CHOICE

The Final Tire

Of Men Who Know All Makes



THE more experience a motorist has had with other tires, the surer is his preference, soon or late, for Ajax. As you know, 97% of the vast volume of Ajax Tires sold every year are Owners' Choice—to take the place of the original tire equipment supplied by the automobile manufacturer.

In other words, ninety-seven times in one hundred the Ajax owner selects this tire over other and less satisfactory makes.

In the actual road proof, Ajax quality wins and holds its owners as the tire for all-time use.

AJAX ROAD KING

And here is Ajax final triumph—designed, built and guaranteed to uphold the Ajax reputation for service and endurance—maximum actual mileage.

Ajax Road King is built for city streets and farm highways. The triangle barbs mean new gripping efficiency.

The Ajax Road King is Guaranteed in Writing, 5000 miles—which is only the minimum you may expect. Here is a guarantee that means just what it says—performance pledged in black and white. Investigate the Ajax Road King now. See what it offers in added *tire value*.

Write for folder describing Ajax Road King Tire—the greatest Ajax of them all.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, Inc.

1796 Broadway *Factories: Trenton, N. J.* New York

While Others are Claiming Quality, We are Guaranteeing It

now thirty-eight thousand dollars due Rogers for presses that could only be stored, and that gentleman was threatening to sue and to break his contract.

George's first quick move was to abduct Rogers again for a day, to convince him that he, George Little, was his original and only true business friend, and that, therefore, he owed it to him as a matter of personal gratitude to hold off his suit, to stand fast by his contract, and to shut down his factory for a month or longer if necessary. Inspired by this much of an achievement, George turned to his factory long enough to get production going at full speed by applying the system of shop-racing and bonus payments that had proved so satisfactory in the Mogul.

But money, money, money! was what George needed, to satisfy Rogers, to settle material bills, to improve his credit and to meet his increasing pay roll. For this he naturally turned upon the sales department, insisting:

"With the demand what it is and the demonstration what our product has given, you can sell these engines before they're made as well as after, and you can get twenty-five per cent cash when the orders are booked by agreeing to forfeit two per cent for every day we're late on deliveries. That'll hook 'em, because even ten days' delay would mean twenty per cent; but—believe me—there'll be no delays of even a single hour."

After this talk to his sales gentlemen, who were somewhat doubtful, George gave them a practical demonstration by disappearing for three days and returning with an order from a foreign government for a quarter of a million dollars' worth of engines, one hundred thousand dollars of the purchase price being in his hands in the form of a certified check in consideration for the preference in delivery which he guaranteed. To make good on this promise George set up one of those unworking die presses out in the yard under a circus tent and strung up a row of lathes behind it, so that in a few weeks he had an engine works under canvas—and steam-heated, for the time was early winter.

With these things working out, he started Rogers building again, but this time making presses readily salable to noncompetitors, for which George had the satisfaction soon of booking orders at a profit that would permit him to throw those unsold machines in the bay at the end of the year if necessary.

Freight blockades, failures of material supply, failures of machines, labor troubles, all the embarrassments that beset manufacturers in that troublesome period, and a few more, came to George, but he never faltered. The fight he fought was a fight within. He must prove to himself convincingly that he was a doer as well as a dreamer, and he kept his business eye on the essential feature of this unusual situation. That was the unprecedented demand for his product. Every submarine that sent a ship to the bottom, every new order for a barrel of flour or a pound of munitions to go abroad, increased the demand for the thing that George was making.

By the end of the very first month even, he got a glimpse of victory waiting for him at the end of the lane, and by the end of three could demonstrate to anyone that he had saved the Morgan Engine Works. W. H. had cast him off and he had come back and saved the old man's fortune and his pride, thereby heaping coals of fire. Morgan himself acknowledged the coals when, in the middle winter, unable to keep away longer, he came back, and, never interfering, never questioning or giving an order, appeared content merely to sit about, to look on and to admire.

But George Little also had his pride, and was held back by one thing from complete satisfaction in his achievement.

"Why did you discharge me, Mr. Morgan?" he asked one day with a directness that rather startled and pricked the old man's conscience.

"No reason at all, George," he confessed; "just that it hurts an old man to see a young one come up and tackle the propositions that he's afraid of and do the things he can't. No other reason in the world, George, but that; and me thinking I was rich enough and smart enough to get along without you. I knew I wasn't doing you any harm. No amount of dischargin' could put a dent in your crust."

"It could though," said George soberly, recalling the awful lump that Henry Stevens had buried in his breast, some of which was still remaining. "Mr. Morgan," and the young man's manner grew confidential, "what is the matter with me? I've been trying to find out and I can't see but that I'm fairly competent."

"Competent?" inquired the old man in some surprise. "George, you're a world beater."

"Why, then, did Mr. Stevens discharge me?"

"Same reason I did, without a doubt."

"I don't believe it," said George. "I'm going over to ask him."

That afternoon he did. It was the first time he had gone near the Mogul Works in half a year. Naturally he paused for a moment before the long brick walls rising on the new factory site. There was something dramatic about the spectacle. It gave him a queer emotional thrill. He had another curious feeling when, turning into the old building and mounting to the office, he encountered his own name: "George Little—Assistant to the President," still upon the door. This sight brought a blush to George's cheek. How boldly and how hurriedly he had put it there, and how deliberate they were in removing it! Walking in, George found Henry R. Stevens at his desk, looking hard worked but happy.

"Howdy, George," said Henry, shaking hands. "What you doing over here? The old man fire you again?"

"No," smiled George with a gulp in his throat; "I guess I've made good over there this time."

"That's what I hear. Morgan's going to clean up after all on this little deal of his—and yours."

"Yes," affirmed George with pardonable pride, "he is; or rather, we are—for Mr. Morgan treats me like a partner now. But, Mr. Stevens, there's one thing that makes me uneasy. You told me there was one particular thing the matter with me—one big thing. There must be a lot of things, of course; but what particular thing was it you had in mind?"

George was very serious, and the more serious he looked the funnier it seemed to Stevens, who threw back his head and laughed, and then, taking a fresh look at George, followed it by another laugh, as if some long-laid mine of Brobdingnagian humor had at last been exploded.

"Just that you are too easily gulled, George," he was able to stammer at last; "gulled by a couple of old men that are both smarter than you are, but not so blamed much smarter either." After which Henry Stevens laughed some more.

A shade of rich red color was mounting along George's neck to his ears.

"I like to see you enjoy yourself," he observed dryly; "but if you would be a little more explicit I could perhaps laugh too."

"Well," responded the president of the Mogul Truck Works, "you let old Walter gull you for one. He was just down on his knees praying for you to come back when you blew in and he ripped round and panned you and made you go to work for nothing to get your job back."

"Is that so?" gasped George in some chagrin. "And I've been doing my darnedest to keep him from finding out how really critical things were so it wouldn't break his tough old heart!"

"Well, he knew and told me next day about it, the old rascal! How he panned you and put you to work for nothing!"

"At that, I don't know as it has hurt me," reflected George. "I seem to feel pretty good about the transaction now. But one thing still worries me: Why did you discharge me, Mr. Stevens?"

"Fooled you!" declared Stevens unblushingly. "Discharged you in the way I did, expecting you would do just what you did. I knew that it was you or bust for Morgan, but that he was too proud ever to admit it—that you'd have to be sent back there crawling on your hands and knees and begging for permission to save his Works for him."

Those brown eyes of George's were big and staring as he listened; he was a little more dazed than he had been the day that Stevens let him go.

"But suppose—suppose," he ventured, "that I hadn't gone to Morgan at all, but had tried to land a job somewhere else."

"Why, then the girl and I would have done a little steering."

"The girl! Estelle? Did she know?"

"I told her next day. Couldn't run the risk of having her think there was anything wrong with you."

There was a very queer look on George's face. *(Concluded on Page 69)*

FREE

Read Booklet for Complete Description of Substitutes Used for Cotton in Mattresses
No. 1
Pure long-fibre cotton from which the Sealy Mattress is made
No. 2
Cotton Seed – the cotton has been removed by the gin
No. 3
Unbleached Linters or seed fuzz from the cotton seed after the cotton has been removed.
No. 4
Mill waste – coils and ends from fabric mills
No. 5
No. 6
MINIATURE MATTRESS MUSEUM
From SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Sugar Land, Texas
Plant the Seeds

The cotton seeds that this box contains will grow if planted in a flower pot.

This Little Box Tells the Truth About Mattress Values—

Look into it and you will find why one mattress is better than another.

All kinds of mattresses are made of all kinds of fillings, so it is only by *knowing what is in a mattress that you can judge its value.*

The box contains a sample of the long-fibre cotton used in SEALY MATTRESSES, also an exhibit of cotton used in ordinary mattresses, then mill waste, used in so-called felt mattresses, and wool shoddy, a substitute for felt.

When you compare SEALY long-fibre, air-woven cotton with the cheaper grades, you will understand why SEALY MATTRESSES never become flat or hard, and why *"Sleeping on a Sealy is like sleeping on a cloud."*

Write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it today and we will send you this MATTRESS MUSEUM, FREE

The important point about a Mattress is ***what goes in it.*** If Pure long-fibre air-woven Cotton is used, it's a good Mattress—a Sealy

The Sealy Sanitary Tuftless Mattress

You Sleep Soundly on a Sealy — ask any alarmclock

Sealy Triple Guarantee

1. **We Guarantee** the Sealy to be made of Pure Long-Fibre Cotton without Linters or Mill Waste

2. **We Guarantee** the Sealy for twenty years against becoming Lumpy or Hunchy.

3. **We Guarantee** that after Sixty Nights' Trial you will pronounce the Sealy the most Comfortable Mattress you have ever used, or your money back.

Should the Mattress fail in any one of these conditions, when subjected to ordinary use, on presenting this contract, we will replace the Mattress or refund the purchase price

Sealy Mattress Company

Luxuriously Comfortable—Economical

MADE of pure, selected long-fibre cotton by our patented air-woven process, the Sealy is as soft as a cloud. The smooth tuftless feature so essential to perfect comfort conforms to the sleeping figure, allowing delightful relaxation, and absorbing instead of radiating heat.

The long-fibre, air-woven cotton cannot harden or become matted; it never rolls into lumps or hummocks, and it retains its restful, buoyant properties permanently.

Because they are not tufted, Sealy Mattresses have no dust-gathering cavities and no stitch-holes to let dirt through to the clean, springy, air-woven cotton. Sealy Tuftless Mattresses are sanitary.

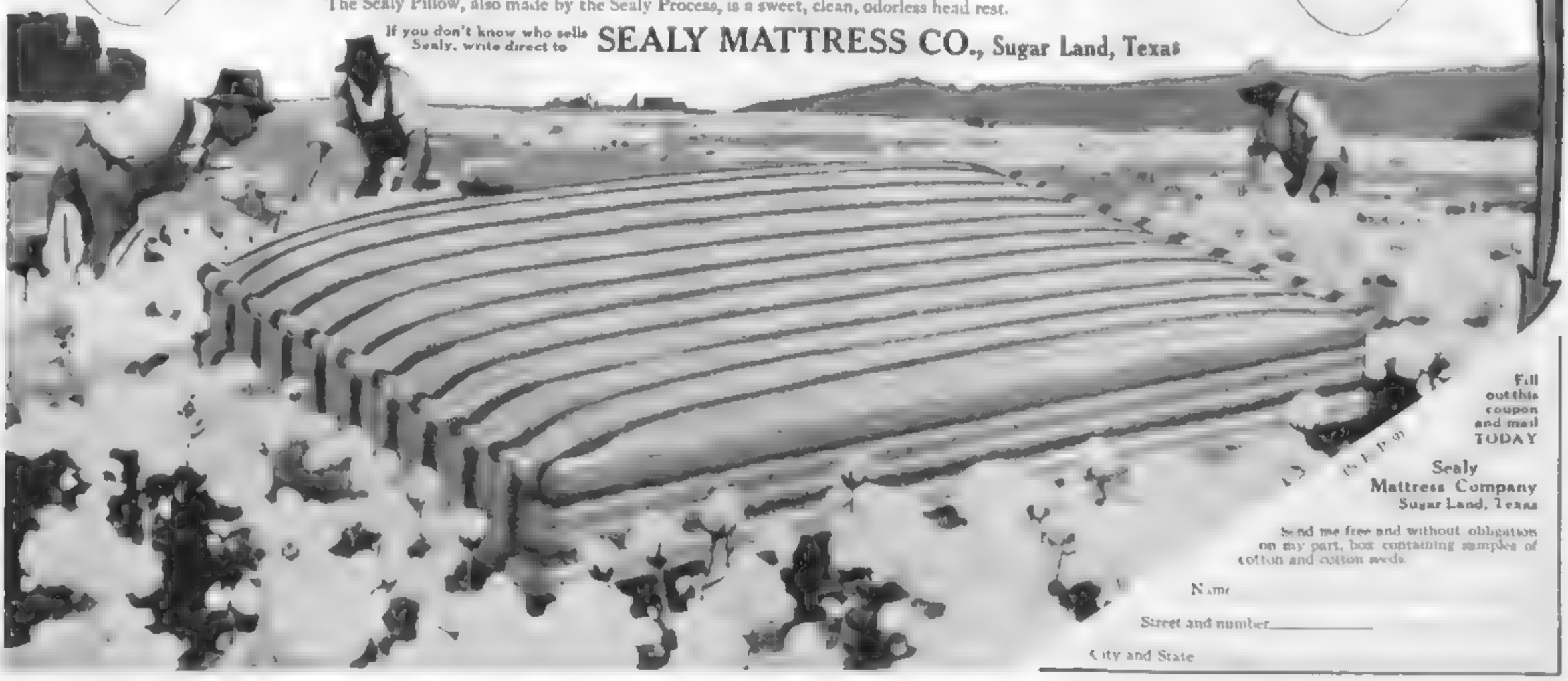
You buy a Sealy Mattress and there the cost ends. Every Sealy identically the same. Different prices on different ticks. No upkeep in annual remaking—we guarantee that it keeps in perfect condition for twenty years. Read the guarantee.

The Sealy Pillow, also made by the Sealy Process, is a sweet, clean, odorless head rest.

If you don't know who sells Sealy, write direct to **SEALY MATTRESS CO., Sugar Land, Texas**

"Sleeping on a SEALY like sleeping on a cloud."

This slogan and the trade mark stand for the best in mattress values. For thirty-five years we have been making the SEALY MATTRESS exactly as it is today.



Fill out this coupon and mail TODAY

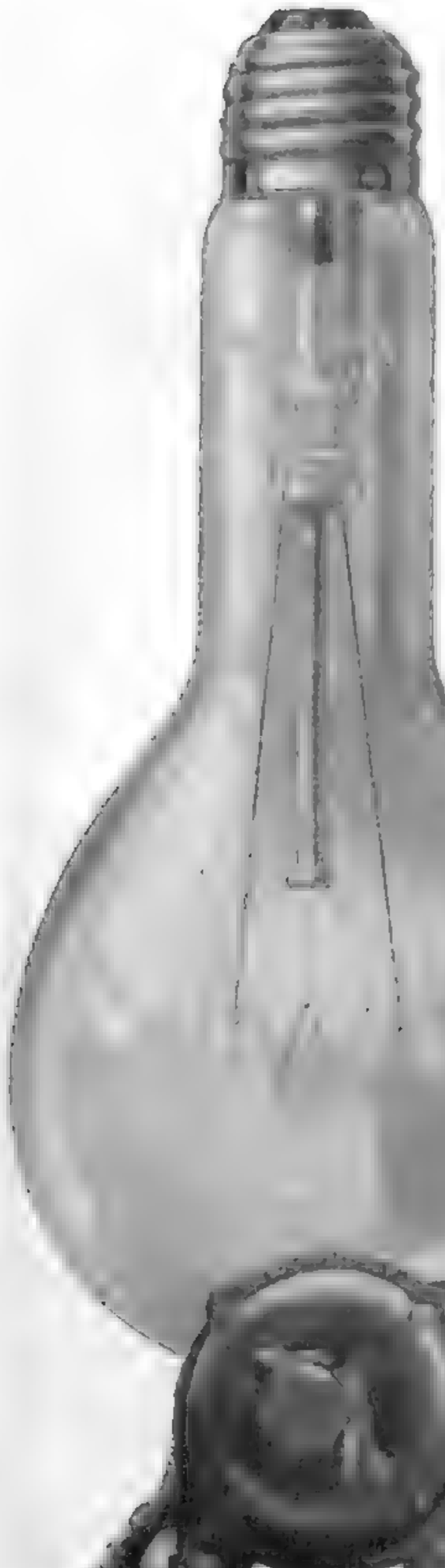
Sealy Mattress Company
Sugar Land, Texas

Send me free and without obligation on my part, box containing samples of cotton and cotton seeds.

Name

Street and number

City and State



Top Production Never Reached Until There's Proper Light

We must never forget that there's a "human element" in factory production. The man is not a machine. He can not be geared up to produce automatically at a chosen rate. He works at variable efficiencies.

A sure stimulus to rapid and accurate workmanship is abundant light! The well lighted shop is a cheerful place. The worker feels more like pitching in and giving of his best. The absence of conscious effort makes the work go well.

And when the worker can see his every move, he gains a confidence that leads to precision. Spoilage is reduced, seconds are fewer, and mistakes and accidents rarer. The better the light the more seldom occur those distressing incidents that upset the whole shop and knock holes in production for hours at a time.

National MAZDA C Lamp

Adequate lighting has always been possible, but sometimes at what was thought to be an impractical cost. Now, by the use of NATIONAL MAZDA C lamps, you can get all the light you need for perfect vision at a cost no greater than you may have been paying for *insufficient* light.

Just as the NATIONAL MAZDA B trebled the light your current would give, so the NATIONAL MAZDA C (the gas-filled bulb with its coiled wire filament) *has nearly doubled it again*

More than five times the light with no increase in current consumption!

It is poor economy to use these lamps to cut down expense. What is needed is *more light*.

The gain in speed and accuracy of production is many times greater in most cases than any saving likely to be made in the lighting bill. The money cost of a single accident which might have been prevented by better light will often exceed an entire year's expense for illumination.

But good lighting is not entirely a matter of more light. Though enough light is the *first requirement* of proper illumination, there are other requirements, such as the avoidance of glare and the correct choice of light intensities for the work.

In some instances, too, the duplicating of daylight in *color* (as well as approximating it in intensity) will dictate the selection of NATIONAL MAZDA C-2 lamps. These are a newer development, using the principles of the NATIONAL MAZDA C, but giving the value of daylight to the color of the illumination by means of a colored-glass bulb.

That the lamps may be properly selected and correctly installed, we shall be glad to refer you to our local agent—or the aid of our Engineering Department may be enlisted. National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., 33 Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

(Concluded from Page 66)

"Then—then you don't think there's anything wrong with me?"

"I should say not—except that I thought then a little grindstoning might be good for you. Your self-assurance was rough in spots."

"But why did you leave my name on the door?"

"Because I left it on the pay roll," gurgled Stevens. "It was a fake discharge I handed you. There must be a couple of thousand dollars waiting for you round at the cashier's office. Furthermore, the treasurer's got that block of stock we were talking about—pretty good block too. And now that you think you've got my old friend W. H. out of the woods, let me tell you what's going to happen to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow! You are going to be elected president of the Mogul works."

"President?"

"George, stop sitting there repeating my words after me. You'll make me think there is something wrong with you. Yes; president! I'm going to be chairman of the board and sit on the safety valve. You're going to run the whole works, and Morgan's on the side. That's the kind of a business man we think you are!"

"And it all comes ——"

"It all comes through your darned modesty in being willing to think that at least two men in the manufacturing world might know more than you. Well, we admit that we do, old Walter Morgan and me. Where are you going?"

George was reaching for his hat on his way to the door.

"Going to hunt up a little black-eyed cheat named Estelle," responded George over his shoulder.

BOLDERO

(Continued from Page 5

"No!" He came and stood over Doornail Jimmy. "Not yet!" he shouted. "You needn't call me names, either. I didn't do it for fun."

With some bewildered purpose of warming himself, he sat down by the fire. To his further bewilderment he found his whole body trembling, and he began to cry like an infant, with strange, long-drawn, blubbering noises, which he seemed to have no power to check.

"It wasn't any quarrel o' mine!" he wailed.

The old vagabond slowly rose and stood looking down through the smoke—a black silhouette against the river, the watery strip of sunset, and cottonwood boughs dotted with great nests and Druid bundles of mistletoe.

"Let carrion lie!" he ordered sternly. "Come! Courage, boy! You need some food and drink. Let carrion stay where it falls. If it's dead it will float off soon enough. The river's rising. Come! I owe you a dinner at least."

He stooped and picked the forgotten pistol out of the sand.

"Pawn that," he grumbled. "Pawn it, we can, for a dollar, anyhow."

III

THEY left their fire smoldering at the river's edge, left the scarecrow figure asprawl, and climbed to the levee top. Here a beaten path of hard sand tufted with Bermuda grass went curving as the dike curved, between poplar and willow boughs on the right hand and on the left acres of roofs.

Like a Noah's Ark village arranged in a basin, the town lay sunk beneath them. Boldero and the old man walked above chimneys. Without, beyond the trees, they saw the yellow stream hurry past, below them, yet higher than the streets within.

Doornail Jimmy set an easy pace. Boldero, following, saw only his back; but he became conscious that this guide, unlike most wanderers, moved with good action, not slouching, and wore a coat which had been made to fit him long ago from well-woven stuff. Homespun, threadbare and faded green, it still was weatherproof, pearled with gray seeds of moisture.

He went along, talking to nobody in his flat, deaf accent.

"Bloodthirsty young catamount!" said he. "But I owe you a dinner. Don't know why you should kill men on my behalf. Never saw you in my life before that I can remember. Quixotic!"

The far-off sunlight died beneath a cover of indigo storm clouds. While it did so, the Doornail turned his back on it and began stumbling down a divergent path into the city.

"This way," he muttered, "is where I live."

A Chinese temple raised the dragon scroll-work of its eaves and ridgepole to meet them as they descended. A humble joss house, built in old brown wood, with traces of weatherworn finery, it maintained under shelter of the levee an open door between two faded red pillars—the door of an exiled and forsaken faith, which yet flickered visibly from the inner dusk, where pin-point lamps revealed a few tinsel banners and gilded godlings huddled among shadows. A gong sounded once or twice with muffled overtones; and a bent, black-hatted figure passed before the altar like a weary ghost.

Into this temple the Doornail peered for a moment, then moved on, skirting its battered portico. Through an alley choked with greenish mud and queer odors he led the way, round a corner, through more alleys, to a ramshackle street lined with wooden verandas. Here, among the last and poorest shops of the Chinese Quarter, he paused. Flame-colored labels marked with vertical black ideographs plastered the face of a brick wall, in which was a little sunken door.

"Come upstairs," said the wanderer, groping for a key in his pocket. "Come up and have a talk."

He made hard work of unlocking the door, but at last it opened and they kicked their way up a narrow flight of stairs, darker than a wolf's mouth. The darkness contained a strange medicinal smell of herbs. At the stair-head the old man seemed to pause and grope. Presently an iron latch clicked; a door upon the left opened and disclosed a room full of twilight.

"My lodgings, Peter!"

It was a little room, with one window, the walls of matched boarding painted an Oriental green. A table, three chairs and a cot bed were the only furniture—all fairly new and commonplace, yet all transformed by that antiquity which settles upon the commonest Chinese belonging. A fireplace, empty and black, seemed ready to fall in ruin, with bricks askew. The window stood open to the fading western light.

Jimmy closed his door.

"Sit down over here," said he, dragging chairs to the window, "where I can see your face. Now then! Why didn't you let 'em kill me? You needn't shout. Talk naturally, or whisper. I can read lips."

Boldero sat facing him. Outside, the levee bank reared its wall of darkness, and a little grove of switches, beaded with pussy willows, formed a network sharply against the sky. It was impossible to know the face of this questioner, who leaned backward into gloom, with one long slender hand covering the eyebrows like a visor.

"I couldn't stand by and let 'em. Not in cold blood!"

"That's very brave."

"No!" Boldero rejected the compliment in disgust. "No, sir! I very nearly ran away."

The man leaning in the shadow made a movement.

"Never do that," he exclaimed harshly. "Never run away from anything. It's the one great mistake. Go on. Tell me who you are, by the way."

Below stairs, in another part of the house, somebody was playing on a "full moon." The whining music, thinner and sharper than a mandolin's, penetrated the room and made an accompaniment to Boldero's history. He had not reached that afternoon's episode when his hearer suddenly checked him.

"Too dark to hear what you're saying. Wait till we have a lamp and some dinner. But it's the same old story—frying pan and fire. You jumped out of burglary into what decent people—not you and I, but decent people—call manslaughter. Remember that, my boy. Engrave it on the tablets of your mind, if you have a mind."

The window was a gray blank; the room and its tenant had become lost in obscurity.

"Go out and pawn this revolver," continued the deaf man's voice. "We can spoil the Egyptians a little. And here—take this. Get it changed for me."

This stretch of concrete is in Erie County, New York, between Buffalo and Batavia. It was built by the State Highway Commission under the supervision of C. J. McDonough, District Engineer, Buffalo; Thos. F. Shaughnessy, Albany, was the contractor

A Road Authority's Opinion of Concrete

LeRoy Ulrich, Superintendent of Repairs, Connecticut State Highway Department, Hartford, Conn., in a paper read before the American Concrete Institute, made the following statement:

"The construction of the first concrete road in this state was commenced in the summer of the year 1913. It was built to replace a worn out stretch of macadam, and the type was adopted for the following reasons:

"First: The amount of motor vehicle traffic was increasing as well as the carrying capacity of trucks. How far this would increase could only be inferred.

"Second: The increasing cost of the maintenance of the ordinary water bound macadam caused by these conditions was fast reaching a sum so great that sufficient money could not be obtained to properly take care of its maintenance.

"Third: The commission realized that to build roads which were not strong enough to withstand the future traffic was false economy.

"Fourth: The original cost of the type to be chosen could not be so high as to prevent a considerable mileage being built to replace the poorer types by hampering the construction of the new work.

"Fifth: Maintenance cost of the type chosen must be low in comparison with the original cost."

To which he added:

"The condition of these (concrete) roads in Connecticut at the present time would indicate that the traffic has had very little effect upon them and the maintenance cost should not materially increase for several years."

During the past two years, Connecticut has built over

Fifty Miles of Concrete Highways

CONCRETE ROADS:
THEIR ADVANTAGES

No Mud—No Dust
No Ruts—No Holes
No Slipping
No Skidding
Easy Hauling
Smooth Riding
Long Life—Safety
Always Ready for Use
Low Maintenance
Moderate Cost

the oldest part of which has averaged less than $40 a mile per year for surface upkeep. Compare this negligible figure with an annual cost of $585 per mile of all highways in the state. The low maintenance cost of concrete is no less remarkable than its extremely long life under the heaviest traffic.

This Association does not sell cement. It maintains a corps of trained highway engineers to co-operate with communities which want to build permanent highways. It has had nationwide experience in road problems and has gathered a fund of reliable information of great practical value to practical men. One of its experts will gladly call on you and consult with you about your particular problems. Write for Bulletin No. 136.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Offices at

ATLANTA, CHICAGO, DALLAS, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, MILWAUKEE, NEW YORK, PITTSBURGH, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

On coming home— to Robert Burns

Like every man who smokes, I have my spells of wanderlust—times when the new brand and the "brand-new" tempt my taste.

"Try this one," says the friendly fellow at the counter, "pretty good, I'm told."

But always I return to ROBERT BURNS, *good* ROBERT BURNS, so *zestful*, yet so *mild*.

It's just like "getting home again," after a journey half way 'round the world.

No place, after all, is quite like *home*. And to the man who values moderation, even in smoking, no cigar is quite so pleasant as mild ROBERT BURNS.

* * * * *

Why do keen smokers, think you, usually "*come home*" to ROBERT BURNS?

The *blend* and the *curing* explain it.

His Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

Thus ROBERT BURNS keeps pace with progress—a better, worthier cigar today, than ever.

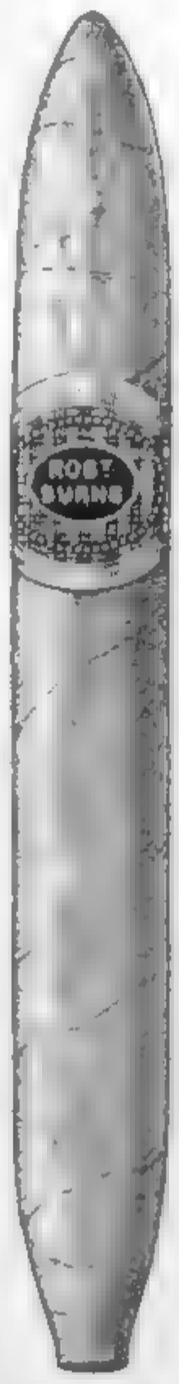
Have you tried me lately?

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c straight.

Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢ straight

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.
119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



ROBT BURNS
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)

Boldero, receiving the pistol, took also a round piece of money—gold, to judge by the weight, and by its breadth a double eagle.

"Twenty dollars!" he cried. "You trust me?"

The other laughed at his amazement.

"Don't know whether I do or not," came the dry answer. "Go out and see. Pawn that devil's plaything, anyhow. There's a Jew next door to the Acropolis Bar. Any of our neighbors will direct you. 'And mind you come back with the chynge—Me!'" A world-weary laugh followed this injunction. "Trot along. You can leave the street door unlatched."

Alone in the street, Boldero found himself a prey to mingled feelings. He had killed a man and the fact crushed him; he had rescued a man from death and the rescue seemed a trifle. This queer old creature upstairs, for whom his soul was blackened, cared nothing about it either way, but treated him like a child whose guilt or innocence was not worth consideration.

"What's the use," thought Jack, "of trying to do the right thing?"

Nevertheless, he went on his errand down the gloomy row of wooden verandas. A few lighted windows here and there disclosed the brown interiors of shops where Chinamen sat talking soberly among tiers of red-labeled merchandise. He found the pawnbroker easily, for the Acropolis Bar stood bright and gaudy upon a corner and served to light up a dusty neighboring den, the front of which was crowded with guitars, accordions, carpenters' tools, firearms and silver watches. In this den, over a smoking kerosene lamp, he quarreled with a talkative member of the lost tribes, a degraded and discourteous Jew, who at last lent him four bits for the dead man's revolver.

Thence he returned to the glaring Acropolis, where, amid the smoke, heat and sweaty wrangling of a hundred Macedonian laborers, he caught the bartender's attention long enough to have his goldpiece changed into silver. The Greeks had been paid off and crowded along the counter, drinking Dionysus brandy and jabbering something about a flood from the hills. He left them to their pleasure and regained the cool air of the street.

Halfway home, at the next corner, he met a group of three men. In this Chinese Quarter, this foreign refuse pile of the town, it was not surprising to find one of the men a tall Sikh, who stood very straight in an old khaki jacket and wore a pink turban.

"The Little Old Man," this Easterner was saying in excellent English, "who lives at the Black Door in the Wall? Where is that door, please? The old man who cannot hear ——"

"Aw, go to blazes, raghead!" growled the other two, and turned slouching away.

The Sikh looked after them, his brown face touched with the mild scorn of a man well used to such rebuffs.

"Straight ahead," said Boldero. "I'm going there myself. Ahead; on your right."

At the sound of his voice the two white men wheeled about. Boldero found himself facing his enemies; for the taller of the two was the big-nosed man, alive and grim, with a red-stained bandage under his hat and dried blood upon one cheek bone.

"Come along, Fingers!" urged his companion. "It's that kid again."

But Mr. Fingers advanced with a menacing air.

"I see it is," he cried. "I'll fix him."

Boldero cast a glance behind. The Sikh was marching on his way.

"No, you won't!" he retorted, confronting the pair once more. "You're not man enough."

Something in Jack's bearing and a slight forward movement of his hands bespoke such practiced readiness that the tall man halted. They stood looking each other in the eyes.

"This ain't no place," said Fingers, "and my head swimmin' too. But there'll be other places. Don't forget that, son."

"Places are alike to me," stated the young man boldly.

"All right. We'll meet up." The other, wagging his damaged head, spoke softly, but with a relish of hatred. "We'll run across one 'nother."

Jack's eyes suddenly brightened.

"Now I know you!" he exclaimed. "Thought that voice was familiar. You were robbing a house downstairs" he named the town, street, day and hour "and sung out, tellin' me to go upstairs. Didn't you? We've met before."

The big-nosed man gave a start.

"Oh!" He fixed his look harder than ever. His manner changed. "One of us," he said gravely, "is meant to be unlucky for the other."

"Well," agreed Boldero, "don't count on me for your little mascot."

His foe remained thoughtful.

"One of us—meant to be—that's plain. I'm a-comin', Pill-Hop."

With that he turned, rejoined his fellow, and walked slowly away, talking as he went and holding a broken, imperfect hand to the side of his face. As for Boldero, he strolled homeward under the dark verandas, chinked the money in his pocket and breathed great drafts of the night air; his heart light, his conscience free, unburdened of a dead body lying among the river bushes.

He entered the Black Door in the Wall, to find a bright light streaming downstairs. His host's room, above, stood open to the landing, and resounded with lively talk that ceased as he went up.

The little deaf man and the tall pink-turbaned Sikh looked at him across a table, on which a hot supper smoked by the light of four candles.

"*Wuh kaun hai?*" inquired the Sikh.

"My preserver," said the old man satirically, but not unkindly. "*Bolta jao.*"

The two went on speaking in a foreign tongue of which Boldero understood more than they could have guessed. They were ending some tale of a shipload of laborers and more than once used the word "conspiracy."

"I'll probably get into a row, then," said the Sikh at last. "So"—he drew from one pocket a buckskin pouch, from another three or four silver war medals—"your worship will take care of these?"

The deaf man nodded.

"Of course! Good luck to you. And," he added, as the Sikh laid his valuables on a chair, "remember, Ghanda Singh, if ever you meet this boy again, he is a friend of mine."

Ghanda Singh's lean brown face wore a smile as he regarded Jack; his dark eyes twinkled with friendly sagacity; he seemed to be taking Jack's portrait and stowing it away at the back of his mind.

"Good!" said he. Then, giving the Doornail a very curious salute, he set his lean legs in motion, marched to the stairs—the lintel brushing his pink turban—and, with a nod and another quick smile, went down into the darkness.

Greatly interested, Boldero stood watching while the old man opened a tiny door in the matched boarding of the wall, gathered up the buckskin purse and the war medals, put them into a recess or cupboard, and locked them safely away with a flat key.

"I was once in India," he observed, as though replying to a question. "Many of these chaps come to see me, passing through."

With that, he returned to the table, where supper smoked amid the candlelight.

"Take a chair, Mr. Boldero," said he; and when they were seated he continued, heaping Jack's plate with rice, chopped bacon and cubes of white bean cake: "How much did you get from the Jew?"

Boldero laid on the table his pocketful of money—the Jew's pittance, two small coins, apart from the rest.

"You keep that," murmured his host, sweeping the main heap toward himself and counting it carefully. "The Jew's money is yours, of course."

Boldero said nothing and put the two coins away again.

"Satisfied?" snapped Doornail Jimmy.

The pupils of his eyes had grown narrow and keen as a miser's; yet it was no miser's look, Boldero felt, that pierced him now, but something more human, more complex, in which the cupidity aimed at higher and subtler affairs than money. This was the first time they had seen each other clearly; and with a touch of wonder Boldero discovered Jimmy's face to be anything but that of the drunken vagabond he had taken for granted. In the yellow glow of the candles it shone forth, withered, austere, with fine features roughened by outdoor wear, and pouched eyelids forming the triangular folds of age round a pair of glittering eyes. Neat, shaven, hawk-nosed, the old fellow seemed tart as a frosty apple and wary as a bird.

"Quite satisfied?"

Boldero nodded. His host fell to eating the rice and bean cake with great appetite. The only drink on the table was two cups of tea covered cups without handles, Chinese fashion. The meal proceeded in silence;

(Continued on Page 73)

Now Is the Best Time to Buy a Hudson Super-Six

Today's Prices are Based on Last Year's Material Costs. Present Markets Have Already Forced 51 Makers to Add $100 to $700 to Their Prices

Former $1200 and $1400 cars now cost about as much as a Hudson Super-Six.

No changes warrant such an increase. They are practically the same as the cars which recently sold at $200 to $300 less than the Hudson Super-Six.

Cars in the $2000 class and up have increased from $350 to $700. That removes them further from the Hudson Super-Six price.

Increased cost of material is responsible for the higher prices.

Hudson prices have not increased this year. Our materials were contracted for months ago. When present supplies are exhausted then Hudsons, too, must cost more. Until then Hudson, because of its value, is the lowest priced car on the market.

Here is an indication of how prices have been affected. Consider just one item.

The principal material in a fine automobile is steel. All steel is made from iron.

For 25 years before the Great War the average price of iron was a few cents over $16 a ton. In December last it was $30 a ton. It now is $54 a ton.

Makers who bought materials this year must get more for their cars than those built of materials bought last year.

Good Fortune for Hudson Buyers

Even when other cars sold at $200 to $300 less, Super-Six sales exceeded those of any two makes in the $1200 to $1400 class. Now that there is no such difference in price you can realize how much greater will be the demand for Hudsons. The present supply won't last long. Then Hudson, too, must cost more.

There can be no preference now that former cheaper cars cost as much as the Super-Six.

Super-Six endurance makes it the preferred among fine cars. In every revealing test it has proved endurance unequalled by any other car.

All Due to the Super-Six Motor

Hudson leadership is due to the Super-Six motor. No other motor is like it. It minimizes vibration. That increases power and lengthens motor life. Vibration is the most destructive force in a motor. All Hudson tests show how by minimizing vibration endurance is obtained. The Super-Six is the most powerful automobile motor of its size known.

No owner has yet discovered the real limits of Super-Six endurance and almost 40,000 Super-Sixes are now in daily service.

Endurance is the most wanted quality of a motor car. A car should not wear out soon. It should not require frequent mechanical attention. That Hudson has proved.

You Need No Greater Proof for Hudson

A double transcontinental run with a seven-passenger phaeton broke every previous record each way. Pike's Peak, up the highest and longest mountain road in the world, was climbed by a Super-Six special in less time than any other car. Twenty-two of the world's fastest special cars contested. A stock chassis established the record for the fastest mile. Carrying driver and one passenger, a car fully equipped traveled 100 miles at an average of 74.67 miles per hour.

A stock chassis traveled 1819 miles in 24 hours, and at the stop showed nothing to indicate that its endurance had been reached.

But these tests, greater than any other car ever made, were not enough to reveal the limits of Hudson endurance. Then special racing cars were built that they might compete on the speedway with the world's fastest, most carefully built automobiles. The same principle that accounts for Hudson endurance in the stock cars is included in these.

The American Speedway record for 200 miles was established by one of them at an average speed of 104 miles an hour.

That speed for that distance calls for endurance beyond that which ordinarily is needed in a lifetime's requirements. These are proofs of Hudson endurance. They indicate the service you may expect from a Hudson Super-Six. If such tests mean nothing to you because of their extremes, then think what the service to almost 40,000 users means. There can be no greater assurance than that.

There is no advantage now in buying another car, not even the apparent saving in the first cost price.

But the number of Super-Sixes that can be built from last year's material purchases is limited. If you are to get your car at the present price it must be from that number. You must decide soon.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car Landaulet	$3025
Speedster, 4-passenger	1750	Town Car	2925	Limousine	2925
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

THE QUICK GET-AWAY

CARS equipped with the Wagner Starter are like the eager race horse—off at the drop of the hat. A slight pressure on the foot switch sets the Starter to spinning at a speed which makes quick work of the job.

The Wagner Starter

The Starter that is built to order

has a very high starting torque (power delivered at the crank shaft). In ordinary weather this torque, finding little resistance, converts its energy to speed. As the speed increases the torque decreases. The result is almost instantaneous starting, with very little consumption of current.

In severe weather, the torque, finding a stiff engine and maximum resistance, rises to whatever point is necessary to start the turn-over. With every turn the resistance decreases and the speed consequently increases. Thus the Wagner Starter quickly gets to the speed necessary to start the engine.

The Wagner Starter is made by engineers who keep in the front rank of electrical research—men who have contributed notably to the development of electric power machinery.

Wagner Maintenance Stations

Wagner owned and operated Maintenance Stations have been established in sixteen cities, located as nearly as possible to give one-day service to owners of Wagner Starters. These Maintenance Stations are fully equipped with Wagner Starter machinery, tools and parts. They are in charge of Wagner factory-trained men, and all work, except inspection, which is free, is figured in advance from factory-fixed and printed prices.

Owners of cars equipped with a Wagner Starter are urged to make use of these Maintenance Stations for occasional inspection, and for all repairs or adjustments.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Factory Branches and *Maintenance Stations*

*New York, *Chicago, *Detroit, *Philadelphia, Buffalo, *St. Louis, *San Francisco, *Boston, *Cleveland, Milwaukee, Seattle, *Indianapolis, St. Paul, *Los Angeles, *Denver, *Minneapolis, *Portland, Springfield, Mass., Montreal, Toronto, Toledo, *Atlanta

Selling Agencies: New Orleans, Memphis, Salt Lake City, Dallas, London, Eng., Melbourne, Australia

(Continued from Page 70)

but when they had left the platter clean Boldero found those birdlike brown eyes fastened on him again.

"I like people who are easily satisfied," declared the Doornail. "And my life is hardly worth a great reward. I'm not ungrateful, though. Is there anything you'd like to ask me for?"

"Yes," replied Boldero, finishing his tea and replacing the cover. "Your name."

"Heh!" The other chuckled as though more and more pleased. "Well, sir, you may call me"—Boldero perceived the choice of words—"you may call me James Weechurch, at your service. But what else? For yourself, now. What do you want?"

"I don't want anything," cried Jack, growing indignant. "Forget it, Mr. Weechurch. You didn't hire me to slug that hobo, did you?"

For the first time Mr. Weechurch smiled; and the smile brought a transformation, making his wrinkled face warmer, wonderfully kinder, almost young.

"No," said he. "You're my benefactor. We don't always like our benefactors; but I rather like you; though all I'm going to give you in return is what I've given you already—a piece of good counsel. Keep it, for it's beyond rubies, and a pearl of great price. It's this: Never"—he tapped out the words with forefinger on table—"never run away from anything."

Shoving back his chair, he rose, looked meditative, wagged his head, and drew from his waistcoat a large iron key, which he laid beside Jack's plate.

"With that key you can go and come," he continued. "Your meals here, your bed in the back room. I make you heartily free of the house upon one condition." He paused, and repeated with emphasis: "Upon one condition: that you hold your tongue and do not speak, outside, of anything you may see or hear in this house—not anything whatsoever."

Boldero, glad of a lodging in wet weather, promptly agreed.

"And now," continued Mr. Weechurch, "good night. I'm turning in early." He blew out two of the candles, gave the third to his guest, and, himself taking the fourth, crossed the room and set it at his bed's head on a wooden sconce from which he took a small black volume. "Good night. I shall now read myself to sleep from the dullest book ever printed on this earth."

Candle in hand, Boldero paused at the threshold and hesitated.

"What's its name, sir?"

The old man chuckled and darted a glance of approval.

"Its name," he replied, folding his coat neatly over a chair, "is Philip's Beauty of Female Holiness. Two hundred and fifty-one pages of poppy and mandragora. I've been reading it for a twelvemonth and am mired in page thirty. You like books, then?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Boldero. "Some. Not many."

Mr. Weechurch sat down to unlace his boots.

"Can't have this one!" he cried jealously. "It's my nightcap, my posset, my door into the vast inane. Good night again, my boy!"

It was characteristic of Boldero that as he went exploring by reddish candlelight the strangely smelling corridor which led to his new quarters, he would not have exchanged them for a palace, or his evening's entertainment for all the theaters in Christendom.

"And he has good table manners," thought Boldero. "By watching I can learn to eat right, here."

THE bedroom to which Boldero found his way and which his candle dimly lighted was a cavernous little place, filled with Chinese refuse—broad, varnished wicker hats, worn-out sandals; rusty hoes and trowels and spades; a wilderness of bulbs, roots, withered herbs piled in every corner, wreathed round the window frame, dangling overhead from a network of wires. It smelled of the earth, of blossoms and juices not quite evaporated, but still breathing virtue. Boldero placed his candle on the window ledge and sneezed. Over the counterpane of a neglected bed there were scattered little bundles of dried sea horses, like chess knights, wrinkled with age. He put them upon a shelf before turning down the covers. It was a strange room and Boldero gloried in it.

"What a lot," said he, "to learn about this house!"

He flung open the window, blew out his candle and slipped into bed. Though not a sumptuous couch, it was the best he had known for many a night. To hear rain splash and trample outside the window, to lie so near a drenching, and yet be as dry as these clean-smelling herbs roundabout, enhanced his luxury.

"A heap to learn!" he mumbled, and so fell comfortably asleep, looking forward to great things

He woke next morning with a sense of bright promise and novelty, though his room and the world were filled rather with a brown gloom than with daylight. Rain crossed his window in heavy vertical lines, like glass rods, which melted and broke into silver spray on the rusty iron of Chinese roofs, a green tredused gourd vine, the tiled cornice of the joss house, and a sodden courtyard, in which a troop of Mandarin ducks, their varicolored feathers bedraggled and darkened, went waddling aimlessly among puddles.

"Fine weather," he thought while he dressed, "to go looking for work."

In the corridor he found, to his surprise, a band of yellow light crossing the stairhead where the door of Mr. Weechurch's room stood open. As he passed he glanced in to say good morning, and saw Mr. Weechurch still abed, sitting propped on pillows. Two candles burned low at his bedside, as for a wake. The old man's head, in a pointed white woolen nightcap, which made him look like Marley's Ghost with its pigtail on end, had fallen back. His breath came regularly and peacefully; his eyes were shut fast; his arms, clothed in the sleeves of a blue silk wadded jacket, were folded on the counterpane; and his fingers weakly grasped a little black book. The Beauty of Female Holiness had done its work.

Boldero, smiling, was about to pass, when he saw on the table a thing that gleamed in the candlelight.

"Ho! This won't do!" he murmured, and stole into the room.

The gleaming thing on the table was a small scattered mound of money—silver and gold pieces; a large old-fashioned gold watch with a heavy chain; a gold snuff-box; and a locket set with sparkling stones of different colors.

"He empties his pockets there and leaves the door wide open!" thought Boldero, staring. "This won't ever do! He needs a guardian."

Glancing from the little hoard to its owner, he had a momentary shock. For an instant he thought the old man's eyes had seemed open, watching him; but they were not; it must have been some trick of candlelight and shadow.

Boldero stared again at the heap on the table and wagged his head.

"Mr. Weechurch!" he said aloud. "Oh, Mr. Weechurch!"

Remembering the man's deafness, he stepped over and shook the footboard of his bed. The Beauty of Female Holiness tumbled from his relaxed fingers as lifelike as possible. The head and its goblin nightcap rolled gently from side to side. Yes, he must have been asleep; he woke easily and naturally, his brown eyes wandering at first, then growing alert and fixed. With an effort of drowsy muscles, his lean face drew into a smile.

"Who are you? Oh, yes! Good morning. What was it?"

Boldero nodded at the pile on the table.

"That ain't right, sir," he declared in rebuke, "to leave a mint of valu'bles lyin' loose, and your door wide open! You'll wake up some mornin' and find it all gone; or, what's more, you won't wake up at all. Honestly, sir, it ain't safe at your age."

Mr. Weechurch considered this advice with a look which seemed unnecessarily cunning.

"I seldom do it," he replied at last. From Boldero's serious young face he glanced toward the table; then yawned. "It was careless, as you say, at my age. Give me the watch, will you? And put the rest back into my pockets there. Good! Many thanks."

And, humping his knees comfortably under the bedclothes, he began to wind his great gold watch with a careful, preoccupied air. Boldero saw that the timepiece had a checkered shield and a pig's head engraved on its broad back.

"What amuses you?" inquired Mr. Weechurch suddenly.

"Me?" The young man was taken unaware, for he knew he certainly had not

What You Buy in a BETHLEHEM

A motor truck—Yes! But a motor truck *plus*. Each individual element that goes into its building carries a *plus* quality over its requirements. The cold pressed alloy steel frame is stronger than any load it will ever be called upon to carry. The motor has a plus power beyond the truck's overload rating. The internal gear rear axle carrying its load on a solid double heat treated axle has a plus quality and strength that assures extra driving power and stress resistance.

In a Bethlehem you buy a perfectly co-ordinated machine that is the result of all the motor truck experience the world has had to date.

Know what you're buying—examine a BETHLEHEM.

$1245 $1285 $1775 $1840

1½ Ton 4 Chassis | 1½ Ton complete with body and cab | 2½ Ton 4 Chassis | 2½ Ton Complete with body and cab

F O B ALLENTOWN

BETHLEHEM MOTORS CORP'N
ALLENTOWN, PA.

NEW YORK SHOWROOMS CIRCLE BLDG. BROADWAY AT 60th ST

$30.00 a month extra easily earned

MR. JOSEPH TIMPERLEY, of Massachusetts, wanted some extra money. His employer paid him a good salary, but the first-of-the-month bills ate up a big and increasing share of it.

After careful investigation, he decided that the easiest and surest way to supplement his income was to take care of the local demand for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. The pleasantness of the outdoor work appealed to him almost as much as the liberal salary and commission offered. So he started out in his spare time.

The result? Like those whom he had read about in *Post* advertisements, he too made good. His spare time already pays him $30.00 a month extra, and his Curtis business is growing rapidly.

Does your salary provide you with all the money you need—or would like? If not, why not add to it by the Curtis spare-time plan? A post-card will bring you our offer.

The Curtis Publishing Company
880 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

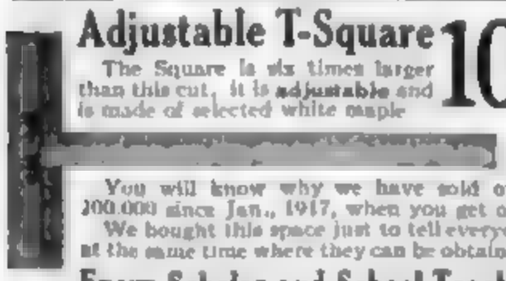
DON'T PAY GARAGE RENT NEXT WINTER

All complete—doors, windows and even paint. All wood! Just bolt together the 10 sections and drive in your car. Easily portable. 5 sizes. Two-car size as pictured on left only $135. Write for booklet. *Dealers wanted in towns and cities.*

"Fre-rent" $77.50 Portable Garage (One-Car Size)

MANUFACTURERS' OUTLET CO.,
144 Walden Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Adjustable T-Square 10c



The Square is six times larger than this cut, it is **adjustable** and is made of selected white maple

You will know why we have sold over 300,000 since Jan., 1917, when you get one. We bought this space just to tell everyone at the same time where they can be obtained.

Every Scholar and School Teacher Needs an Adjustable T-Square

It is just the thing for ruling pads with lines any distance apart and any length up to twelve inches with neatness accuracy and rapidity combined and it is fine for drawing.

No office desk is complete without one, and it certainly is a handy article in the household—there are so many uses for it.

For sale at "5c and 10c Stores" in the United States and Canada, or direct from us for seven 2c stamps.

ADJUSTABLE T-SQUARE COMPANY
1105 Mallers Building Chicago, Ill.

Protect Yourself!

AT STORES AND FOUNTAINS
ASK FOR and GET
HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK
Buy it in the sealed glass jars

The Best is always the Cheapest Substitutes cost YOU same price

British Army Officers' Shoes and Field Boots

Guaranteed rest lation pat tern and water roof Mad by Silver Cup Co of Canada Est 1869 Same as our used British Army officers for home and active wear We guarantee this to pay F O B Detroit, Mich Sizes and widths regular C to E

Send size of old boot and paper pat tern of foot.

Price $7.00

Same shoe lighter weight for dress wear, $6.00

F O B Detroit Mich P O or Exp Money Order with order.

WILKINSON'S SHOE SHOP, Est. 1875, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Maine Watercraft, rented away offers Prop
SOLE MAIL-ORDER AGENT FOR U. S.

smiled. "Why—well—it seemed funny, kind of, to go and spoil a splendid watch by carvin' pigs on it."

His friend looked very much surprised.

"Carving pigs?" Weechurch peered at him as though he were mad, turned the watch over and over, studied it, then laughed. "Oh, ah, you're right. That pig is rather silly. Heralds cleverly disguise the absurdity by calling him a boar."

This speech left Boldero fathoms deep in mystification. Heralds? He knew heralds: they were old-fashioned military bandsmen, who used to blow brass horns and wear queer shirts like a couple of towels pinned together at the corners. They were all dead, anyway. What could a set of dead-and-gone buglers have to do with this pig on a watch?

"Oh, I see!" he replied, not to betray any ignorance.

But when, with a promise to return to dinner, he had shut the old man's door for him and stumbled down the dark stairway, Boldero found this puzzle heavy on his mind. He was hagridden by it while he ate a dime's worth of breakfast at an oilcloth counter, and even afterward.

"That old fox there—was he laughing up his sleeve?" Boldero could not answer the question. "Maybe it ain't him needs a guardian. Maybe it's me. After all, I don't believe he was asleep for a minute." But, if not, now what was his game? Times I think he's deeper'n a well and smarter'n a whip; times I wonder if he's got good sense. A miracle he ain't been killed before I came along."

So thinking, he wandered the streets to look for work. Under the broad verandas he could travel dry, though the rain slanted its white lines down the streets and blew like smoke along the asphalt. Boldero had little hope of getting employment in such weather, but would not fail for lack of trying.

"I can't sorn on Doornail Jimmy forever," he vowed; "or try to live off what I done for him."

Proceeding in this frame of mind, he met immediately with good fortune. At the third street corner a round little bright-eyed man, with a florid wet face looking through the collar of a rubber coat, darted at him from somewhere and cried:

"Hold on, boy! Want a job?"

"You bet!" said Boldero.

"Look as if you could juggle a sandbag," said the little bright-eyed man. "Run up on the levee there, by the bridge; report to Mr. Breagan, and tell him the mayor sent you. Couple of dollars in it. Go after 'em."

Flapping a rubber sleeve in the direction of the river, he was gone.

"Thank you, sir!" cried Boldero vainly, and set off at a run.

High on the levee, black against willow tops and the gloomy sky, more rubber-coated men were hurrying back and forth, shouting, waving their flippers like penguins. Boldero clambered up to join them. A tired foreman made him welcome with great curses. For the next ten hours he labored mightily, wet to the skin but red-hot and cheerful, shoveling gray river sand into jute bags, carrying them on stretchers, piling them to form a bulkhead under the ramp of a wooden bridge. Half the time he stood in the river, which coursed violently, a muddy orange torrent hissing louder than wind or rain. Half the time he sweated on the dike above a scene of glassy-white roofs, with here and there a forgotten flag whipping itself to pieces on a bending staff. He went home after dark, thoroughly tired, and dripping like a water rat, but with a time card in his pocket.

"Heavens, young one!" cried Mr. Weechurch at the stairhead. "Are you back from the bottom of the sea? Come here!" In a brown dressing gown, corded at the waist, the old man stood, like a monk, before a fire that roared up the ruinous chimney throat. "Come in! Put on something dry."

He bustled about the room until Boldero, in a suit of Chinese woolen pyjamas and thick sandals, sat lolling before the live-oak blaze, watching his clothes steam on a chair back.

"Drink this." Weechurch shoved a tumbler into his hand and poured from a round-bodied earthen bottle a few drops of some angry-colored liquor. "It's the real *ng ga pi*, and will do your business."

The drink tasted like quinine, ginger and earth mold dissolved in flame. Boldero coughed. Tears sprang to his eyes.

"Now," chuckled his host, "you feel like Ram Dass with the fire in his belly—don't you?"

Putting away the earthen bottle, Weechurch drew up the third chair and sat beside Jack to toast his feet at the blaze. For a time neither man spoke—both enjoyed the silence and their hearth; till presently, what with the warmth and the effect of that potent medicine, Boldero found his nature expanding in a glow of kindness.

"Mr. Weechurch, I got a confession to make."

"Make it," said the monk, twisting his girdle.

Boldero considered.

"It's only fair. You've been darn' good to me," he began. "'Tain't every man would house me so pleasant and friendly. Treatment tells. This morning I felt inquisitivelike, and thought I'd try to find out more about you and your house. I'm ashamed of that now, sir; and, before we go any further, I want to own that when you stood talkin' with your raghead friend, Ghanda Singh, last night—well, I could understand part of what you two was sayin'."

The brown hermit started up in his chair.

"How much?" he asked. "Which part?"

Boldero told him fully and honestly.

"But how could you?" inquired Mr. Weechurch.

Boldero stretched his legs before the hot live-oak billets.

"Because," he answered dreamily, as though his short life were ages long—"because the first I remember, when I was a little stray of a boy, old Eph Bucklands, the tin peddler, carted me round Canada and New England on his cart. Eph said he went soldier to the East Injun Mutiny, whatever that was. He was a funny old feller; wore earrings, used to play the humstrum to all the dances, and win money on horse trots at the fairs. He taught me how to run foot races." Boldero's face shone with the memory of past delights. "Old Ephr'm allowed he could talk East Injun, and taught me bits of it, so's he and I could carry on conversation private, among us two. I was knee-high to Bildad then—no father nor mother; so everything come natural, you might say. We'd talk all kinds o' stuff right before people's faces without lettin' on. It made me kind of sly, maybe; but I don't want to fool you."

He stared at the fire and, therefore, could not see his companion's face; but he heard an altered voice replying.

"Jack, my son," said Weechurch, "confession is good for the inwards. Now let me unbuckle a few holes." He laughed. "It was a trap I set for you this morning. I wasn't asleep. When you saw those gewgaws on my table, and walked in to wake me—well, you chose the proper course. Had you taken anything, you might never have got out this door, boy."

Boldero's eyes opened, very blue and wide.

"Was that it?" he cried. His face lighted with satisfaction. "I couldn't imagine why. You didn't seem asleep just right, someway, but I never thought of that, Mr. Weechurch!"

His monkish friend parted a smile between him and the fire.

"Call me Jimmy."

"I never once thought of it, Jimmy."

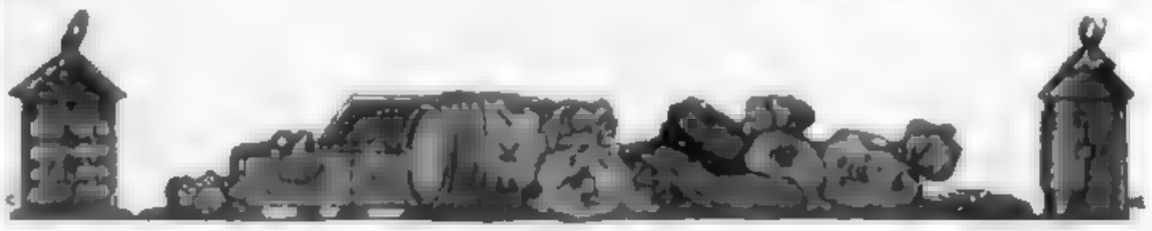
Doornail Jimmy shrank into his brown wrap, laughed again, and drew in his feet from the hearth.

"Now we know each other!" he proclaimed. "And it's time we ate some food. I saw you never thought once."

He got up, shuffled to the landing, and snarled something down the stairs in discordant Chinese.

"Time for dinner, boy," said he. "You must turn in early, and sleep hard all night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



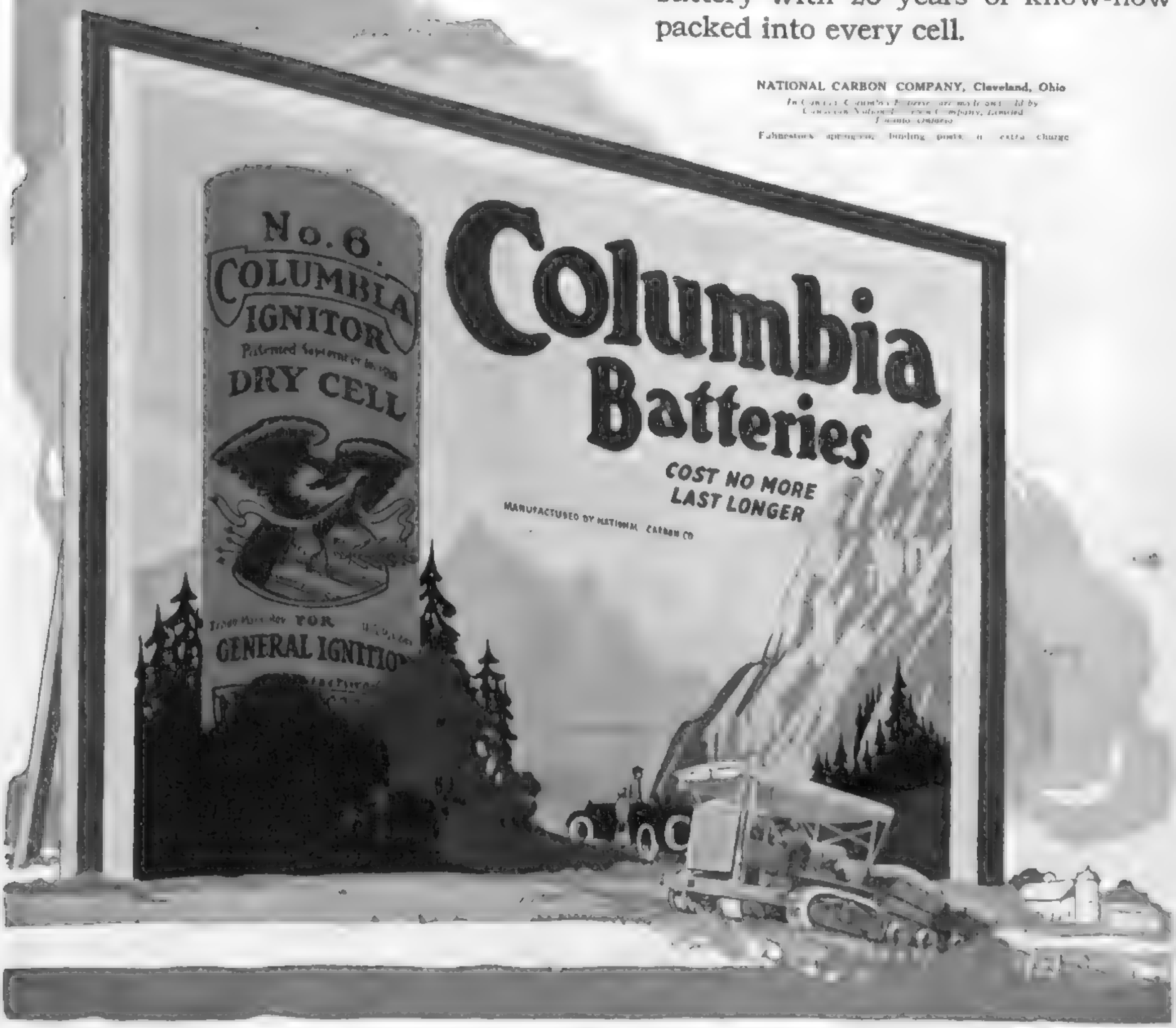
Columbia Batteries

For big power, or sharp response—to run a tractor, or ring a bell—use Columbias. They're the ready, steady battery with 28 years of know-how packed into every cell.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada, Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Company, Limited Toronto, Ontario

Fahnestock spring-post binding posts at extra charge



Opinions Differ

As to How *Good* Cars Should Be

What Is Your Idea About It?

Some say that 50 per cent over-strength is a large enough margin of safety.

So we used to think. The Mitchell led the trend toward lightness up to three years ago. Then Mitchell became a world-car. In some new countries it met fearful tests. In 1913, our Mr. Bate spent a year in Europe, studying standards there. Then in agreement with the best engineers, we doubled our margins of safety.

Now the Mitchell car is famous for endurance, on the hardest roads in the world. Under ordinary conditions it is a lifetime car. Two have already traveled over 200,000 miles each.

Now the Mitchell is known as "The Engineers' Car," because so many noted engineers have bought it. Every Mitchell dealer has a list of them.

Most cars are now bought to keep. And this extra strength, in our opinion, gives Mitchell a desired distinction, which every year increases.

What Equipment?

Most car buyers, we have found, add some extra features. And these extras are expensive. So we include on every car the features that are wanted.

We found them out by listing all that any car included. Then by noting, in countless cases, things that buyers added. So the Mitchell today has 31 features which nearly all cars omit.

Some wonder why we don't include shock absorbers. The reason is our shock-absorbing springs. No other method gives such easy riding. Yet these springs, under our new standards, never yet have broken. In two years, not a single spring.

Mitchell Sixes

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—A roomy 7-passenger Six with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly developed 48-horsepower motor.

$1525

4-passenger Roadster,	$1560
Cabriolet	1960
All-Season Sedan . .	2240
Coupé	2060

Also Town Car and Limousine

Mitchell Junior—A 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40 horsepower motor, ¼-inch smaller bore

$1250

All Prices f. o. b. Racine.

How Handsome?

How handsome, how luxurious do you want a car to be?

We believe that fine-car buyers want the limit. So, in the past year, we have added 24 per cent to the luxury cost of the Mitchell.

Our experts studied all new-model cars. They noted every detail which offered an attraction. Then, in designing these new Mitchells, they embodied all the best. Then they added heat-fixed, long-enduring *finish*. So the Mitchells that you see today are the handsomest cars in their class.

We afford all this at Mitchell prices because of factory efficiency. Under John W. Bate, the efficiency expert, our factory cost has been cut in two. Now we build the complete car, chassis and body, under these Bate methods. And the saving pays for these extras.

The Mitchell, we figure, offers at least 20 per cent greater value than the average car in this class. Go see what you think about it.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

The Mitchell Sedan, an ideal type of Summer and Winter Car

TRUE SPORTSMEN

(Concluded From Page 13)

The active expansion of interest seemed to be confined to the contestants. The thousands sat about on their haunches and stared, chewed sugar cane and said nothing.

By mid-afternoon Trelawney had reached the last number on his program. This was to be a distance race. He explained his plan to Kingozi.

"I'm going to make it about two miles," he said. "Straightaway down the track and return. Can't be at both ends of the course at once; so I'm going to show them where I put a yam under a bush, about a mile out. Then I'll start them here; and the man who comes back with the yam first is the winner."

"That rather cuts out the chap who might be a little slow the first mile but strong at a finish, doesn't it?"

"I never thought of that!" said Trelawney, somewhat dashed. Then he brightened. "Well, what difference does it make? We're not timing this lot. The real race will be from here to the yam."

He led the contestants down the forest track, showed them where he laid the yam, explained the conditions several times, and returned to the *boma*. Then he lined them up, twenty-six bronze-red, naked and shining figures. After three false starts—which necessitated much shouting to call back the overzealous they were off. Trelawney, glancing at his wrist watch, wiped his streaming forehead and sank into a canvas chair alongside his friend.

"I'll give them about twelve minutes," he hazarded. "Boy, bring me lime juice and sparklets."

The lithe figures entered the forest. Quiet fell. The squatting figures stared round-eyed.

Cazi Moto brought the tall *balauri* and Trelawney sipped gratefully at its contents. Suddenly he put it down and uttered an ejaculation of surprise. From the forest leaped an eager figure, followed almost immediately by several more. The contestants were returning.

"Blockheads!" cried Trelawney, thoroughly exasperated. "They've mixed it again. They haven't been gone three minutes!"

Closely followed by half a dozen others, the leading contestant dashed up. He eagerly thrust forward a yam.

"Here, *bwana!*" he gasped.

And his companions, close at his heels, also proffered yams. And, before Trelawney had recovered his wits, all the other contestants had dashed into the clearing and were urging upon his attention yet more yams! The reasoning was perfectly clear—the *bwana* wanted yams; here were yams. Why run an incredible distance for one?

Kingozi choked, rose hastily and entered the hut, from which he did not emerge until the *n'goma* was well under way.

This was where the multitude had its innings at last, and with gusto did it enter into the occasion. All night long the drums roared and throbbed; the wild figures leaped with the shadows of the flames. Dawn found them still as fresh as the proverbial daisies and apparently willing to go on indefinitely.

Trelawney was exhausted. Even his youth had run dry. A headache hammered at his skull and his eyes burned. Kingozi, accustomed through long years to this sort of thing, had been sleeping peacefully in the house since early evening. Trelawney bitterly wondered how he could do it.

He had not intended to feed this crowd—it was altogether too expensive; but by now he was desperate and felt that anything was cheap which promised to stop this interminable racket. So he instructed Cazi Moto, and in five minutes the dance had stopped and all were crowding toward the *boma*, where a distribution of *potio* was taking place. As each received his allotment he disappeared silently into the forest.

Kingozi, awakened by the cessation of the noise, came out of the house. The gray of dawn was just filtering through the trees. He yawned and looked with amazement at his rather demoralized young companion.

"Party over?"

"I hope so!" replied Trelawney vindictively. "I never want to see one again. I'm going to sleep a week! But I don't regret; I think it worked. And the people are certainly good sportsmen! They went into it hard and enthusiastically, once they were given a lead."

The last of the multitude faded into the forest as daylight grew strong—all but one group. These approached, headed by M'Booley. In them Trelawney recognized the contestants in his athletic contest of the day before.

"What is it?" he asked uneasily.

"The Bwana M'Kubwa," said M'Booley, "has asked my people to work for him and has promised rupees for the work; and I have told the *bwana* that when the time came to ask me to do so I would get him as many men as he might require."

"What the devil does he think I want to go into all that for at this time!" muttered Trelawney savagely to his friend. Aloud he said in Swahili: "That is true, M'Booley; but until your people come to work of their own free will I do not want them."

A pause and a low-voiced consultation. Then M'Booley spoke again:

"My people have come of their own free will."

"What is the old rotter driving at?" queried Trelawney of Kingozi. "Speak plainly," he urged the Suka king. "What is it these men want?"

"They say they have worked all one day," replied M'Booley, "and all day long they have done what the *bwana* has told them to do; and now they have come for their pay—ten *pesi* each for one day's work."

Trelawney was staring at him in blank astonishment. It was some moments before he got control of his voice.

"Did you hear what I heard?" he asked Kingozi. "Are these chaps asking pay-wages—for taking part in the sports?"

"Looks like it," replied Kingozi gravely.

Trelawney's eyes glared and his mouth twitched.

"Well, I've been through a good deal with this lot ——" he began in a strangled voice.

His emotions were too great for utterance. He swallowed twice. Then gradually his face calmed.

"He's right!" he said abruptly. "Cazi Moto, from the box with the white mark bring me the small bag of money." He looked up at Kingozi. "Anyway, I got them to work," he said.

From the bag he counted out the thin nickel coins with holes in the middle. The contestants received them, strung them on thongs and departed.

"I'm not sure it isn't what you'd call an entering wedge," remarked Trelawney thoughtfully as he watched them go. He rose and stretched himself. "I'm too done to sleep," he remarked. "I think I'll just go a round of golf and a tub first. Will you play me a round?"

"What wages you offering?" asked Kingozi.

"You go to blazes!" cried Trelawney, marching off.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of seven stories by Stewart Edward White.

Working for Luther

DOWN in Kentucky years ago resided Uncle Luther Williams, who had a habit of boasting of the prowess of his stock and an amazing faculty for twisting up words. Shortly after the Spanish-American War a former resident, returning for a visit to the town where Uncle Luther lived, asked the old man what had become of his son.

"You mean Luther Junior?" said the old gentleman. "Well suh, Luther he has went West. And he's doin' well, too—mighty well! But then all the Williamses is a husky race. You put one of 'em on a bare rock and he'll scratch hisself out a livin' some way."

"How far West did Luther Junior go?" asked the visitor.

"Quite a spell!" said the proud father. "He jest pulled up one day and started agoin'. The fust time I heared from him he was in Fort Smith, Arkansaw. But seemed like he wasn't satisfied there; so he went farther West, and the next time I heared from him he was in the Philippiny Islands.

"And, suh, Luther Junior hadn't been in them there islands but eighteen months when he had a sugar plantation of a thousand acres, and two hundred of them there Arguinaldos a-workin' fer him!"

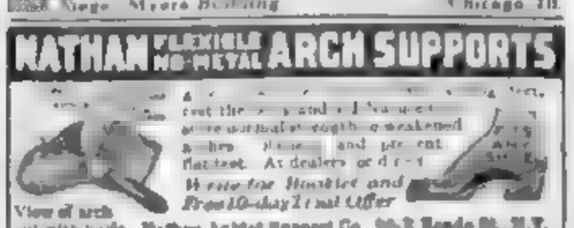
PURE
Paint
to the
last drop
in the can
Buy less often, use fewer gallons and get a better job that'll wear longer.
DEVOE contains no barytes, no whiting, no silica, no clay. Such stuff may *look* like lead and zinc—but they only make "*half-paint*" paint. DEVOE is *all* paint—paint to the last drop in the can.
The best dealers sell DEVOE. The best painters use them. They have learned that the DEVOE Guarantee of Purity and Satisfaction protects them and their customers, too.
DEVOE
The oldest paint manufacturing concern in the United States. Founded in New York in 1754.
DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., Inc.
NEW YORK—CHICAGO
Send for this helpful paint book
"Keep Appearances Up and Expenses Down"—tells how to secure the best appearance with least expense. Mailed free on request. Address Dept. 5-116.
DEVOE LEAD AND ZINC PAINT
GUARANTEE—
PURE WHITE LEAD
PURE WHITE ZINC
PURE TINTING COLORS
PURE LINSEED OIL
PURE TURPENTINE DRYER
AND NOTHING ELSE
PAINT DEVOE PAINT

A Source of Johnston Excellence
Pure Vanilla, Orange, Lemon and Other Flavors Gathered From Southern Gardens

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

Music Lessons
Book Sent FREE Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European masters given by the University Extension Method. The same as a personal course with the master, at one-third the usual cost. Easy to learn, simple as A-B-C. Only a few minutes a day required. Every step explained clearly. Any Instrument or Voice
Write stating in which you are interested in, age, present knowledge of music, and we will send you our free booklet and full particulars of our easy payment plan. Sent absolutely free. No obligation. Write today. Address: UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY, Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.
Send NOW for Free Book and learn how easily you can become a fine singer, or a skilful player. Our Free Book tells you how. Write for it now. Many lessons illustrated by Photographs by Celebrities. Full particulars with Free Book and Special Offer sent to you without obligation. Write today.
University Extension Conservatory
Proprietor Siegel-Myers School of Music
Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Ill.

NATHAN FLEXIBLE NO-METAL ARCH SUPPORTS



Write for Booklet and Free 10-day Trial Offer
View of arch cut with knife
Nathan Anklet Support Co., 99-3 Reade St., N.Y.

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT
STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER TOO

"THE OLD ROUNDER"

(Continued from Page 11)

There were all kinds of dangers in it. The faces of the coin screwed together on delicate threads, and the interior was filled with tiny saws of the best material. For a long time through this device the clever criminal was able to get about with a fair equipment of saws always in his possession.

It was for no slight accomplishments that this man was known to the subterranean world as the King of the Yeggs. It was Old Bob, we are told, who invented the system of planting saws about in the various prisons that he might again be unfortunate enough to enter. His method was clever and ingenious. Kindly religious people endeavor to reform criminals by sending tracts and literature to the local prison. The yegg inaugurated the habit of pasting these moral dissertations on the wall of the cell. The custom pleased the well-meaning people and it could not be very well objected to by the prison authorities. It was also useful to the yeggmen!

The little sermons were glued to the wall with sirup, usually a staple of the prisoner's diet. A thin saw of the best quality was thereby held in place for the benefit of the yeggman if he should ever by chance return that way, or for the benefit of any member of the gang who might happen to be picked up by the police. It was a long time before the authorities discovered this trick, and then they found the local prisons of the country to be cached with the handy burglar tool.

But the yeggman did not always depend upon his pocket piece or the pious tract to furnish the saw he needed. One night he and his accomplice found themselves in the cell of a local prison in the Middle West. The accomplice began to complain that he was hungry; he would like to have a slice of roast beef, he said, and a bottle of beer.

"How long can you wait for it?" said the yegg.

The accomplice laughed.

"I would like to have it now," he said; "but I can wait an hour."

"You can get it in forty minutes," said the yegg.

He took off his four-in-hand tie and drew a flexible saw from its interior; then he got two others out of the cuffs of his trousers.

Several years ago some clothier invented a method of stiffening the collar on a hand-me-down suit by putting a narrow strip of whalebone under it. The device suggested something to the yeggman. He bought one of the coats and substituted a flexible narrow saw for the strip of whalebone. No one of the prison authorities in the smaller towns, where he was accustomed to rob post offices, would look under the collar of a coat for a saw. The whalebone device was well known. It had been followed in the trade by a substitute in the form of a thin metal strip, so if one felt over the yegg's collar he would have passed it as the usual stiffening device. These clever adaptations show the extreme ingenuity of the man.

Potatoes Filled with Dynamite

Once he found himself in a Southern penitentiary where there were no planted saws and where his clothes had been taken away for prison garb. But even under these circumstances the man was able to escape. A bar was cut. For a long time it was not known how the prisoner had accomplished this difficult task. He had in fact cut the bar with a saw that he had made from a wire taken from the rim of the tin porringer in which his food was put into the cell. Nobody had ever noticed up to this time that the tin dish had a wire rim, and as he had carefully removed it from the underside no injury to the dish was visible to the eye.

When the man's criminal career became known the authorities began to be careful about him. The yegg taxed his ingenuity to meet this increased surveillance. A perplexing prison mystery is cleared up by the following unofficial explanation; clever even if apocryphal. He was in a state penitentiary for burglary and he found himself with no method of escape. The prison culinary department was not serving potatoes; he had a little money and he asked the warden if, as a concession to a Thanksgiving dinner, he would permit him to buy some baked potatoes. He said he liked them roasted in the ashes, and there was a restaurant in the city that would send them in to him. The warden permitted the potatoes to be sent in. But they were the most extraordinary potatoes that ever went into a penal institution. The skins were O. K., but the interiors were dynamite. He blew the end out of the prison and walked away.

The yeggman became so notorious for these clever, extraordinary devices that the secret-service men were continually warning the local prison authorities.

On April 25, 1911, he was sentenced at Salisbury, North Carolina, to serve three years in the penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, for burglary of post offices at Kernersville, Walnut Cove and Mocksville, North Carolina. He was remanded to a local prison. A secret-service man went to the authorities of the prison and pointed out that Old Bob was an ingenious yegg and that his cell ought to be constantly searched and a guard kept over him. The prison authorities replied that the secret-service man need not be concerned; the cell had been searched, and besides they were conducting a model prison and knew how to take care of a prisoner.

"Sure!" said the secret-service man; "but all the same I will go over to the judge and get an order to search the prisoner."

The local authorities laughed, but when the secret-service man came back with his order they found a short piece of gas pipe in the mattress and several saws suspended by threads behind the radiator.

The Art of Breaking Windows

It may be interesting to note here that this was another method of the yegg for planting saws. There is usually a ventilator in the prison cell; sometimes it is a considerable distance up from the floor. It has a solid grating bedded in the masonry and is too narrow to afford an avenue of escape; consequently it is not infrequently passed over in inspecting prisons, and no one pays any attention to it for a long period of time. In many prisons it is perhaps not examined from one year's end to another. The yegg concluded that these ventilators could be used for the purpose of storing tools against an evil day. It was his custom, therefore, to suspend saws in the inside of these ventilators by tiny black threads tied to the grating. The threads were practically invisible, and there was little chance that the saws would be discovered until someone of the underworld should need them to regain his freedom.

The man was observing and adaptive. He said that the public was accustomed to believe that burglaries were done in a certain manner and that it was easy to put people off the track by giving them the clews they expected. For example, on one occasion when he wished to conceal the manner in which he entered a building he cut a pane of glass out of a window. He said people generally believed that burglars, when they wanted to get through a window, cut the pane of glass out, but that, in fact, no burglar had ever taken the trouble to cut a pane of glass out of a window since the world began. If he wanted to get a pane of glass out of a window he glued a sheet of paper over it, or if he was in a hurry he would merely put a square of sticky flypaper over it, and press steadily on the pane until it broke. Flypaper would hold the glass from falling on the floor, so there would be no noise from shattered glass and the thing could be done in a moment.

It is, of course, impossible to verify the stories related of this accomplished criminal. But that such stories do gather about him is proof in itself of his leadership in the underworld. To the conspicuous individual the current story always attaches.

The conclusions of such a clever criminal with respect to the machinery of the law are worth more than a passing notice.

Most of us regard the devices of our criminal laws from the standpoint of various theories. We think of them as affecting someone else. Our conclusions, therefore, are apt to be academic and sometimes of little value; in fact, everyone having a practical knowledge of criminal procedure is so perplexed by the theories of well meaning but inexperienced persons that he feels like saying, after the manner of Thoreau:

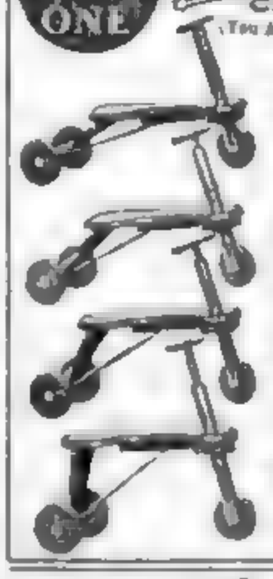
"If I should discover that the wisest man was coming to my house to give me his opinion I would hide away from him; but if I should hear that the humblest man had learned a thing that he would tell me I would cross the world to see him."

(Continued on Page 81)

NEW "TRENCH" MODEL—Comes in wonderful variety of attractive novelty cloths $1.50

Regal
Caps and Cloth Hats
A complete line of superb cloth headwear. Full, stylish, comfortable, beautifully made and finished.
Special designs for
MOTORING
GOLFING
TRAVELING and
OFFICE WEAR
"Regal" Motor Caps are handsome, serviceable, thoroughly water proofed. Our original novelties are popular throughout the United States.
FOR SALE BY MOST LIVE DEALERS
If your dealer will not supply you, send us his name and $1.50 for Men's Cap, $2.00 for Cloth Hat, $1.00 for Boys' Cloth Cap or Hat. State age, size, and taste as to pattern. We will send, prepaid, the most attractive article of its kind.
Dealers—Write for samples Men's, Boys' and Children's Fall novelties
THE REGAL HAT CO
Largest Mfg Distributors of Cloth Headwear in America
Regal Bldg., 643 to 651 Fifth Ave., Chicago

This Car Grows With The Child
The Child's Health, Comfort and Safety Must Come First
4 cars in ONE
THE UAJUSTIT CAR (You Adjust It)
4 cars in ONE



The "Uajustit" Is The Highest Grade Car Made
This Car Cannot Tip Backward
The Adjustable Sales Corporation
1050 Jay Street, Rochester N Y

For Men and Manufacturers who Solder—
This new book contains 100 proven short cuts in soldering never before published, mailed on receipt of price—
25c
in stamps
The M. W. Dunton Company
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.
Largest manufacturers and makers of the Best Soldering Fluids in the World —
NOKORODE

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for List of Inventions and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

The Latest National Test of the Franklin Car

THERE never was a time when so many people were interested in a lowered cost of automobile use and maintenance.

It becomes a vital question as gasoline and tires go up in price.

What motorists want is free use of their cars: freedom from frozen radiators, repairs and car troubles; greater ease of handling; safety; economy; and the *utility* of the enclosed car for *general use*.

There is something for every motorist to think about in the Franklin National Efficiency Demonstration of July 13, 1917.

One hundred and seventy-nine Franklin Touring Cars—Series 9—in all parts of the United States, over roads good and bad, and in weather partly fair and partly rainy, recorded an average of *40.3 miles to one gallon of gasoline*.

Franklin National Efficiency Demonstration Rules and Regulations

1. ***Date***—Test to be made on Friday, July 13, 1917, regardless of road and weather conditions.

2. ***Equipment***—Test to be made with Franklin Series 9 Touring Car, strictly stock model. Tires to be inflated to at least 45 pounds. Top should be down and windshield open, unless weather prevents. Car to carry regular stock equipment only.

3. ***Fuel***—Use ONE gallon of ordinary grade of gasoline, testing between 60 and 65 degrees. DO NOT use a special high test gasoline. Obtain certificate of the quality of the gasoline.

   Use one gallon gasoline from measure certified to by local Sealer of Weights and Measures.

4. ***Observers***—Test to be supervised by two disinterested parties of unquestionable standing, preferably an officer of your local automobile club, a representative of the press, or some high city official.

   Duties of Observers: See that trip register on speedometer is at zero. Take accurate reading of speedometer and mark it down. At close of test take another reading of speedometer and report results in miles and fractions thereof.

   Observers should inspect certificate as to test of fuel and satisfy themselves as to this point in any other way necessary.

   Observers should satisfy themselves that one gallon of gasoline has been properly measured and used as the supply. Note that the main gasoline tank and any other possible source of supply except specified container, is disconnected.

   Observers should trace out and inspect the piping from the container to the carburetor, to be sure that everything is as represented

5. ***Passenger Load***—To consist of driver and two observers only, one to sit in front with the driver.

6. ***Route***—Lay out your course so that you can return to starting point. Start to be made from your own place of business, automobile club headquarters, or from a prominent hotel or equally well-known place. Cover a well-known route so the mileage shown by speedometer may be checked up from common knowledge.

7. ***Weight***—Car to be weighed on city scales immediately after test is completed and while the three occupants are still in the car.

8. ***Speed***—For maximum economy, maintain as near 23 miles per hour as possible, except when coasting. Coasting has always been allowed in official economy trials. Call observer's attention to fact that you will coast whenever you can.

9. ***Report***—The results to be attested to by driver and observers before a Notary Public on certificate furnished for the purpose. Mail one copy to the factory; retain the other.

Franklin Establishes New World's Record for Gasoline Mileage

The conditions of the test are quite as significant as the results.

These conditions are printed on this page. They can be followed by *any* make of car, or by any two or more makes of cars in competition.

They open up to any motor car owner a simple, positive check on the performance of his car.

The man who is undecided which of several makes of cars to buy, need only put the cars through this test to get an unfailing gauge on their *relative thrift*—not only in gasoline, but in tires and every other item that enters into the operation of a car.

How Gasoline Economy Shows Efficiency Throughout the Car

Every automobile engineer knows, whether he admits it or not, that gasoline mileage is the final test of the *easy-rolling qualities* of a car. Easy-rolling means minimized friction, and where there is little friction less power is required to propel the car.

It is a fact that, on the same amount of initial power, the Franklin will *coast farther than any other car*. This is a result of its scientific-light-weight and flexible construction, its balance and resiliency, the quality of its materials and its sound workmanship.

Back of this minimizing of fuel waste, you see Franklin *Direct-Air-Cooling*—its influence on the efficiency of the Franklin engine, its elimination of the usual 177 heavy and complicated water-cooling parts.

High gasoline bills always indicate friction or excessive dead weight—power *diverted* from mileage and consumed in dragging the car.

Dead weight means a rigid construction—a stiff-riding car, destructive to tires and expensive in repairs and depreciation.

At this time, when so many motorists are tending towards Enclosed Cars, it is well to know that every advantage of Franklin construction *applies equally to the Franklin Enclosed Models*.

It is still a new thought to many, this practical adaptability of the Franklin Enclosed Car—with its protection from heat or dust, from wind or rain, from cold or snow—ready for as hard and as free use as any open model, and with practically the same economy of operation.

It was the efficiency and road ability of the Franklin that first pointed the way to the use of the Enclosed Car for all purposes.

Over a period of fifteen years the Franklin has been urging and demonstrating automobile economy. For a while it did not have much of an audience; the public eye was filled with other things.

Franklin Dealers Ready to Prove Franklin Facts

Nowadays most automobile announcements are talking Thrift—but few are *proving it* by facts and figures. The idea seems to be to find what the public wants and then *claim* it vociferously.

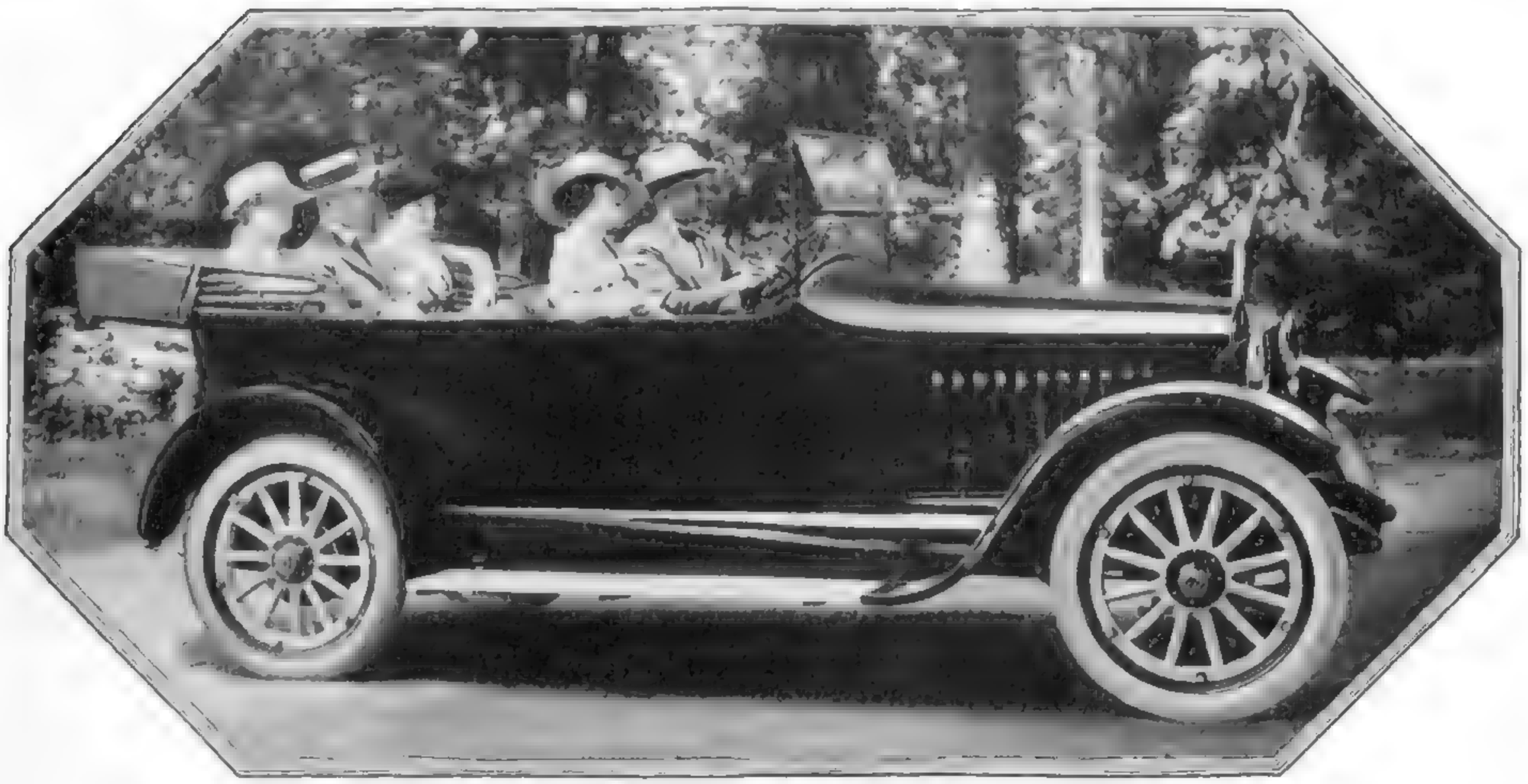
There are no two ways about this Thrift question. Either a car has it or it has not. If it has, it can be demonstrated.

Your Franklin dealer will be glad to *demonstrate to you* any claims we make for the Franklin Car. Ask him.

Touring Car	*2280 lbs.*	*$2050.00*	*Runabout*	*2160 lbs.*	*$2000.00*	*Four-pass. Roadster*	*2280 lbs.*	*$2050.00*
Cabriolet	*2485 lbs.*	*2850.00*	*Sedan*	*2610 lbs.*	*2950.00*	*Brougham*	*2575 lbs.*	*2900.00*
Town Car	*2610 lbs.*	*3200.00*	*Limousine*	*2620 lbs.*	*3200.00*			

All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.



Liberty Success—A Logical Result

IT seemed necessary to us, when we started to build the Liberty, that a car should drive with absolute ease, and ride with absolute comfort—to be worthy of existence. We threw into the solution of that problem the combined brains of men who had made a success of the automobile business since its start.

With an intimate knowledge of every other car made, their weak points and their strong points, we built the Liberty to be right for you, regardless of price.

How well we have reached our goal is best proved by the year just passed, in which over twenty-six hundred Liberty cars were shipped, and, by the verdict of their owners, are now giving an unparalleled degree of satisfaction all over the United States.

The cars sold readily because their points of excellence were so easily learned—and proved—by the public.

Built for the Owner

We built for you—the owner—your comfort, your safety, your pride.

The Liberty is a car of perfected details whose sum total offers a driving ease and a riding comfort never before possible in a car of moderate size.

Proved by Facts

We stated facts. We made no unproved claims. We listed the features which had been included in the Liberty for the owner's satisfaction.

We hammered home an easily applied, but powerful clutch. A powerful and sure emergency brake that could be thrown with a pull of one finger. A silent gear shift. A remarkable total of driving ease, which the public proved—and approved.

We hammered home riding ease, and asked you to drive the Liberty over roads that had made trouble for other cars. Again you proved—and approved.

The Logical Result

Liberty success, then, is a strictly logical result. The car is good, and it proves it. It is being built as a basis for an enduring business—by leaders in the automobile field.

In accordance with our unvarying policy, we ask you to turn the searchlight of your automobile knowledge on this car; on its suitability for your needs.

If it meets your wishes better than any other moderate sized car made, you want a Liberty.

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

Send for Booklet—"Liberty—what it means to you."

Body Types—5 Passenger Touring—4 Passenger Close Coupled Roadster—Sedan—Brougham

LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 78)

When men are looking at an institution directly as something that vitally affects their liberty or their life their determinations upon it are apt to be sound and practical. After long reflection the yegg seemed to come to the conclusion that all the manifold tricks and devices, circumlocutions, evasions and obliquities of criminal defenses were perfectly useless so far as any benefit to the professional criminal were concerned. "They string out the trial," he is reported to have said, "and then the judge soaks you for it."

It is worth while to think about this conclusion. Is not the result he indicates precisely the thing that usually happens? Take a professional criminal well known to the authorities. His record is on file. After he has been apprehended and identified, of what advantage to him is the theatrical spectacle of a long legal trial? What does he gain by having the indictment quashed for a clerical error in it, when the next Federal grand jury will return another? The yegg apparently figured out that the only thing he would get out of a legal procedure of this character would be the extra time in prison. He would stick in the jail until the next grand jury was convened, and after that his sentence would begin to run.

Nor did there seem to be any advantage to him in the legal safeguards that are supposed to be thrown round one charged with a crime, upon the ancient maxim that it is better for ninety-nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to be punished. This theory cluttered the English common law with interminable legal brush—all the technical objections to the introduction of testimony and the various nice formalities that must be precisely adhered to in a criminal trial.

The yegg seems to have come to the conclusion that all of this complicated procedure was of no benefit to the professional criminal.

Such a trial in the case of a well-known professional crook was simply a sort of sporting event in which the lawyers scored for points; the judge umpired the game; and afterward the whole thing was taken up to a supreme court to say whether or not it had been played according to the rules. But the result was that the prison sentence was only delayed, with an additional evil feature to the crook, that it made him notorious and worked up sentiment against him. The judge was only irritated, and when he finally got a chance to sentence the prisoner he made him pay for it.

The King of the Yeggs

Courts were imminent, deadly perils to the yeggman; he was thinking about them as men think about something that they are called upon to face, and his conclusions are the conclusions of one whose welfare depended upon taking the best course. After long reflection he acted on the opinion that when a professional crook was taken into custody he should require the state or the Government, as was his right, to disclose at the preliminary hearing before a commissioner or magistrate the case that it had against him. Then if it appeared that the state had "the goods on him" he went at once before the court and confessed. By this means he got a short sentence, because the judge felt that the state or Government was not put to the trouble and expense of a long trial and the prisoner was, therefore, entitled to have that element considered.

Students of our law will observe how more and more professional criminals are coming to take this course. The white slavers that the Government recently ran down in a famous case immediately confessed. Professional train robbers in a late case followed the same course. One sees it coming into common usage and one realizes in it the influence of such leading criminal authorities as the King of the Yeggs.

One cannot consider the career of this deliberate criminal without wondering about the success of our theories of punishment for crime. Here was a man who had spent half a lifetime in penal institutions. The cumulative sentences entered against him are said to have equaled nearly fifty years. The records of the post-office department show that he served a term of eleven and three-quarters years in the Huntsville, Texas, penitentiary, for blowing a safe in Bastrop County, Texas; that he was discharged on July 4, 1903; that he was sentenced April 25, 1911, at Salisbury North Carolina, to serve three years in the United States penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, for burglary of the post offices at Kernersville, Walnut Cove and Mocksville, North Carolina; that he was sentenced April 10, 1913, at Huntington, West Virginia, to serve three years in the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, for burglary of the post office at Ravenswood, West Virginia, during July, 1910; that he was paroled June 3, 1914; that he was arrested November 22, 1914, at Crossville, Tennessee, for burglary of the post office at that place, November 21, 1914, at which time the safe was blown; that on April 23, 1915, he escaped from the Cookeville, Tennessee, jail; that he was arrested October 7, 1916, at Hinton, West Virginia, taken back to Tennessee and sentenced April 9, 1917, at Nashville, Tennessee; that indictments are now pending against him for the robbery of the post offices at Leonardo, New Jersey, and London, Kentucky.

It must be remembered that this is the record of the post-office department only; the long career preceding this amazing record, which began in boyhood, is not here assembled. But the record of the post-office department is enough to make us doubt the efficiency of our penal methods.

What ought we to do with a confirmed criminal of this character? Obviously, short sentences of imprisonment in the Federal penitentiaries are wholly inadequate; and we are driven to consider where we get our ideas of imprisonment for crime, and upon what theory it is, precisely, that we have established imprisonment in criminal cases.

Cure-Alls for Criminals

The earliest idea of punishment for wrongdoing was the idea of restitution. If one pilfered a hundred pieces of gold, he was required to return a hundred pieces of gold and if he killed the son of another he thereby forfeited the life of his own son. After that came the idea of revenge, the instinct in Nature to injure the one that injured us. The community or state became a sort of individual. It undertook to revenge itself on the criminal for injury done by him to any one of its units.

After that, the theory upon which the prisoner was punished for an attack on society became indeterminate. Some authorities maintained that the whole idea should be to protect the community from the criminal; the criminal himself not to be considered. This idea led to the early English prisons. The criminal was to be surrounded by a wall that would protect society against him; that is to say, being dangerous to the community, like any other predatory beast, he must be confined in a cage.

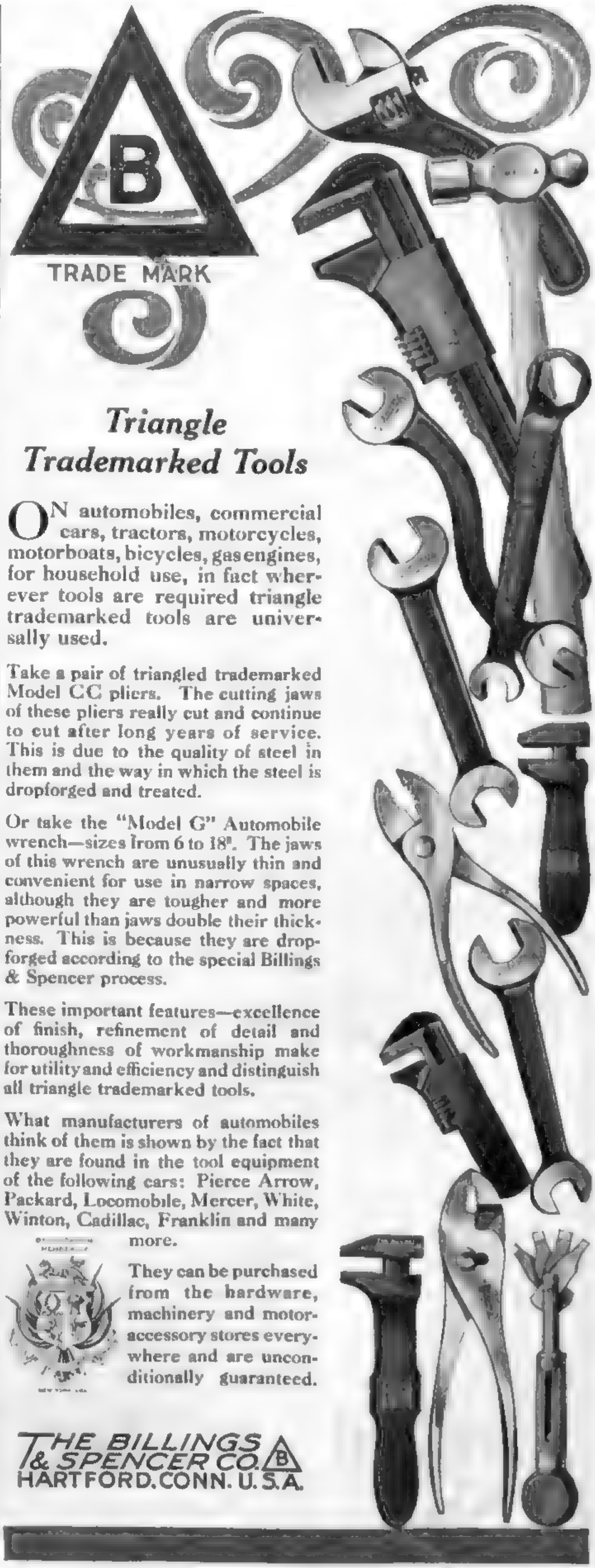
This being the moving idea, no attention was paid to the individual prisoners. They were crowded together in these places of detention, with the resultant squalor and horror that John Howard has made vivid for us.

But, in 1704, Pope Clement had an idea that changed the whole scheme of punishment for crime. It occurred to him that while society was protecting itself against the criminal the criminal might be made to reflect upon his evil life and reform; could not a prison be conducted after the manner of a monastery—an institution of cells and discipline? It was the experience of the church that solitude and meditation were powerful moral agents.

It was Pope Clement, then, who introduced the cell system upon which the American penitentiaries have all been based. The idea of solitary confinement as in the English-speaking penitentiaries went further than Pope Clement. These prisons were presently divided into two systems—the solitary and the silent. Under the solitary system the monastic idea was carried to its extreme; the prisoner was kept wholly alone; he rarely if ever saw anybody; he had no communication with the outside world. Under the silent system the prisoners were sometimes permitted to be together; often they worked in a large room together or in the open, but they were not permitted to speak. There was no communication, or if so it was of the briefest character and only at limited intervals.

But it was discovered that under these systems the mind of the criminal broke down and that no human being could endure the monotony without some form of employment. The authorities then set about to find some employment.

Sir William Cubitt invented the treadwheel.



Triangle Trademarked Tools

ON automobiles, commercial cars, tractors, motorcycles, motorboats, bicycles, gasengines, for household use, in fact wherever tools are required triangle trademarked tools are universally used.

Take a pair of triangled trademarked Model CC pliers. The cutting jaws of these pliers really cut and continue to cut after long years of service. This is due to the quality of steel in them and the way in which the steel is dropforged and treated.

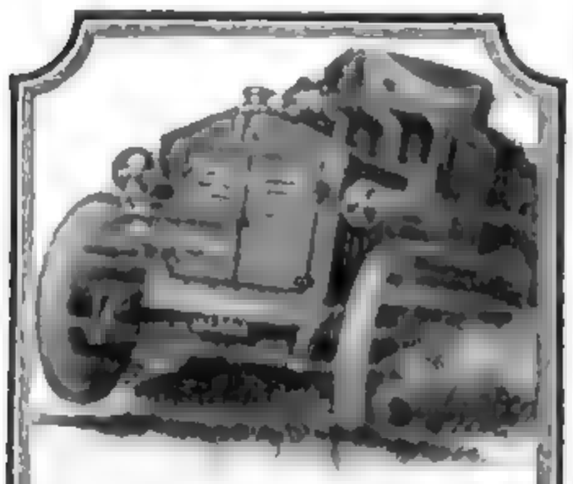
Or take the "Model G" Automobile wrench—sizes from 6 to 18". The jaws of this wrench are unusually thin and convenient for use in narrow spaces, although they are tougher and more powerful than jaws double their thickness. This is because they are dropforged according to the special Billings & Spencer process.

These important features—excellence of finish, refinement of detail and thoroughness of workmanship make for utility and efficiency and distinguish all triangle trademarked tools.

What manufacturers of automobiles think of them is shown by the fact that they are found in the tool equipment of the following cars: Pierce Arrow, Packard, Locomobile, Mercer, White, Winton, Cadillac, Franklin and many more.

They can be purchased from the hardware, machinery and motor-accessory stores everywhere and are unconditionally guaranteed.

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. B
HARTFORD, CONN. U.S.A.



ATWATER KENT EQUIPPED ARMORED MOTOR CAR.

Replace *your* Magneto

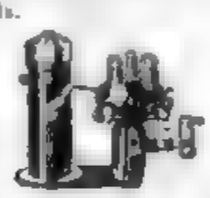
With

ATWATER KENT

SCIENTIFIC IGNITION

¶ The most reliable, efficient source of spark energy. A simple, foolproof, easily installed unit of unfailing performance.

¶ See your dealer or send name, address and make of car, we will send you an interesting booklet describing the kind of Atwater Kent Ignition best suited to your needs.

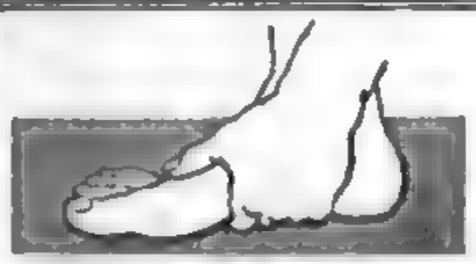


Type C C Magneto Replacement System

ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS

Philadelphia

4937 STENTON AVENUE



When Arches Sag

Foot-Muscles rendered weak by cramping often lead to fallen arches. The muscular work of sustaining the delicate bone structure has been made impossible.

In the Coward Arch Supporting Shoe the weight of your body is evenly borne by your feet when standing or walking. The natural shape of these shoes gives working freedom to every muscle and part, and brings better health always. We have become expert in fitting by mail.

Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD

262–274 Greenwich St., N. Y.

(Near Warren St.)

Mail Orders Filled Send for Catalog

The Coward Shoe

It was a sort of mill wheel with twenty-four steps. The prisoner held to a wooden bar above his head and turned the wheel by treading on the steps. It was a perfectly vicious form of labor, having no object except to require physical movement of the prisoner; but, because there were a number of prisoners together at it, it was not so devilish a device as the crank that Mr. Gibbs invented at Pentonville. This was a metal box with a crank, and the prisoner was required to register so many revolutions of the crank each day. There was a dial on this device, and the prisoner was not fed until the dial showed a certain number of revolutions. It would be difficult for the human intelligence to devise a more deadly form of labor.

It presently appeared that some other form of labor must be added to the monastic idea, and gradually our present system of prisons evolved. But they are all founded on the basic idea of Pope Clement—the notion of monastic discipline as a reformatory moral agent.

The basic difficulty with them is one that escaped Pope Clement when he started this notion on the way. The men whom he had observed to be benefited by a monastic life were persons moved by a religious idea, whereas the criminal class is precisely the reverse of this.

It is difficult to see, then, how any modifications of this notion could be a success so far as the reformation of prisoners is concerned.

The monastic idea of our Federal penitentiaries is correct in that it shuts the prisoner up where he cannot injure society, but it is wholly a failure in the idea that it causes him to reflect upon his evil life. As Archbishop Ullathorne has pointed out: "Even the anchoret had the open desert and his work for the poor of the cities, but the criminal is thrown upon his own denuded and sterile nature such as vice and profligacy have left him."

The example of professional criminals like the yegg moves us to reflect upon what we are going to do with our criminal element. Reformers abound who undertake to run a prison, based on the monastic idea, with the principles of a republic, but we are not quite convinced, and the problem seems to remain.

The courts have undertaken the probation system with prisoners, the parole system and the indeterminate sentence. But these cure-alls seem to be useful only in certain classes of cases. It would seem that our whole idea of the treatment of criminals would have to be recast.

The great labor of the future will be to differentiate those who attack orderly society; to discover the insane, the feeble-minded, the diseased, and those who act from impulse as distinguished from those who act from deliberation. The insane will go for treatment to the proper institutions; the feeble-minded must be taken care of; those who are morally influenced by disease must have the benefit of a hospital rather than a penal institution.

Society must then consider how many of the others can possibly be restored to the community as useful citizens, and what course it is proper to pursue in order to accomplish this result. It is suggested that we prepare for these cases some large open-air places of detention, abandon the custom of fixed sentences, and have them taken charge of by the state until a cure is effected. Now it must be realized that while this idea of taking care of prisoners of this class until a cure is effected is sound, the methods suggested are all theoretical. It involves a problem not yet precisely solved. But there seems to be reason to believe that all persons who have acted against society from impulse may be so treated that they can afterward be returned to it as useful members.

But the confirmed criminal, what the prison authorities call "the old rounder," the man who is physically sound but determined on a predatory life—what shall we do with him? Writers on penal methods and practical authorities like Sir Robert Anderson, formerly of Scotland Yard, are exceedingly skeptical about him. There is hope for all other criminal groups. Science has rescued the others from the dominion of the devil, only the old rounder remains to him. And what is the state to do with this inveterate enemy? Shall the husbandman suffer forever a fig tree that produces only thorns?

Saint Paul said that he had learned some things from the unwise. Our revolutionary neighbor used to have a remedy: There was a special prison in Mexico to which professional criminals were finally sent. It was so arranged that the facilities for escape were everywhere visible to the inmates, but there was always an invisible guard to shoot any who attempted to regain his freedom. It is reported with grim humor that the device never failed.

GERMANY'S VICTORIOUS PEACE?

(Continued from Page 7)

be beaten by being destroyed, and the Germans are determined to destroy her.

"Our strategy in France is to bleed the enemy white and then to cut down the weakened body," Von Heydebrand told me in Berlin. "France will never recover from the effects of this war."

France has become the central problem of Germany's military endeavor. France is the military problem. German victory is to follow close upon the heels of the collapse of France. German victory must be delayed until France does collapse. It follows that the life of able-bodied Frenchmen must be cut down at all costs and that French economic resistance must be destroyed by every means.

The Verdun offensive was a labor of killing Frenchmen.

The enticement of every fresh French offensive is a labor of the same nature. The preparation of every fresh German offensive in France has the same object. The submarine must withhold supplies from France. Dynamite must wreck the cities and the industries of France. The territories of France behind the German lines must be turned into desert wastes. But, above all, the Germans must kill, kill, kill Frenchmen. This is the German analysis of the French problem as it has often been explained to me by those engaged in its solution.

There is no hatred for the French among the Germans. Their dictum that France must die is merely a businesslike summing up of German necessities. And the German General Staff follows the estimated day-by-day casualties among the French with scientific satisfaction. Ratios of German losses to French losses are continually being revised and cold-blooded calculations of the number of Germans that can be paid for a given number of Frenchmen are continually being redetermined. I have often shuddered over explanations of this scientific warfare. When the Germans have enjoyed a period of unusually favorable ratio of loss it is determined that a certain surplus for wastage is free for the prosecution of some tactical advantage, and the General Staff orders some long-contemplated offensive. Thus the frightful slaughter of Allied troops at La Bassée created a surplus of German troops for wastage at Verdun.

Likewise the terrible percentage of Allied losses on the Somme created a large surplus of German troops to be sacrificed on the Aisne this year. The Western Front is a business by itself, and this business is directed without consideration of the affairs on other Fronts. My friends among the German officers assured me again and again that Germany would win the war in France, though, at the same time, Germany was filling the world with reports that she was to find her grand decision in Russia, in the Balkans, in Egypt and on the sea.

Every element of Germany's war machinery is working with special reference to France. Munition stores and munition reserves must be first worked out for the Western Front before the other Fronts may draw their allotments. Raw troops are mostly trained under fire in Russia, in the Balkans and in Turkey before they are sent to the West. The reserves behind the Western lines are never depleted, no matter how great the need for reënforcements may be elsewhere. The picked troops of the German Empire—medal winners all—are employed on the Western Front in flying organizations for the toughest and most difficult operations. Lieutenant Enck, of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Saxon Regiment, a friend of mine of eight years' standing, commanded in one of these flying organizations, and in six months' time he

(Continued on Page 85)

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Spare Time Turned Into Dollars

YOU can add $5.00, $10.00 or even $20.00 a week to your present income by acting locally as a representative of the Curtis Publications. Let us explain our spare-time offer. Write to

Box 877

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia

VENUS PENCILS

17 Black Degrees and 2 Copying

ENJOY THE LUXURY OF A PERFECT PENCIL

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Mark the Lens Equipment on These New-Model Cars

The Warner-Lenz—Legal, Glareless, All-Revealing—Now on 700,000 Cars

Look at the latest model of any car named in the list below. One of the chief distinctions over former models is the use of the Warner-Lenz.

Consider what this wide adoption means. It means that 19 engineering staffs, after many comparisons, have decided that the Warner-Lenz excels all others, old and new. And to give their cars this ideal light they pay seven times what former lenses cost.

This Year Will See a Million Cars Thus Lighted

There are now 700,000 cars with Warner-Lenz equipment. And that number is increasing by 100,000 monthly. Before the year's end, a million cars, on every road that's traveled, will be shedding this ideal light.

Yet this invention has been known for only 16 months. Never before has a motor car improvement, of that age, received a welcome like this.

$3.50 to $5 Will Light Your Car Like Those

In five minutes, at a trifling cost, you can change your clear-glass headlights to the Warner-Lenz.

That will end the blinding glare. It will end the need for dimmers. It will make your full light legal anywhere.

Then your roadsides and your road-turns will be lighted far and near. Instead of narrow shaft-lights, your whole field of vision will be made as clear as day.

Night driving will be made like day driving, for you and for those you meet. And all these delights, for the life of your car, cost but $3.50 to $5. You are bound to have them sometime. Why delay another day?

See your dealer or write to us. But be sure you get the Warner-Lenz, with the name stamped in the edge. There are many faulty substitutes today.

You want more than a glareless light. You want a widespread light. ***Warner-Lenz light is the same in every position. Turning of the lens in the door of your headlamp does not affect it, nor does rise and fall of the car. This is of vital importance.***

You want the lens which these 19 famous makers, after all sorts of tests, have accepted as the best. That lens has the name Warner-Lenz embossed on it.

If you knew what they meant to you and to others, you would never drive another night without them.

WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY

918 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

On All New Cars of 19 Makes

PACKARD	FRANKLIN
MARMON	HAL TWELVE
STUTZ	McFARLAN
WHITE	DANIELS 8
PEERLESS	PATHFINDER
FIAT	OHIO ELECTRIC
FAGEOL	DOBLE STEAM
SINGER	MOON
MURRAY	CUNNINGHAM
LENOX	

A glareless light which has no limitations. One's whole field of vision is lighted.

Prices of Warner-Lenz

Diameter in Inches	Per Pair
5 to 9,	$3.50
9¼ to 10⅛,	4.00
10¼ to 12,	5.00

West of Rockies, 25c per pair extra

PLEASE NOTE—If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.

HOW do you know Dinner's ready?

"Your Nose Knows"

By the appetizing *fragrance* of frying game and boiling coffee. How it appeals, puts zip into your paddle, and guides you back to camp. The *pure fragrance* of a good tobacco, likewise, is the one infallible guide to smoke pleasure and satisfaction; *surely* "Your Nose Knows."

There is such a guide in the *pure fragrance* of

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

And the reason is that Tuxedo is made of the most fragrant leaves of the tobacco plant, the tender Burley leaves, ripened in the Blue Grass sunshine of Old Kentucky, mellowed and carefully blended. No tobacco has so *pure a fragrance*—"Your Nose Knows."

Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

(Continued from Page 82)

had seen desperate service on the Western Front, all the way from Ypres, in Flanders, to Altkirch, in Alsace. Every man in his command had the Iron Cross, and most of them had one or more other orders.

Lieutenant Enck told me that the men in these flying organizations become merciless savages by reason of the blood-glut of their work. He said that the men of these organizations seldom give quarter, but kill both enemy wounded and prisoners. He spoke of receiving orders to take no Canadian prisoners when his command was doing duty in Flanders. His troops held a trench section next to a Bavarian flying contingent, and he described how the Bavarians split the heads of their prisoners with their keenly sharpened intrenching tools.

"The prisoners let out just one roar," he said; "and it was funny to see them sprawl round on the ground like crazy crabs!"

To my mind the German conception of war is far from funny, and I could repeat many a tale to prove my point; but, then, these tales have no place in the present story.

Waste the enemy and retreat, is the key to Germany's plans in the West. In other words, the General Staff is adopting the much pooh-poohed strategy of Père Joffre. Line after line of intrenchments and field fortifications has been prepared for this retreat, broken by lunges forward as favorable opportunities occur; and meantime troops, munitions and plans are being assiduously prepared for the knock-out campaign to be begun in France's "hour of weakness."

"The line of the Western Front is a powerful, unbroken fortress," Lieutenant Enck said to me one evening. We were discussing with a number of furloughed Saxon officers the probable duration of the war. This was in the autumn of last year. "The enemy has been persistently dashing himself to pieces against this fortress for many months. He accomplishes nothing. Here and there he overruns an outwork, a detail of the fortress. Or his luck is better and he captures a whole section of the fortress; but he never breaks into the stronghold itself, and no matter how brilliant his work or how costly his venture he always finds himself confronted with the necessity of starting his task all over again. France must break through this fortified line or give up the fight. As things stand, France is rapidly exhausting herself in man power and economic power by fruitless endeavor."

"But surely Germans are being killed and German munitions are being expended in the resistance?" I broke in.

Prophets in Germany

"Certainly. The expenditure of munitions on both sides would be about equal were it not for the superiority of our gunners. Our loss in men, however, is much less. We have been losing effectives on the Western Front in a ratio of about one to five. If this ratio is continued for another year France will not be able to hold her lines, much less to continue her offensive. Meantime we are preparing the blow, and preparing it with all care, which will finish France once for all and end the war. This blow should be delivered in the spring or fall of 1918. Its initial movements will be carried out by the finest body of picked offensive troops the world has ever seen, and these troops will be supported by a predominant artillery and an inexhaustible munitions reserve. England will be unable to save France."

Louis Durant Edwards, an American newspaper man, nervous, high-strung, skeptical, a typical Yankee, was one of our gathering. Educated in German universities, familiar with a number of European languages, and well informed about things German, Mr. Edwards lent considerable interest to our conversation by an endeavor to pin the German prophet down to facts.

Mr. Edwards told me afterward that the opinion expressed by these officers to the effect that the Entente was at the mercy of the Central Alliance was mere bluff. I did not agree with him. Whatever may be the confused opinions and feelings of the German people and the plain men in the ranks, the German officers are thoroughly convinced that Germany is moving forward, with certainty, step by step, toward the realization of a complete German victory.

"Suppose the tide does not turn?" Mr. Edwards queried. "Suppose the strength and determination of your enemy in the West steadily increase?"

"The enemy will never break through our Western Front," Lieutenant Enck answered. "This Front is impregnable. It is defended by twenty-four complete lines of intrenchment and field works. The reduction of each one of these lines means an exhausting campaign in itself—twenty-four costly, blood-drenched campaigns before the line of the Rhine is reached. And, first, at the Rhine the real work of defeating Germany must begin. Meantime we shall have a number of years in which to continue strengthening, improving and multiplying the Rhine defenses. To win in the West it must cost our enemy his last man and his last shell!"

For three years an unending stream of building materials, of engineers and mechanics and of surplus war materials has poured along the railroad arteries to the West. In 1916 currents of this stream were diverted toward the Balkans. The German army engineers, however, have devoted the greatest part of their endeavor to the problem presented in maintaining German occupation in Belgium and in France. I have often heard German officers say that the engineers have made Germany safe from aggression in the West for all time. It is only reasonable to believe that the work of strengthening the Western Front has been done very thoroughly.

Germany's Traditional Friendship

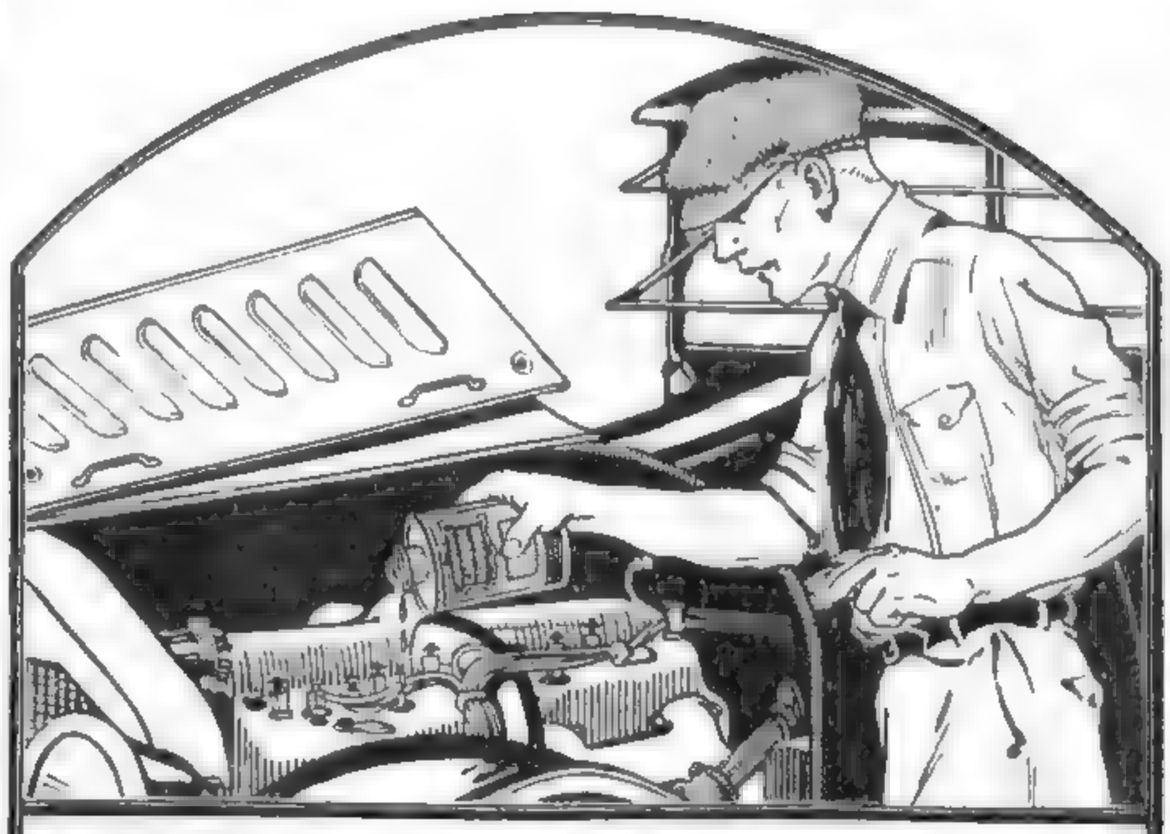
During a visit to Berlin Count Montgelas let fall a friendly hint that "the first evidences of impending German victory will reconcile all differences between Germany and Japan." German sentiment has long been prepared for a German-Japanese Entente, and the Germans have done a great deal to convince themselves, at least, that such a development in the international situation is reasonable. The Russo-Japanese Treaty was interpreted in the German press as being favorable to an ultimate union of "the four Kaisers." Like Russia, Japan is looked upon as a great enterprise for German diplomacy, and not as a problem for the Admiralty or the General Staff. The Germans have given considerable outward manifestation of this viewpoint.

In conversation with Doctor Meyer-Gerhardt one evening at the Adlon—I believe he was connected with the Home Office at the time—I was told that one of the great secrets of German success was that the German military and naval commands never talked about a project until they put it into execution, while German diplomats never by any chance spoke of anything that they really had in mind, but always volubly about something else. Doctor Meyer-Gerhardt, with legal and diplomatic training, talked very volubly with me about "Germany's traditional friendship with the United States."

This leads me to another phase of my review: I believe that Germany expected American intervention and made its plans accordingly. Though I can point to nothing more definite than chance scraps of conversation and some interesting questions put to me, it is my belief that the Germans planned to renew their unrestricted submarine warfare in the spring of 1916, and did this with the understanding that America would fight. The United States as a military factor, so far as it was possible for the ego-blind German government to do so, has been taken into account, weighed and prepared against at Berlin.

Moreover, the German people were prepared for such a development by the most bitterly hostile propaganda that has agitated Germany since the war. Hate and contempt for our people, our Government and our President were preached in Germany with surpassing thoroughness. And all this was undertaken while Washington was striving bravely to maintain "the traditional friendship" unimpaired! I am convinced that Germany has sought Japan as a counterbalance to the United States since the fall of 1915. The *Vaterland* makes its plans a long time ahead.

Captain Frank Jacobs, staff officer, medal winner in Russia and in France, and a veteran in Balkan service, spent some days of this furlough with me at Plauen in the fall of 1916. He was very optimistic. According to him, as according to scores of officers I have known and spoken with, Germany has nothing to fear upon the Eastern or Western Front. In the East the enemy has been broken once for all, while in the West France is rapidly exhausting



Put New Life In Your Engine

A dose of Johnson's Carbon Remover—will increase the power of your car—improve acceleration—stop that knock—quiet your motor—save your batteries—and reduce your gas consumption 12% to 25%.

JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER

is a harmless liquid to be poured into the cylinders. It softens the carbon and releases it from the metal. It then burns, powders and goes out with the exhaust. Five minutes' time and no labor required. You will save from $3.00 to $5.00 over any other method, without laying up your car and with much better results.

Use It Every 1,000 Miles

If you will use Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover at regular intervals, giving carbon no chance to accumulate, you will automatically eliminate most valve trouble and your engine will always be clean. It will run like it did the first 500 miles—quietly and full of "pep".

Special Offer

If your dealer is unable to supply you with Johnson's Carbon Remover use attached coupon. For a limited time we will include, gratis, a half-pint sample of Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil—our new spring lubricant.

Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil

penetrates between the spring leaves, thoroughly lubricating them and giving perfect spring action. It will greatly improve the comfort and riding qualities of your car. It reduces the liability of spring breakage and removes squeaks of all kinds from bodies, hoods, fenders, shackle bolts, springs, etc.

Use This Coupon

I enclose $1.00 for which please send me by prepaid express enough Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover to keep my motor clean for 6,000 miles—also a free half-pint can of Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil—your penetrating spring lubricant.

Name_____

Address_____

City and State_____

My Dealer is_____

Mail to

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. S P 9

RACINE, WIS.

Who buys the hosiery for your family?

YOU can still get *good* hosiery for moderate prices if you ask for Durable-DURHAM. It has the same good stuff in it to stand long, hard wear. It will save you quite an amount of your hosiery bills and give comfortable, good-looking and well-fitting hosiery to each person in your home.

DURABLE
DURHAM HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

is Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

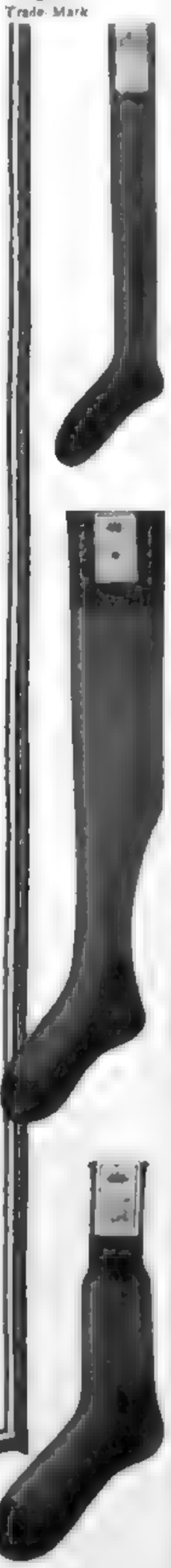
The heels, soles and toes are **strongly** reinforced. The wide, elastic tops are specially knitted with an anti-run stitch to prevent tearing by garters. The quality is uniform throughout, sizes correctly marked, and the legs are full length. They fit smoothly about the ankle without wrinkles. Feet and toes are seamless, smooth and even. The famous Durham dyes prevent color fading or turning green after wearing or washing. Durable-DURHAM Hosiery sells for 15, 19, 25 and 35 cents the pair.

Buy Durable-DURHAM for every member of the family.

Ask your dealer to show you our women's and men's 35-cent silk mercerized hosiery with the patented anti-run stitch.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS
Durham, N. C.

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY Trade-Mark



herself. Moreover, the Western Front is impregnable. In the East the problem is one of "political penetration," while in the West it is simply a problem of man killing.

"There is, however, one weak military area," he said. "This is the Balkan area. We must keep our lines there unbroken at all hazards, because the Near East is a great storehouse of our needs; and, furthermore, it is becoming all important to hold this way open for German enterprise in the outside world. With this path open we menace the Suez, Egypt, India and the Russian oil fields. With this path open we shall be able to draw, in a measure of growing significance, upon all Asia for necessary supplies. The Macedonian line and the Bulgarian-Turkish coast line to the Dardanelles must be held against every comer. These lines are being now continually strengthened, and reserve supplies are being accumulated behind them against future enemy enterprise.

"Churchill was right! The Entente at one time, by an undertaking of great enough determination, could have paralyzed us here."

Jacobs predicted that Germany would smash the line in the West in the summer or fall of 1918. He said that every detail of the deciding campaign was being worked out, unhurriedly and minutely; that munitions, equipment and troop budgets, so to speak, were being exactly followed in the West in order that all the necessary force for the decisive blow should be in readiness; and that several improved weapons of offense were in process of trial and development against this great hour of German destiny. By way of flourish he referred to the undoubted fact that the German Army had been strengthened in numbers, training and equipment each year of the war.

"We were far ahead of our enemies at the outbreak of the war, and we are just as far ahead or farther ahead to-day," he said. "We have the largest army in the history of the German people. This army, splendidly trained at the outbreak of the war, is in a state of almost perfect training to-day. Its officers, the hardest-worked and most capable army officers in the world to-day, with continuous practical and theoretical schooling going hand in hand for more than two years, compose the greatest body of military leaders of history. The defects of the peace machine have been remedied. The maneuvering of troops, the expenditure of munitions, the problems of military supplies and the manufacture of these supplies have all been worked out upon an exact scientific basis to the last detail.

"There is nothing left to chance. There is nothing left to luck. The value of each man and of each shell is known. When we undertake the destruction of French resistance we shall undertake a task of whose accomplishment we shall be certain before the first drum fire has been ordered. Meantime we shall kill a given number of Frenchmen and Englishmen in a given number of months in preparation for ending the war. There is nothing that can stop us now. No amount of 'muddling through' will thwart the plans of the General Staff. The blow will fall in the autumn of 1918, at the latest, and peace will come in the spring or summer of 1919. In the autumn of 1919 you and I shall go hunting again together."

Will the German People Endure?

"But," I objected, "will the German people endure another two years? Will they continue to submit docilely to the hell on earth they are suffering now?"

"They must," he answered; but he looked worried and now he did not speak with so much certainty. "The German people have gone through a hard schooling. This means the realization of or the deathblow to all their cherished aspirations. If they endure, the compensation of all the suffering of Germany's past history will be found in the peace to come. If they fail now it means the destruction of the hopes of the German race for all time to come. They will endure, because they must!"

I do not believe the German people will endure. There were unmistakable signs that they were going to pieces before I left, and I believe it will be their overtried, rebellious spirits that will finally thwart the well-laid plans of the General Staff. Everything is working in Germany for the army and navy, and everything is being produced first for the army and navy. In the war work the civilian population has been forgotten. Soldiers and sailors are fed as they were in times of peace. The people are weltering on the verge of abject starvation. The soldiers and sailors are well clothed and well shod. The people are miserably clothed and are shod in paper soles and wooden sandals. The soldiers are well cared for and are allowed innumerable little recreations. The people are being worked to the breaking point—forced to slave along monotonous hours for pittances with which to purchase insufficient and inferior food. They are denied every recreation but that of tossing in bitter harassment on their beds at night.

The German people are just about through with this sort of thing, and in my humble opinion they will make their will felt long before the General Staff has been able to carry out its dazzling plans. The unwilling sullenness abroad among the people is to-day acting as a heavy drag upon military and naval Germany. It will develop rapidly into a greater and greater drag, and will finally lame the endeavors of the militarists completely, placing them at the mercy of the English-French-American troops. At least upon such a development I will wager my standing as a prophet, together with all my modest claims of ability as an observer.

The military situation, as seen by the German leaders, is, briefly: Russia has been definitely beaten in the field. She is no longer part of the military problem, but must be subdued to German purposes by German diplomacy. France is rapidly nearing collapse and will be ripe for annihilation by the autumn of 1918. Great Britain will not be able to save her. The Allied forces in Macedonia and the Italians are not to be considered serious military factors, because the submarine weapon will keep them ineffective by blocking their supplies. France once conquered, Germany will very shortly settle up all other difficulties, including Great Britain. Meantime the whole of Germany's destructive energy is being concentrated upon the French.

The Outlook for America

It is a comprehensive and presumptuous world scheme the German rulers have before them; but it will fail. The people will be indulged in talk of victories and peace talk in vain. They want bread rather than quibbles; they want life rather than death; they want their old comfort more than glory and corrosive agonies; they want a surcease from burdens, spiritual and physical, grown too great to bear—and they are going to get what they want! It may seem far-fetched, but I firmly believe—and my belief is based upon countless war experiences among the plain German people—that the day is coming when the German people will hail the French, English and American soldiers as their deliverers. The day is coming when President Wilson will enjoy a very fair fame in Germany; and before that day the German masses will be fighting on the Entente side.

The German ruling classes and the German middle classes, of course, will fight on bitterly to the end. The well-circumstanced Germans desired this war, began this war, and are still banking their all upon its successful outcome. The Germany of the wage earner, however, did not desire the war, had no hand in welcoming it, and to-day is bitterly sick of it. The nerves of this wage-earning Germany are worn raw. The masses of the German people, countless optimistic newspaper reports to the contrary notwithstanding, have borne as people have seldom been called upon to bear. Their hardships and sufferings are steadily and surely bringing on a revolution in the *Vaterland* that, longer repressed and delayed, will dwarf the Russian revolution in the fury of its outbreak.

Germany's autocratic leaders are riding the whirlwind to-day and they are only faintly aware of the dangers that threaten them. They do, however, perceive that all is not as it should be; and hence the peace talk, and the jockeying to convince the people that, though they are willing to offer the most generous peace, they must offer it to a vindictive, blood-lustful Entente in vain. The peace talk is a move to gain time; to gain time of repose internally until the crucial autumn developments of 1918. This bluff, I think, will fail.

America, however, should make its war preparations upon the basis of the German military situation rather than upon the basis of internal German conditions. If the German people fail to decide autocracy's defeat, then our country must win the great decision.

French Women to the Rescue!

WHEN the black cloud of War broke over the fair plains of Artois, all France, with its heritage of dread, fell instantly to work to make every individual and every resource count. Food was the *woman's* problem.

Since the days of the Comtesse de Rebenac, in mediæval times, the women of France have been famous for their excellence and thrift in cooking.

As the years of war have swept on, black necessity has forced French housewives to the utmost limit of their racial genius to conserve the food.

Now that America is entered in the life-and-death struggle, we too face the duty, if not necessity, of avoiding all waste in food. For selfish motives, high prices dictate it—for nobler motives, the needs of our own people and our Allies demand it.

Under these circumstances, what more serviceable thing could be done than to set before the women of America the advice of their noble sisters of France, born of their tragic experience?

Alone of all American publications, The Delineator is in a position to do this; for we publish and send to France monthly a French edition of The Delineator *(Le Miroir des Modes)*, the largest and most influential magazine of its kind in France.

We appealed to the readers of the French Delineator to tell their American sisters how they are solving the food problem. We asked specifically for their best, economical recipes. And hundreds of women in all sections of France have answered our appeal.

These recipes, as delicious as they are economical, are being given to American housewives in The Delineator. They will prove a revelation.

For instance, here is a recipe sent in by Mme. Louise Bocquet of the French town of Flers de l'Orne. It is a recipe for Hindu biscuits, given her by a Hindu officer billeted at her house. The ingredients are simply one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, one ounce of grated cheese.

Hundreds of these wonderful French recipes appear in The Delineator, beginning with the September issue. Each one has been successfully tested by Honoré Willsie, the editor.

Do not miss this number of The Delineator, of which our French sisters' advice is only one feature. Do not miss any issue of The Delineator. It is a family necessity. The recipes in the September number alone will save you many times the price of a year's subscription. *Invest* in it today. Use the attached coupon.

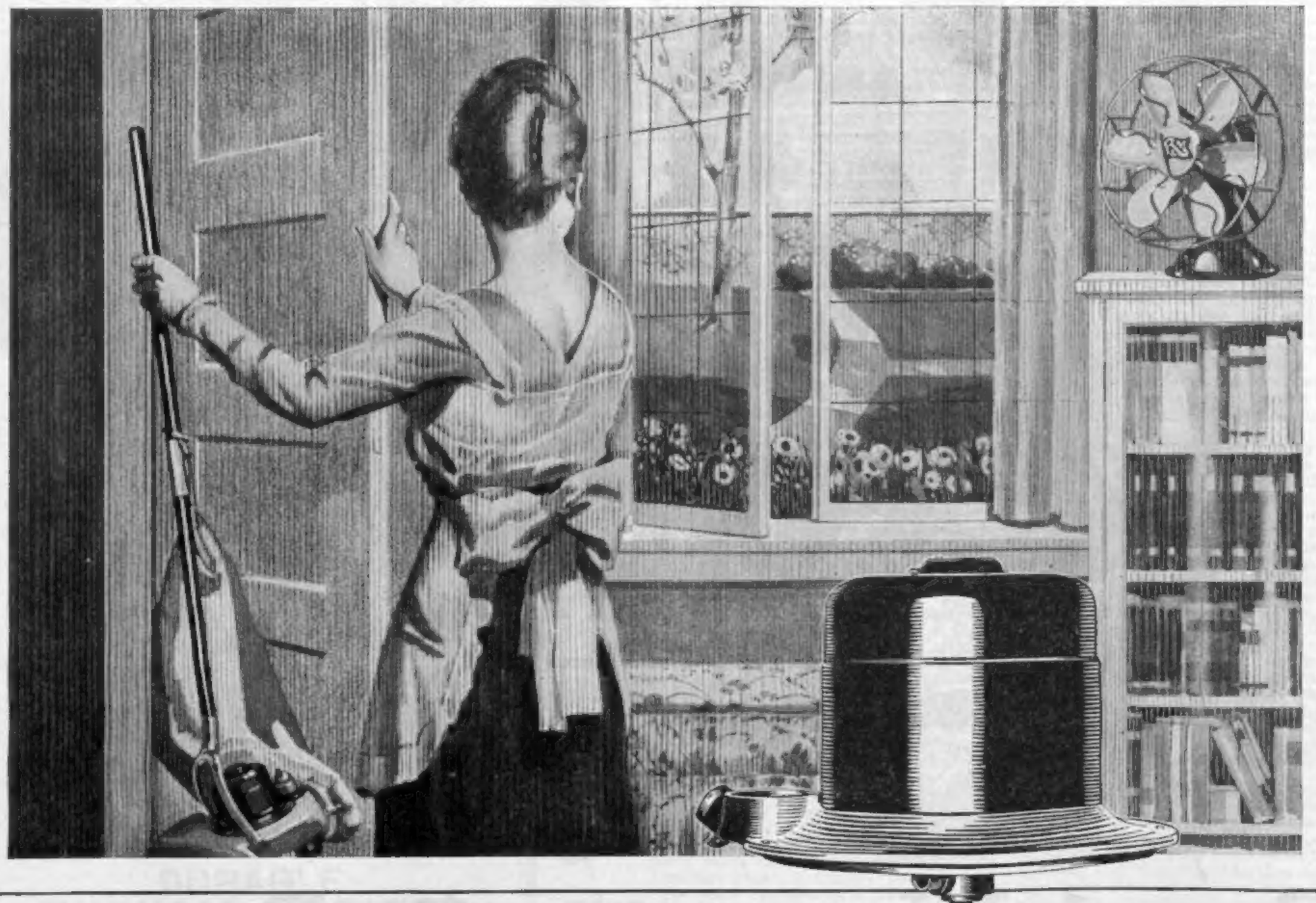
The DELINEATOR
Butterick-Publisher

THE DELINEATOR P. S. 1
New York City
Enclosed is $1.50. Please send *The Delineator* for one year to the address below.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____



Robbins & Myers Suction Sweeper Motor

The Motor that Does Her Work

As she reaches for her electric suction sweeper she knows that the Robbins & Myers Motor will make her task an easy and thorough one.

In the basement is an electrical washing machine, also operated by a dependable, economical Robbins & Myers Motor. Her house is kept cool and comfortable the Robbins & Myers way. Efficiency everywhere.

Her husband tells her that his office equipment is Robbins & Myers motor-driven—adding machines, addressing machines, sealing machines and letter-writing machines, all efficiency-paced the modern R & M way.

Out in his shops, big and little machines have Robbins & Myers Motors. *Whatever* the need, from 1/40 to 30 horsepower, there is a Robbins & Myers Motor to meet it.

Look for the Robbins & Myers name on the motor of whatever electrical device you may be considering. It represents twenty-one years of better motor building, full value for your money, and lasting service.

Robbins & Myers service insures satisfaction to power users, electrical device manufacturers and dealers.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors.
Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

Your Grocer
—*How He is Serving You*

MILLIONS of people—perhaps you—could not have fresh fruits and vegetables daily were it not for the three hundred thousand retailers who help assemble and distribute the nation's foods.

These merchants form the very vital link between you and the producer. They make it possible to secure needed perishable foods with convenience and dispatch. And that is a great service.

Except for this service tons of food would spoil and you would go without—oranges for example, which are regarded by physicians and other food authorities as of prime importance in a well-balanced diet.

Some foods may be high in price, due to a shortage. But this doesn't apply to oranges. Because of a plentiful supply oranges are obtainable at prices to suit everybody's purse. California's bumper crop must be marketed at home.

So buy a dozen today. Serve attractive, *economical* orange desserts instead of more costly kinds. Eat oranges freely. Let children have them.

In cutting down food bills remember that *health* is economy and that *fresh fruits and vegetables* are needed by every grown-up, and every little child.

All first-class retailers are now offering abundant supplies of

Sunkist
Uniformly Good Oranges

We will send free on request a valuable recipe book by Miss Alice Bradley of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. It contains scores of suggestions for serving oranges and lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange. A Co-operative, Non-Profit Organization of 8000 Growers. Dept. M-96. Los Angeles, California.

"Oranges for Health"

Copyright, 1917, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

All Food Experts are Saying—Eat More Corn

Kellogg's—the Original Toasted Corn Flakes—is the quality corn flakes of America, and has been for over ten years. To millions of homes it has introduced corn as a food in its most delicious form. These thin, crisp Flakes, with their fresh-from-the-oven taste, are totally unlike any other corn flakes. Made from the heart of the finest selected corn; quality in every way strictly maintained.

Every one should learn the difference between *just corn flakes* and Kellogg's—the Original!

KRUMBLES is Kellogg's *all-wheat* food.
Every single tiny shred is thoroughly toasted.

W. K. Kellogg